THE YOUNG BRIDAL BOOM

By Sarah Bernard

THE SUICIDE OF A LITERARY STAR

By Eric Konigsberg

JUNE 16, 1997

NEW YORK

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The secret world of the Central Park murder suspects

BY NANCY JO SALES

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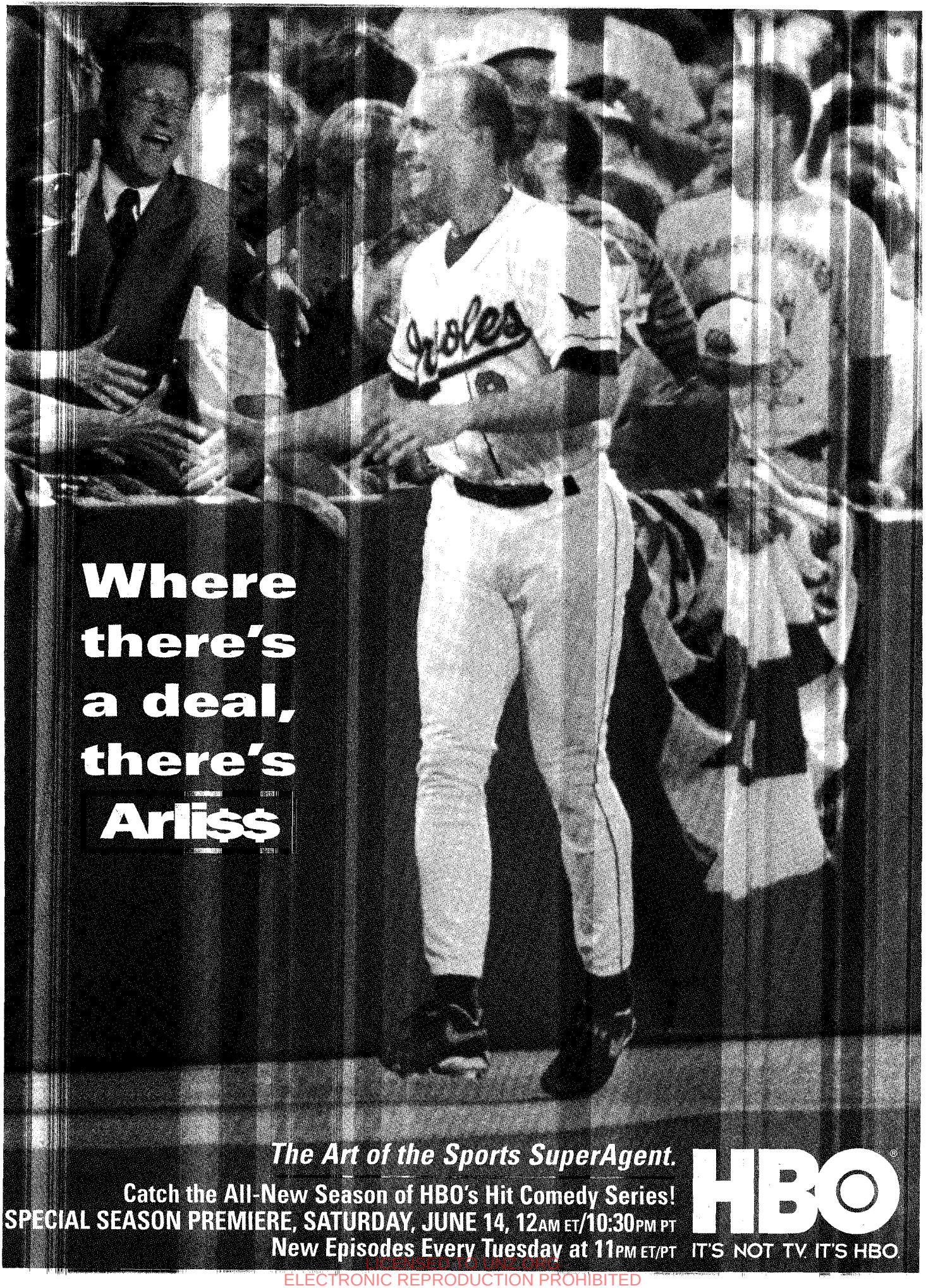

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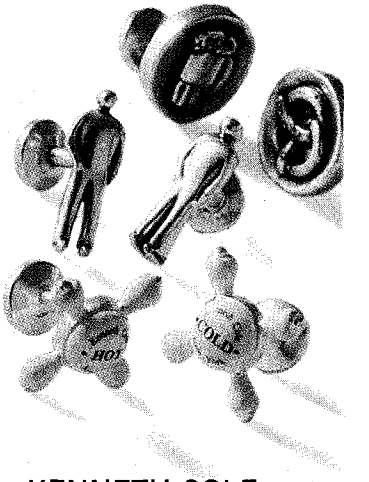

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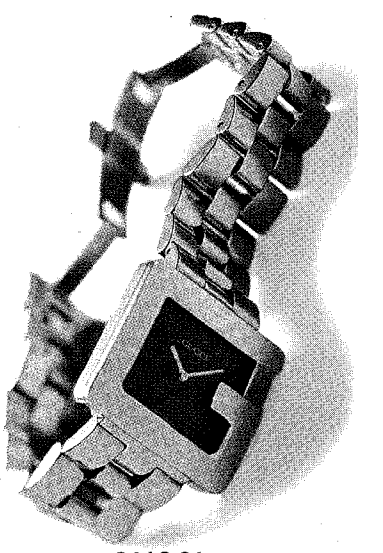

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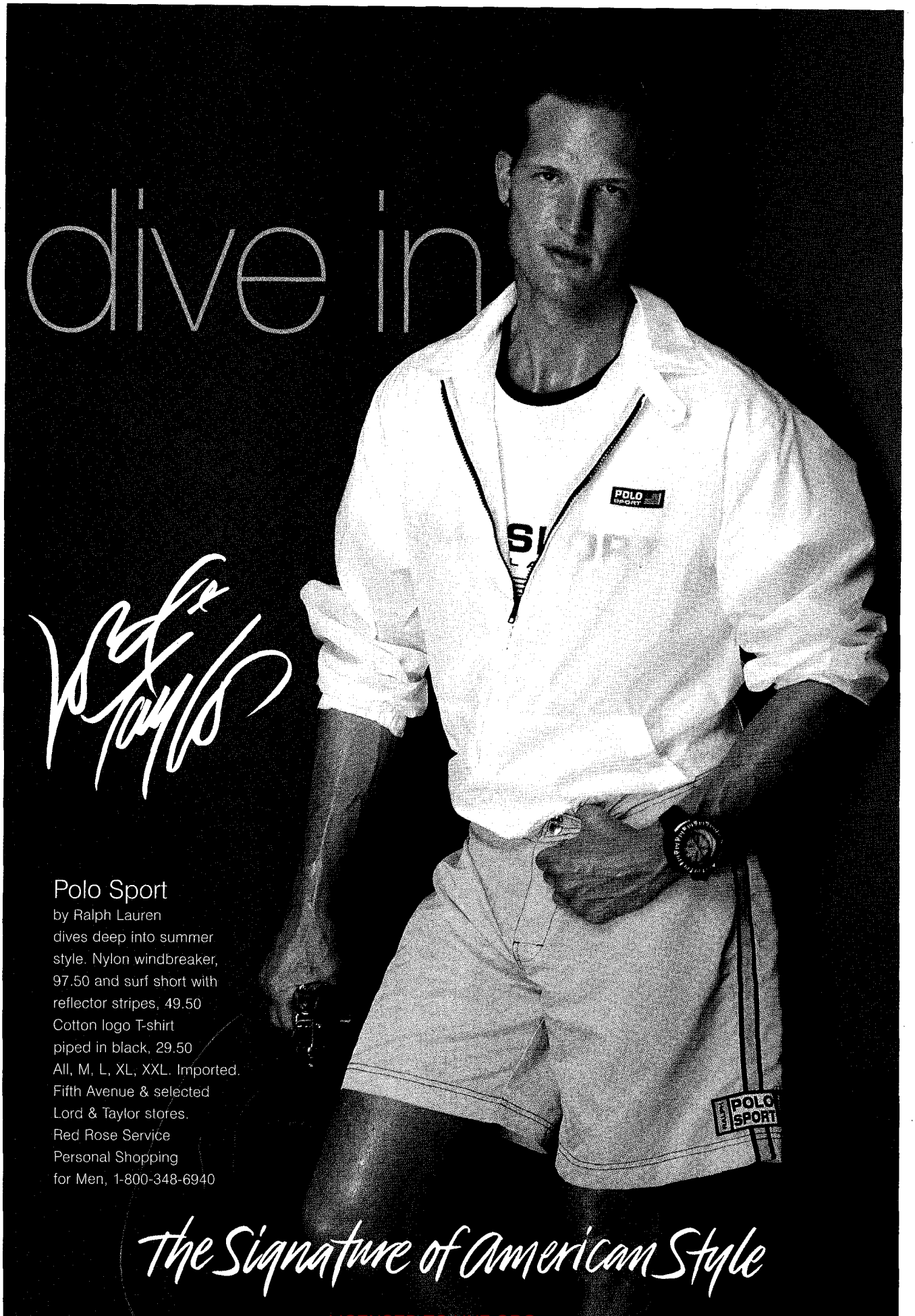

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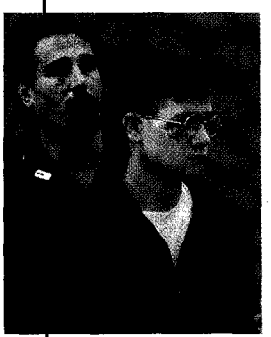

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When 15-year-old Chris Vasquez and Daphne Abdela were charged with stabbing a 42-year-old real-estate broker to death in Central Park, everyone wondered, *How could kids who have everything do this?* But in the underworld within the city's exclusive private schools, gang-style crime and drug use are badges of honor. Inside Chris and Daphne's secret world.

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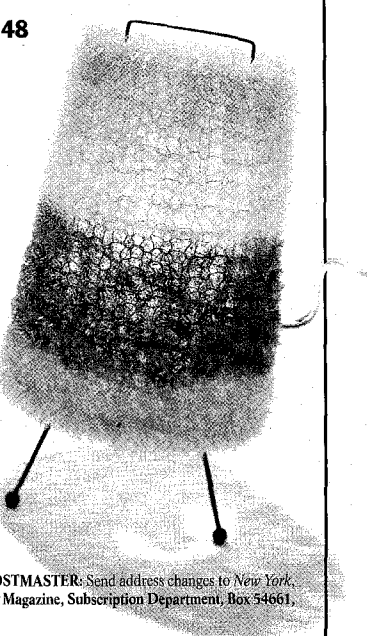

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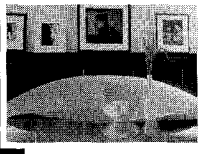
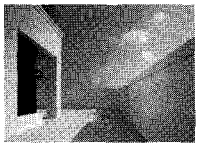
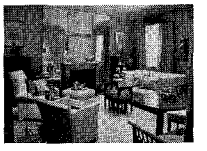

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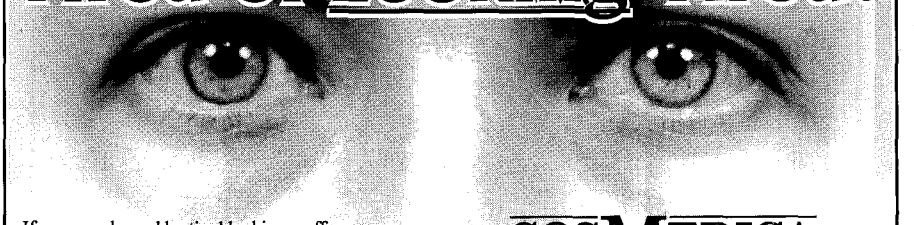

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Lobbying for Love

Sherrie's the better spin doctor, but Ed Rollins is no loser; kid killers rarely roam the suburbs; does an art collection require as much care as a patient?

NOT ONLY IS THE DOW AT RECORD levels, but we are also reaching a peak in high-level celebrity marital discontent. "Romancing the Spin," by Lisa DePaulo, was so *New York* [May 19]. However, one ingredient that Ms. DePaulo had in short supply was quotes on the record; that the characterizations of the Rollinses and Mr. Westin were attributable to only "one buddy," "someone at ABC," "a friend," "one associate," "a D.C. media player," "a Washington friend," or "an old Rollins pal" exemplifies shortcut journalism. Shouldn't an editor demand that the reporter bring back the story more on the record than not—even in *New York*?

Furthermore, I conclude that running several successful election campaigns, writing a national best-seller, and managing a worldwide public-relations company is not the stuff of a loser, as your reporter characterized Mr. Rollins. I am a friend of both Sherrie and Ed Rollins, and I represent Mr. Rollins, but I do so on the record.

Michael V. Carlisle
MANHATTAN

YOU CAN'T SPIN THE FACTS. SHERRIE ROLLINS marries a successful, influential man and quickly climbs the ladder—socially and professionally. When his success and influence fades, she pursues a new successful, influential man. What happened to love and marriage? Obviously, family values are meaningless to Sherrie Rollins. ABC should take note!

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

Misspent Youth

HANNA ROSIN SHOULD BE COMMENDED FOR her insight and accuracy in "Tupac Is Everywhere" ["The National Interest," June 2]. Rosin is probably the only mainstream reporter I know to blow the whistle on the spurious statistics behind the Anti–Gang and Youth Violence Act. Instead of being swayed by the seductive rhetoric, she dispels the myth that killer kids are waiting to ambush us all by the year 2010. Plus, her portrayal of Officer Merenyi's attempt at enlightenment in the Manassas classroom is hysterical.

The federal government's $11 million gang-prevention program is a colossal waste of taxpayer money. As Rosin rightly points out, the overwhelming majority of U.S. counties (80 percent) have no problem whatsoever with gangs. In those cities that do (New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Detroit), feel-good classes in cultural sensitivity and the knee-jerk decision to send juveniles to adult pens are mindless solutions to complicated problems. Inner-city kids join gangs because their communities are devoid of role models, their playgrounds are bereft of equipment, and their parents are either on dope or in the joint.

Jennifer Wynn
Editor, Prison Life *Magazine*
MANHATTAN

PLAYTHELL BENJAMIN'S ARTICLE ON POLICE-community tensions in Washington Heights ["Sugar Hill Blues," May 19] shows the disturbing tendency of some in that community to side with the criminal element against the police. Benjamin writes that the already poor relationship between the police and the neighborhood has been worsened by the shooting of Kevin Cedeno—and that many "inner-city residents have come to believe that the police have declared open season on their kids."

In reality, there is no basis to fear that young people will become involved in violent confrontations with police—unless they behave as Kevin Cedeno did. That the community would view such a person as a martyr, as a symbol of all their youth, reflects poorly on that community's standards of appropriate behavior—and its opinion of its young people.

Until that community is free of the influence of men like Al Sharpton, until it is free of clergymen who believe it is harmless and legitimate for teenagers to spend their time on street corners, it will never rise above the conditions that are destroying it.

George Molé
THE BRONX

Décor Doctors

NEW YORK ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION (NYAEA) applauds Judy Richheimer's "Gotham" article "Hospital Art: Is There a Curator in the House?" [June 2]. Just what is the budget for the care, preservation, and restoration of this collection? Where are the records compiled by Ms. Peña during her tenure? Who will oversee the murals that are waiting for restoration? Is the plant manager of a hospital going to decide where the art goes? There are chilling notations on the lists of murals like "painted over," "plastered over," and "missing."

If members of the artgoing public knew the extent of the hospital's collection, they would be as outraged as we are. Louise Nevelson and Jacob Lawrence, both former presidents of NYAEA, have works in the collection, as do members past and present including Will Barnet, Romare Bearden, Janet Fish, Nancy Graves, Red Grooms, Robert Gwathmey, Raphael Soyer, and many more. A collection of art as important as this one requires a curator.

Regina Stewart
Executive Director
New York Artists Equity
MANHATTAN

I SPENT FIVE YEARS AS A RESIDENT AT KINGS County Hospital (where, take my word for it, there was no art on the walls), and it angered me to learn that while my colleagues and I were struggling to provide good medical care despite inadequate resources in a hopelessly antiquated facility, HHC was sitting on a museum's worth of "important" art. I propose a radical solution to the current curator problem: HHC should sell off the entire collection and use the proceeds to provide city hospitals with desperately needed supplies, equipment, and ancillary services.

Susan A. Scherl, M.D.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Correction The May 26 "Gotham" profile "A Streetwise Legend Sticks to His Guns" misstated the case of drug-dealer Larry Davis, who was tried in 1988 for the attempted murder of six police officers. While several officers were injured in the 1986 shoot-out, none was killed.

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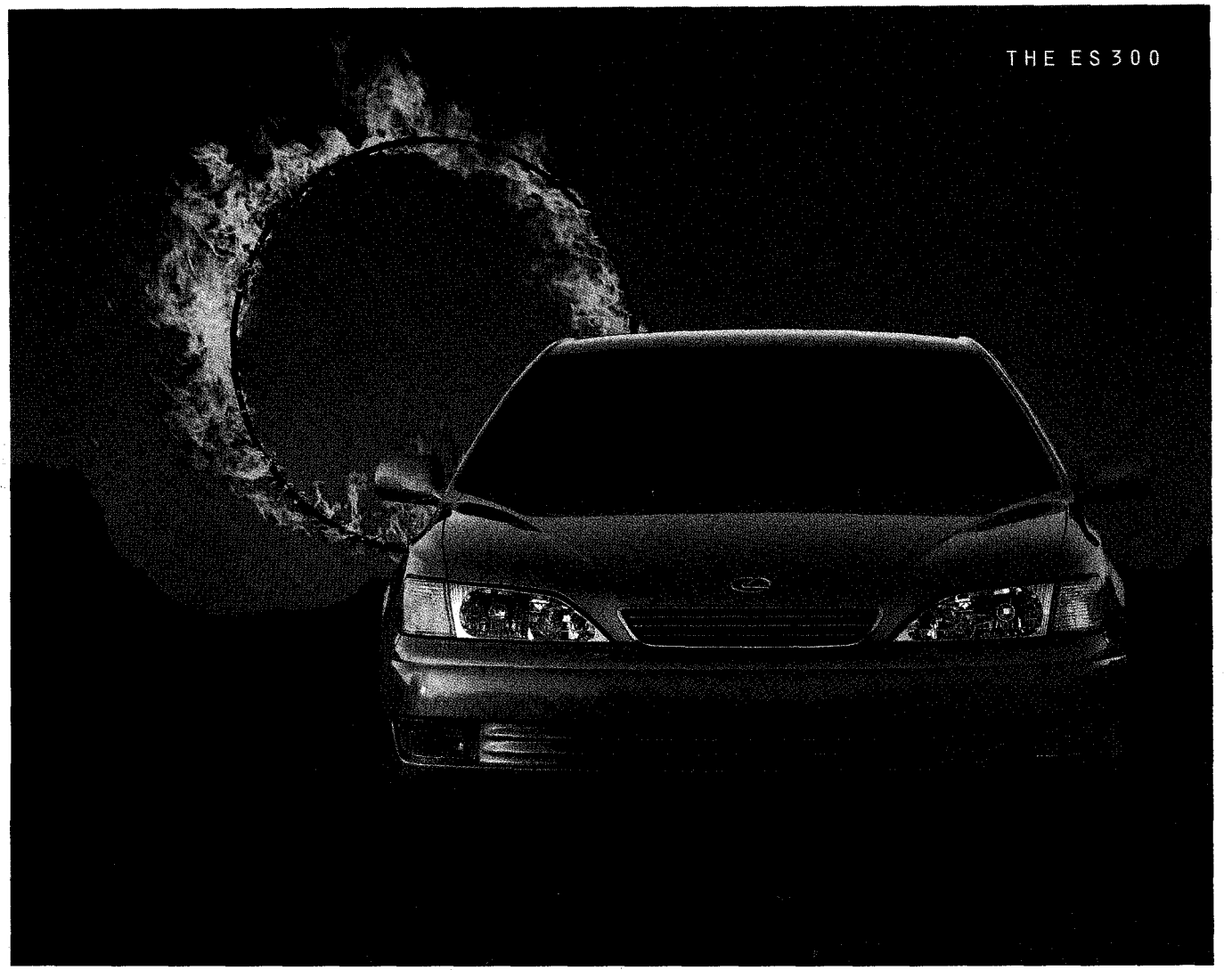

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INTELLIGENCER

SCHOOLYARD BRAWL AT CITY HALL

Randy Levine, newly returned to City Hall as deputy mayor, may be coming back to some serious crossfire. It seems that Levine isn't exactly fond of deputy mayor **Randy Mastro** or chief of staff **Bruce Teitelbaum.** But Teitelbaum has come up with one way to appease Levine, theorize some City Hall insiders: Try to oust Mastro. "Randy Levine may be a deputy mayor, but he's first among equals, and Bruce knows it," says one source. "To please Levine, he'll be happy to go after Mastro." As if warming up for the battle, says another source, right before Levine's return, Teitelbaum had a blowout with his onetime mentor Mastro. The subject matter was trivial; more talked about was how quickly the fight between the two former allies turned nasty. (Teitelbaum told Mastro, "You're full of shit," whereupon Mastro characterized his former deputy as a "liar.") Mastro went directly to **Rudy Giuliani**'s office to complain about Teitelbaum's choice phrasing, only to be told by the mayor that he couldn't be bothered with the situation. When asked about the fracas, Mastro's spokesperson said, "It sounds to me like your source is the one who's full of shit." As for a possible Mastro departure? "Absolutely not," she responded. "Randy's in this for the long haul." Teitelbaum declined to comment. Said Levine of his two co-workers, "I'm not going to say we're old friends, but I certainly have no problems with them."

SUNDANCE, THE MOVIE THEATER

Is there any area of film **Robert Redford** hasn't starred in? The actor-director, who is busy as usual with his Sundance Festival and Sundance Channel, has been searching for New York locations where he can open Sundance Theaters, featuring strictly independent films and coffee bars. It turns out that the Angelika 57, with its scones and Bergmanesque mystique, may have been a prime target. Now the theater is being sold off in bankruptcy court by a trustee whose main concern is the Angelika's many creditors, not its art-house integrity. The bids made so far, according to Angelika principal owner **Joseph Saleh,** have come from a supermarket chain and "some kind of restaurant." Saleh, bent on keeping his theater a theater, says that he would love Sundance to have it. A Sundance spokesman called the story speculative.

Rudy Giuliani: Fighting words

Jennifer Aniston: Not making friends

FAST TIMES AT COMPREHENSIVE HIGH

The thrill of being involved in moviemaking quickly faded for the students at Manhattan Comprehensive Night and Day School as the cast and crew of 20th Century Fox's *Object of My Affection* ran roughshod over the academic institution while filming there last week. "It turned into a bit of a nightmare," says one school staff member of the film, directed by **Nicholas Hytner** and starring **Jennifer Aniston** and **Alan Alda.** "The crew took over more space than imaginable." At one point the production staff barred arriving students—most of whom work during the day or have kids—from the school, forcing them to stand in the rain while numerous takes were shot. The final blow came when the computers on one floor crashed because someone pulled the wrong plug. Despite all that, 20th Century Fox, which had agreed to pay the school $5,000 for the shoot, felt compelled to subtract custodial fees from the sum. The studio was also ready to change its plans to leave up the curtains it had installed until a student said, "Man, you're spending $20 million and you can't even leave us with curtains?" Says an apologetic Marsha Robertson, the film's publicist, "Unfortunately, it was a rainy day." As for the computer wipe-out, she explains, "A 6-year-old actor banged up against a computer in the basement—try keeping those little rascals under wraps." The school's founder and principal, **Howard Friedman,** says things are looking up in light of the curtain bestowal, and besides, "It was a learning experience for all of us."

A ROSE GROWS IN A SECRET GARDEN

First, Landmarks Preservation Commission chair **Jennifer Raab** is accused of cozying up to developers. And now developer **Fred Rose** (of Lincoln Center fame) is adding some muscle to a tenant-preservationist battle on the Upper East Side. At issue are the Cottages, eight famous apartments on Third Avenue with a special amenity: a private garden in a courtyard between 77th and 78th Streets. Since 1992, the Friends of the Upper East Side Historic Districts have been lobbying for a public hearing to consider landmarking the Cottages and garden—to no avail. Recently, the senior citizens who live in the Cottages learned that a deal was in the works to turn the site, which had been owned by the late benefactor Arthur Diamond, into a 34-story luxury building. Enter Rose, a potential bidder himself, whose attorney, **Alan Linder,** fired off a letter to the office of Attorney

Photographs: top, Frances M. Roberts; bottom, Bill Davila/Retna.

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Bono:
Bosnia bound

General **Dennis Vacco.** Sources say the missive alerted Vacco that the property's sale may have sold short the Diamond Charitable Trust, to which it belongs. For now, Rose is the surprising hero of the Coalition to Save the Cottages and Garden. "The irony is great," laughs coalition member **Deborah Valcourt.** Meanwhile, the coalition has hired spinmeister **Joyce Matz,** and the tenants have hired lawyer **David Rozenholc.**

FORGIVE US OUR PRESS PASSES

The vow of silence in the mayor's office just got stricter. After the *Daily News*'s continued stories on **Rudy Giuliani**'s involvement in the Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner, Harding lobbying scandal, and a recent item on the mayor's weight gain, Giuliani's spokeswoman **Cristyne Lategano** is reportedly withholding City Hall cooperation as punishment for the paper's unsportsmanlike stance. "She's said she's only going to talk to the other dailies from now on because they cover *real* news," says one City Hall source. Lategano declined to return repeated phone calls; *News* editor **Pete Hamill** could not be reached for comment. Apparently, Lategano is not alone in launching a backlash. **Russell Harding**, executive vice-president of the Economic Development Corporation—and son of Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner, Harding partner **Ray Harding**—has, according to one political insider, been omitting *News* items about the lobbying firm from the daily clips that circulate around his office. Harding denies this, saying, "The EDC will include any stories in our daily clips that concern the corporation."

BARRY KIESELSTEIN CUTS THE CORD

There's a lot of belt-tightening going on in the home of **CeCe Kieselstein-Cord** now that her divorce from accessories designer **Barry Kieselstein-Cord** is getting down and dirty, her friends report. His friends paint a much less dramatic picture: "I would like to have the income she has," retorts one. The couple, who were married for 22 years, both worked at Kieselstein-Cord. But when divorce proceedings began last fall, Barry pushed out both CeCe and her brother, who had worked for the company for fourteen years. Initially, Barry hired famed feminist attorney **Harriet Cohen,** but after a few months, convinced the divorce would play out like a divestiture, he switched to his corporate litigator, **Sanford Asher,** his friends say. That's when things got nasty, report her friends, who say that Barry is now "playing hardball" and cutting her funds dramatically. Both Asher and CeCe's attorney, **Robert Stephan Cohen,** declined to comment, citing a confidentiality clause in the matrimonial case. But Asher did promise that "Mr. Cord intends to honor all of his legal obligations to Mrs. Cord." "I wish her the absolute best," says Barry, "and I think they should shoot all attorneys. If you ever want to make a large fortune small, put two attorneys in the same room."

BOB'S PEACE PLANS; PLEASING ALI'S FANS

A NEW SPIN: Just because **Bob Guccione Jr.** is out of *Spin* doesn't mean he's out of rock and roll. The scruffy outgoing editor, who says he's looking to take over an existing publishing company and start a bunch of new magazine titles, is in the meantime going the **Bob Geldof** route: He's been busy organizing a several-day-long festival in Sarajevo for Bosnian peace in late September. Working with the mission of Bosnia and Herzegovina in New York City, Guccione has already booked U2 for a concert to take place on September 23.

A KING'S RANSOM: Word that Christie's has a hush-hush **Muhammad Ali** auction in the works for this fall has made some wonder whether the champ has Jackie O. aspirations. But it turns out that the sale will be Ali memorabilia offered by one of his biggest fans, California collector **Ron Paloger.** Expect lots of old magazines, autographs, boxer shorts, and robes, laughs a source. No one's seen the catalogue yet, and Christie's has no comment.

Pete Hamill:
Paper rout

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Ian Spiegelman.

IT'S MILLER TIME FOR THE SPIN DOCTORS

What could be better for a struggling pop group than a nationally televised ad campaign featuring one of their songs? Suing to stop it. Former chart-toppers the Spin Doctors recently settled with megabrewer Miller after charging the beer company with plagiarism. Although Miller Lite Ice's Gen-X-friendly ad (which declared "The Night Is Young") got more attention than the group itself did in 1995, the band didn't appreciate the similarity between its 1993 hit "Two Princes" and the spot's catchy tune. Despite a flurry of cease-and-desist orders from Spin Doctors manager **David Sonenberg,** the ad continued to run in high-profile slots like the World Series and the NBA finals. "I still can't believe they did it, and then kept it up," says Sonenberg. Thanks to the settlement now offered by Miller, the band won't have to rely solely on record sales for income. While Miller executives would only call the settlement "mutually agreeable to all parties," Sonenberg places the amount at "somewhere between $11 million and a couple of six-packs."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Abe Frajndlich/Retna; Walter Weissman/Globe; Edie Baskin/Outline.

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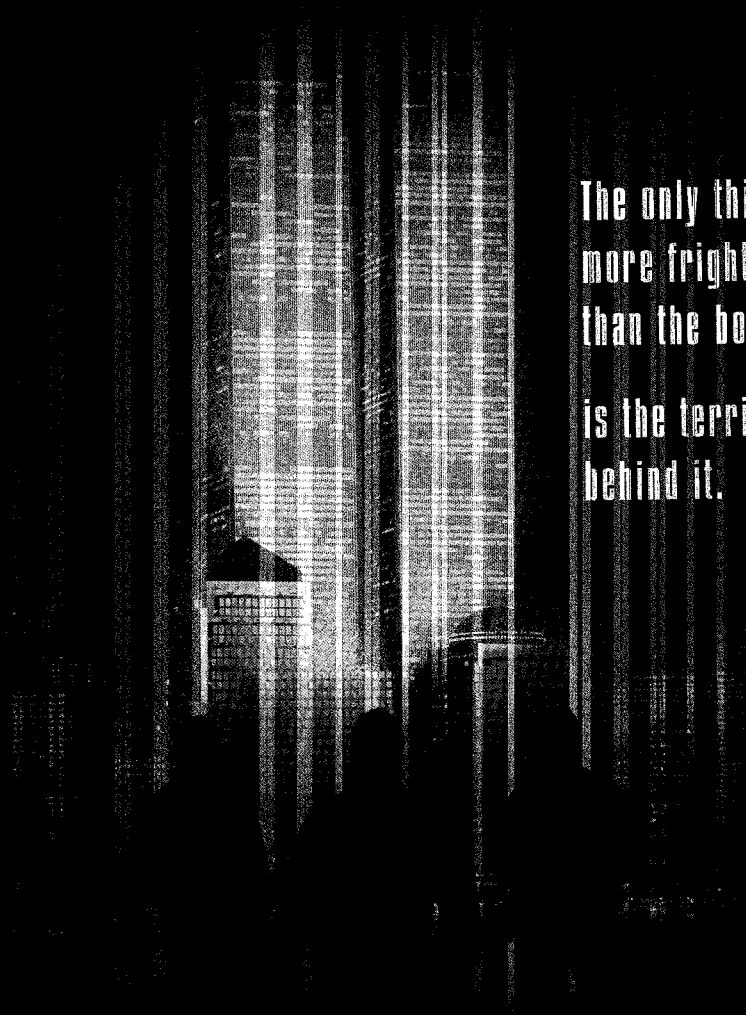

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GOTHAM

A city for only the very young—*Joan Didion*

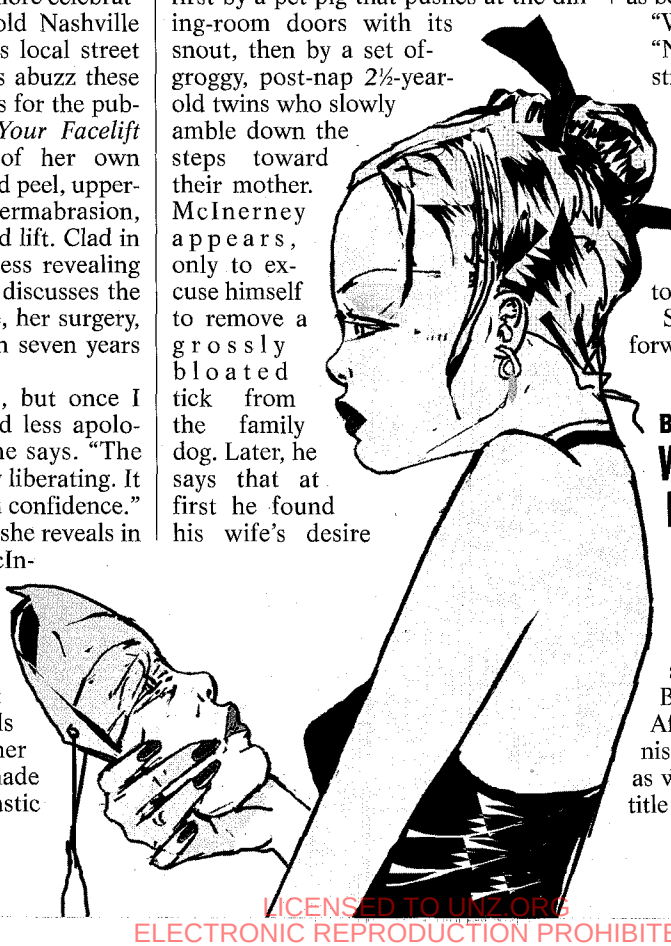
Books

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHAT'S THE KINDEST CUT OF ALL?

A SUMMER-AFTERNOON RAIN FILLS a pool of water on the front lawn of a quaint white farmhouse as Helen Bransford sits in her antique dining room, preparing to lift and tell. Twenty minutes from Nashville and just down the street from Wynonna Judd, this home usually serves as a peaceful sanctuary for Bransford, a jewelry designer and *Vogue* contributor, and her novelist husband, Jay McInerney. In a town whose resident writers typically publish country-music songs, this literary pair abides virtually untouched by celebrity. Of the two, Bransford is probably the more celebrated here, being from an old Nashville family whose name adorns local street signs. Their calm retreat is abuzz these days, as Bransford prepares for the publication of *Welcome to Your Facelift* (Doubleday), the story of her own surgery—chin lipo, forehead peel, upper-eyelid tuck, under-eye dermabrasion, and, of course, the standard lift. Clad in a blue floral mid-thigh dress revealing well-toned legs, Bransford discusses the book that will put her face, her surgery, and her marriage to a man seven years her junior in the spotlight.

"I hadn't expected this, but once I healed I felt tidied up and less apologetic about my looks," she says. "The bottom line is, it was really liberating. It was a boost to my withered confidence." The confidence-withering, she reveals in the book, began when McInerney returned home, smitten, after interviewing Julia Roberts. "Oh, sure, I told her all about you—well, everything but your age," Bransford recalls his saying. "I didn't tell her that." The next day, she made an appointment with a plastic surgeon. "The benefits that I got from it were internal maybe more than external," she says. "Nobody is whistling at me on the street, to be certain, but I really feel like I'm doing the best with what I have left, and that is a really good way to feel."

She can't say whether she would have undergone surgery if she hadn't married McInerney: "It's impossible to separate them out. Our life in New York is much more social and out-there and demanding and, frankly, grueling. This is heaven to me, but our life in New York may have added to my self-consciousness." The interview is frequently interrupted, first by a pet pig that pushes at the dining-room doors with its snout, then by a set of groggy, post-nap 2½-year-old twins who slowly amble down the steps toward their mother. McInerney appears, only to excuse himself to remove a grossly bloated tick from the family dog. Later, he says that at first he found his wife's desire for cosmetic surgery strange: "I said, 'Wait a while.' It didn't seem like something that a 46-year-old would do."



"He was clueless how widespread cosmetic surgery is," Bransford says. "He was clueless that half the people he sits by at dinner at night had some form of surgery."

McInerney says he "wasn't thrilled" with the publication of the Julia Roberts remark, suggesting Helen exaggerated the incident: "I still don't remember saying that, but Helen says I did."

"Do you want to give her *your* quote?" Bransford asks.

"This is something a character in one of my books says," McInerney replies, "and Helen thinks that I think it. The character says, 'It's not whether you win or lose in life, it's how you look playing the game.' When I told Helen this line, she was appalled. I just thought it was funny. The character is an editor of a fashion magazine, but Helen has clung to it ever since as being something *I* said."

"Well?" she asks.

"No one would ever say that with a straight face," he answers.

McInerney says he has no plans to be nipped or tucked.

"Men don't have this problem of being judged so severely on their appearance, you know," he says. "It's still a double standard. No, I'm looking forward to aging."

Says Bransford, "I'm looking *more* forward to your aging."

BEVERLY KEEL

Broadway

WALKING A LINE BETWEEN HUMOR AND TRAGEDY

"I WAS NEVER AN INGENUE," LYNNE Thigpen confides. "I was *born* a character actor." Judith B. Kaufman, whom she plays in Wendy Wasserstein's *An American Daughter,* is Broadway's ultimate hyphenate: an African-American-Jewish doctor-feminist and unhappily childless divorcée—as well as the lifelong best friend of the title character. Someone in the play calls

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Judith "a walking Crown Heights." She can get away with the casual use of an epithet like *shvartzer,* and she can stir an audience—in this case, the one at the Cort Theater—with a funny-harrowing tale of the despair that led her to a suicide attempt, in a monologue that brings down the First Act curtain.

On June 1, Thigpen won the Tony Award—her first in an outstanding stage career—as Best Featured Actress in a Play. In her acceptance speech, she repeated the name Wendy Wasserstein several times, like a mantra, acknowledging the dramatist who had given her the words to shine. The admiration is both deeply felt and mutual.

"She's the kind of actor you want during rehearsals," Wasserstein says. "She makes Judith be *there:* smart, competent, deep, angry, defensive. And with the monologue, she helped us shape it into this crescendo. You can tell she is a woman of great dignity and anger, and that that has probably cost her something."

An American Daughter is a political comedy—a woman's nomination for surgeon general is scuttled when it is revealed that she ignored a jury-duty summons—and it's a disturbing one. Navigating the treacherous terrain between humor and tragedy, Thigpen insists, is the best way for an actor to exhibit her range. "You can feel it every night if it happens correctly," says the 48-year-old native of Joliet, Illinois. "That's exciting for an actor, to make sure the character's a human being, to make sure she's got some quirks and some things that make you interested in that person."

Connoisseurs of her work would be hard-pressed to name one favorite performance. In the Manhattan Theater Club's 1992 revival of Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena,* Thigpen was haunting as a homeless "colored" woman scraping out an existence in a bleak South African landscape. Big-boned, and with a voice that could cut fog, she is a familiar sight on TV, with a recurring role on *All My Children* and appearances on everything from *L.A. Law* to *The Cosby Show.* She's been *there* in films too: in *Tootsie* and *Bob Roberts;* as a small-town teacher recalling the town's murderous past in *Just Cause;* and, memorably, as a one-woman Greek chorus in *The Warriors.*

But the role that has the fans lining up for autographs? That would be hosting public TV's *Where in Time Is Carmen Sandiego?*

Thigpen came to New York in 1970 after studying theater at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Almost immediately, she was cast in *Godspell,* where she remained for two years and then did the film version. One tough year of unemployment followed, but she rarely wanted for work again.

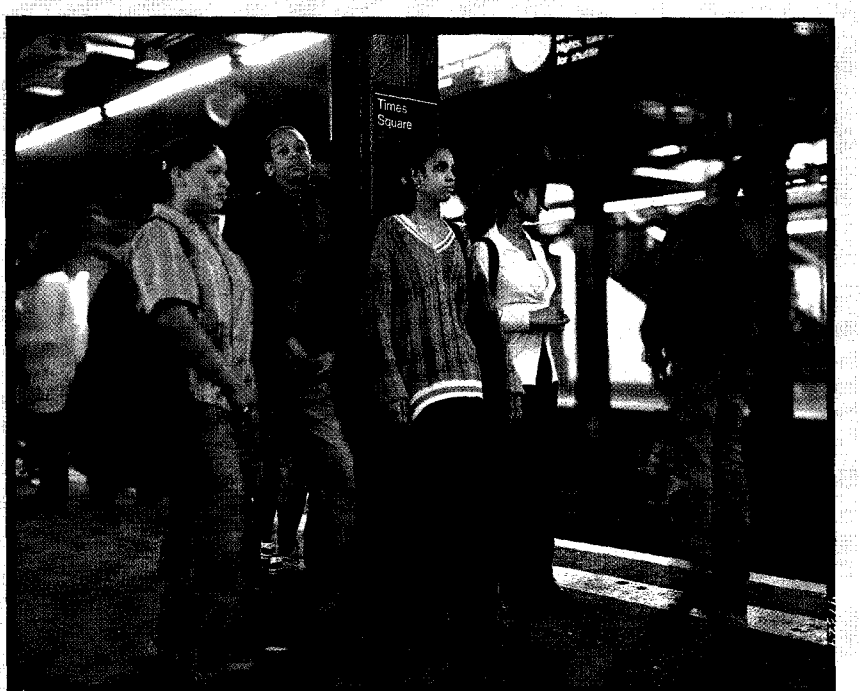
***American* actress—and Tony Award winner—Lynne Thigpen.**

"It's all about entertainment. Shakespeare is wonderful, but if you don't entertain people," she says with a mischievous grin at a café in Chelsea, "ain't no one gonna listen. It can be tragedy or comedy, but it has to bring the audience in. And you won't bring the audience in if they're not entertained."

That, she says, is the key to Dr. Judith Kaufman's popularity. It's why, even before she got her Tony, audiences were cheering Thigpen at the curtain.

"Judith is the friend everyone wishes they had," Thigpen says. "I realize that response is as much to the character as to my work creating her. And that's just fine with me." SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

SHOT



Times Square subway platform, 3:45 P.M., June 2, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Photograph by Nigel Parry/CPI.

Publishing

INDIE PRESSES LIGHT FUSES UNDER THE BOOK BIZ

"I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM RIGHT NEAR Nashville to be in the presence of this many people who piss off the religious right," Stephen Gaskin, known in certain circles as the Gandhi of the American counterculture, drawled shortly before announcing the winner in the Drug category at the second annual Firecracker Alternative Book Awards. Some 1,200 people who had gathered in Chicago's Crobar nightclub roared approval, having themselves come from as far away as California, Hungary, and Australia for the event. The audience even included a contingent of hip New Yorkers, many of whom wouldn't normally be caught dead above 14th Street.

"What distinguished the FAB Awards is that everyone truly pulled together and pulled for each other," says Rob Hardin, whose collection of short stories, *Distorture,* took the Fiction prize. Hardin, a classically trained studio musician, self-described "aging *enfant terrible,*" and chronicler of a downtown–New York

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subculture infused with decadence and narcissism, is well aware that the avant-garde of any artistic movement is not a particularly nurturing group. "Usually, they tend to fight for their turf—the way Daffy Duck fights for his pearl in the old Warner Bros. cartoons," Hardin says. "That's why this event was so gratifying."

The FAB Awards were created last year when a group of book-industry professionals gathered to brainstorm ways to help support and promote alternative books and zines. They were looking to create a buzz for the books and the houses that publish them—often despite pressure from the right wing. Their solution: a no-holds-barred awards ceremony that would celebrate "books that toss a firecracker down the shorts of the mainstream."

It was no accident that they decided to hold the awards during BookExpo America, the bookselling industry's annual convention-cum-extravaganza, also in Chicago. On May 31, 87-year-old Malcolm McKesson, author of *Matriarchy: Freedom in Bondage,* presented awards from the same smoky stage as Tristan Taormino, editor of *Best Lesbian Erotica.* Peep-show performer and author Carol Queen pulled an envelope from her waistband and giggled, purring, "The nominees for Sex are . . . doesn't that sound great?"

Indeed, an outlaw tone pervaded the event. Delivering the Poetry award, New York poet Eileen Myles explained just exactly what *she* believes poets are good for: "Think of a night where you are having unbelievably hot sex with someone you absolutely love . . . and you are hornier and higher and dirtier and sweatier and more fucked-up with desire than you've ever been in your entire life, and somebody says the dirtiest thing to you that you've ever heard in your life and that person is a poet. . . . So forget about poets' books. What poets are really good for is talking dirty."

The awards are more a celebration of freedom of expression than a coronation of the next hip hero. Before the evening was over, red plaques shaped like firecrackers had been awarded in twelve regular and three wild-card categories (including "This Ain't Yer Family's Photo Album" and "Don't Cook With Your Mouth Full").

Curt White, co-director of FC2/Black Ice Books, which published Hardin's book, accepted the "Recall Hoekstra Award for Special Merit in Literary Publishing" for standing up to Michigan representative Pete Hoekstra's attempts to have the press's $25,000 National Endowment for the Arts grant withdrawn for publishing "offensive" material.

"When will Congress wake up," asked master of ceremonies Barry Yourgrau,

CITY

Death's Familiar Face

A couple of months ago, a friend and I stumbled onto the site of a murder. It was 10:30 on a Thursday night; as we passed the super's apartment in my friend's Lower East Side building we saw that the door was ajar. Walking by, we couldn't help noticing his hands, which had been tied behind his back with phone cord, sticking up from behind a chair. There was no sign of a break-in. Only a 55-year-old man, dressed for bed, lying on the floor, dead of a gunshot wound to the head. He had been killed a half-hour earlier. Detectives speculated that he had known the killer and let him into the apartment, that the murderer had attacked him and bound him hand and foot, that he had been questioned about drugs or money, and that he had then been shot to death.

A decade ago, the thing that frightened people most about New York City was the threat of random and arbitrary violence. The prospect of being murdered by a stranger or by packs of angry kids who were supposedly roaming the city was virtually a premise of urban life, a fear continually reinforced by nightmarish tabloid headlines. It kept some people looking over their shoulders and sent others scrambling to the suburbs.

But for three years in a row (as the mayor's office often reminds us) the crime rate in New York has dropped precipitously. The number of murders is down, as are burglaries and everyday assaults. Even in the highest-crime precincts, the city feels palpably safer.

Then last week, 31-year-old Jonathan Levin, a hugely popular high-school English teacher and the son of Time Warner chief Gerald Levin, was murdered in his Upper West Side apartment, in a scenario eerily reminiscent of the death of my friend's super. Levin had been bound, police said, possibly by a student who took his ATM card and came back and killed him when it didn't produce satisfying results. Two days before that, Dr. Betty Shabazz (the widow of Malcolm X), was found in the hallway of her Yonkers apartment building with burns over 80 percent of her body. Her grandson was arrested for starting the blaze. A week before that, Michael McMorrow, a real-estate broker, was found partially dismembered and gutted, floating in the Central Park lake. Two 15-year-olds, one of whom he knew from a rehab program, were charged with the crime.

In all three cases, the victims knew their assailants. These aren't just stereotypical murder stories; they're morality tales: the adored English teacher betrayed by his student, the child with the tortured family history taking out his anger on the self-sacrificing grandmother, and the two lost kids whose parents seemed incapable of rescuing them.

Reading these very personal stories, it was easy to feel that we knew them, too. I couldn't help thinking of the worst images from the night we found the super. He was in a T-shirt and sweats. He still had on his slip-ons. There was no sign of struggle. He looked as if he had been waiting there patiently, trusting that if he did the right thing, his assailant would go away.

Four years ago, only three out of five people murdered in New York City knew their killers. Last year, four out of five killed in the city—80 percent of victims—knew their murderers. Now, that's a frightening number. NORMAN VANAMEE

The mourning after: Taft High School students react to the murder of teacher Jonathan Levin.

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

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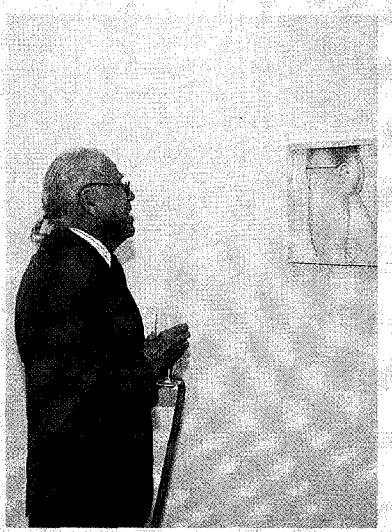
THE SCENE

Dramatis Personae

At the post-Tonys party for 'Chicago,' and at Hale House with a king, a duchess, and a jester.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Clockwise from above left, *Chicago's* producer Fran Weissler and star Bebe Neuwirth at Coco Pazzo Teatro, where the cast celebrated its victories at the Tony Awards; Spalding Gray and Kathie Russo at the home of Susan and Alan Patricof for a screening of VH1's documentary *Bill Clinton: Rock 'n Roll President;* Diahann Carroll and Tova Borgnine at the Fragrance Foundation's twenty-fifth annual Fifi Awards dinner.



Clockwise from above left, Wheaton Galentine contemplating the artwork at the Village Center for Care's Springtime in Chelsea Gala benefit, co-hosted by Barbara Gladstone, Matthew Marks, and Metro Pictures galleries; Sarah Ferguson, Don King, and Rosie O'Donnell at the Hale House Awards dinner; Alexander and Meagan Mannell Julian with Frank McCourt at the Puck Building, where the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers held a benefit and auction.

"and realize that a blurb like that is the most useful thing you can get to sell books?" ELIZABETH BERNSTEIN

Comedy

A SYMPHONY OF ONE VOICE AT CARNEGIE HALL

"DO YOU WANT REAL ANSWERS OR FAKE answers?" asks comedian Steven Wright. Whichever's easier. "Just tell people I make things up, and I say them, and I've been doing it for years. Then for the rest of the article, put nice pictures of farms in Vermont and stuff." Wright makes a living from this kind of wisdom: "It's a good thing there's gravity, or else when birds die, they'd stay where they were."

That's an old standard.

"There's a fine line between fishing and standing on the shore looking like an idiot." A fresher goof. Mostly what the Sisyphean-faced Wright does is nudge his dazed, Mack-truck voice into the cracks between language and meaning and sort of . . . muse. "Twenty-four-hour banking?" he ponders. "I don't have the time."

"You can't have everything," he reminds us. "Where would you put it?" But unlike most of his peers, Wright isn't looking to get *everything.* In a crowd of overpromoted, overhyped stand-ups, this balding, somnolent dealer of the surreal one-liner—and the delayed audience reaction—isn't trying to ride the crest and *branch out.* Wright has always bucked the trend, with a physical style that owes more to Jack Benny than to Robin Williams, and an intellectual style that owes more to Jack Paar than to Jay Leno.

"I only write jokes," says Wright. "I climb into this old refrigerator that's not plugged in, with a tiny light and a little Charles Dickens desk and a candle, so it always seems like it's two in the morning in London in the 1830s. And I imagine some English guy banging on the door. "More jokes! More jokes!" I have fake soot, too, like a chimney sweep. Oh. Did you want a real answer?"

That's okay. Though Wright gained off-stage cult notoriety for his *Reservoir Dogs* voice-over cameo, he's not currently taping tracks for an album, there's no sitcom or movie spot in the works, and Carnegie Hall—where he shares the bill Wednesday night with Paula Poundstone, as part of the Toyota Comedy Festival—may be the most legitimate venue he's ever played.

"Can you even imagine a show like *Seinfeld* starring me?" he asks with a snort. "It'd be like *Sea Hunt* set to music. I'd swim around pointing at different things. 'Hey, look,' " he says serenely. " 'The guy's leg is caught.' "

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

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REST & RELAXATION
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SPORTS KARRIE JACOBS

The Anti-Knicks

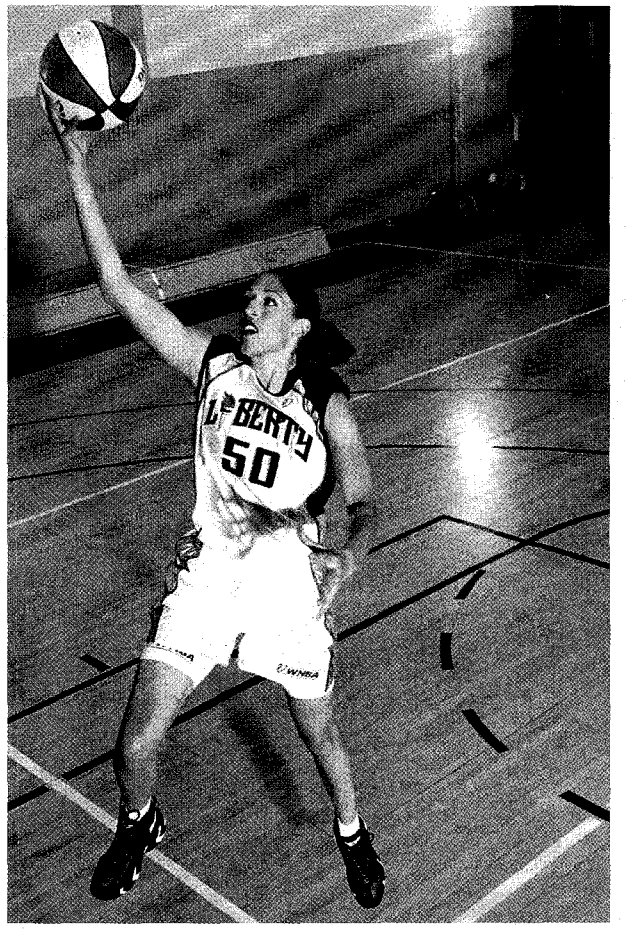
The Liberty, a new women's pro team, are bringing a different game to the Garden this summer—basketball without flying slam dunks or bench-clearing mêlées.

ON THE WEEKEND IN MAY WHEN THE NEW YORK LIBERty, one of the eight teams that make up the new Women's National Basketball Association, were having their open tryouts, professional basketball, at least the version played by men, had dropped into a sinkhole of bad attitude. A few days earlier, a brawl during the fifth game of the playoffs between the New York Knicks and the Miami Heat had resulted in the suspension of six players, including Patrick Ewing. On that Friday, the Knicks, playing without Ewing, had lost Game Six. WE WUZ ROBBED! squawked the tabloid headlines. The game had become sour and ugly, or, at any rate, not very much fun.

Meanwhile, a little more than a month before the Liberty's first game, against the Los Angeles Sparks on June 21 (and the home opener in Madison Square Garden, against the Phoenix Mercury on June 29), nearly 200 players who were not picked in the WNBA's drafts or other tryouts—women too long out of college or too obscure to be considered—showed up at the gym of the College of Staten Island for one last chance to make a living playing ball.

The Liberty's franchise player is former University of Connecticut center Rebecca Lobo; the team's other standouts include point guard Teresa Weatherspoon, who, following the path of most high-caliber college players, spent the years since her 1988 graduation from women's basketball powerhouse Louisiana Tech playing professional ball overseas in Italy and Russia. They'll be joined by younger players such as Vickie Johnson from Louisiana Tech and Kisha Ford from Georgia Tech, who are expected to supply scoring punch.

At the tryouts, the Liberty management was looking to round out the team with two reserves: another point guard and another shooter. By the end of the day Saturday, Liberty vice-president and general manager Carol "the Blaze" Blazejowski (the NCAA's all-time women's scoring leader) and head coach Nancy Darsch had selected 25 players to invite back for Sunday's scrimmages. Among them was Chikako Murakami, a 26-year-old point guard who last played for a Japanese cosmetics-company team. With spiky hair that makes her look like some bygone Malcolm McClaren protégée, she has a penchant for hoisting goofy-looking, high-arcing three-pointers. And though Murakami speaks no English, she communicated perfectly with teammates on the court, connecting with precise, high-velocity passes and trading high-fives.



A bust at the Olympics, Rebecca Lobo hopes to rebound with the Liberty.

A few days after the tryouts, the Liberty announced that 6'1" Jasmina Perazic-Gipe, a Janis Joplin–haired Yugoslavian who graduated from the University of Maryland in 1983 and whose basketball career was upended by the war in the Balkans, had snagged the shooter position. With total sincerity, Perazic-Gipe insists that "basketball is too much fun. I feel guilty taking money." For the point-guard spot, the team chose Rhonda Blades, a 1995 Vanderbilt graduate, who didn't show up at Staten Island but stood out at a pre-draft tryout in Orlando.

And so the Liberty team was set, ready to hit training camp and prepare for the opener. The players, most of them, are too short to dunk, but what they offer fans is a return to the game of basketball before it got as overblown and predictable as a Hollywood blockbuster sequel.

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE decade, women's college basketball, as played at Stanford or the University of Tennessee, has packed arenas. The University of Connecticut's undefeated 1995 season, played in the media spotlight of the New York metropolitan area, followed by the triumph of the women's national team in the 1996 Olympics, suggested a renewed opportunity for a pro league.

The WNBA wasn't the first to jump on it. Last October, the American Basketball League launched its inaugural season. A Palo Alto–based invention of Silicon Valley entrepreneurs, the ABL set up teams in cities where fan support for college teams was most enthusiastic and recruited former local college stars to fill those teams. That means the league has teams in cities

Photograph by Noren Trotman/NBA Photos.

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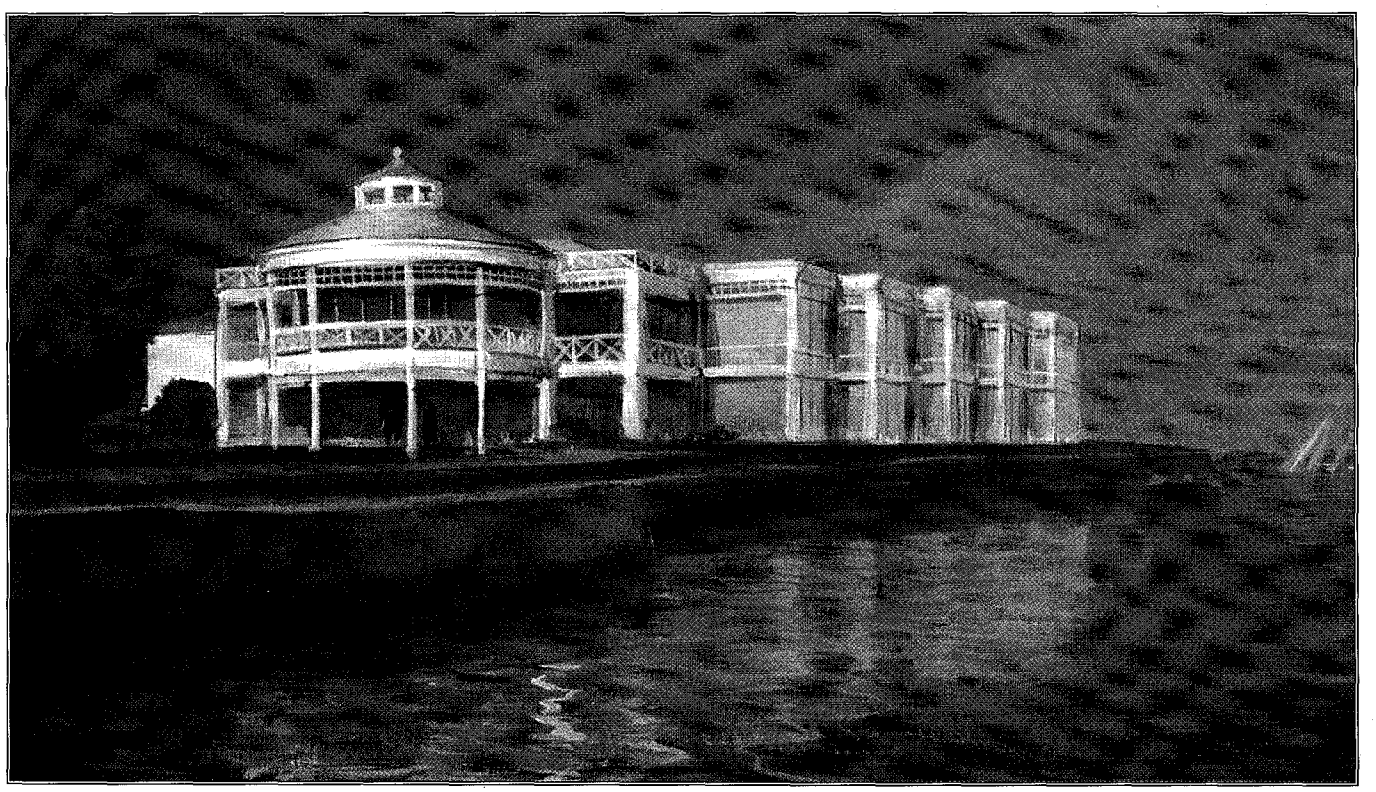

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such as Richmond and Hartford (and not in major media markets like New York and Houston). The WNBA, on the other hand, is going for a self-consciously major-league approach; it's operated by the deep-pocketed National Basketball Association; all the teams are owned by NBA franchises and play in NBA arenas. The two leagues are often cast as David and Goliath, the ABL a product of grassroots interest and the WNBA a cynical ploy to fill empty arenas in July and August. The ABL offers its players higher salaries than the WNBA and a chance to play during the traditional basketball season, but limited television coverage. The WNBA may be playing a winter sport in summer, but the games will be nationally televised three times a week on NBC, ESPN, and Lifetime.

Much has been made over the differences between the two leagues, but what's more significant is that the two leagues share a dedication to women's basketball as a real sport.

Earlier women's leagues were confused about their mission. In the late seventies, for instance, the Women's Basketball League foundered under the weight of its built-in contradictions. "Central to the WBL's struggle was the enduring marketability question," writes Sara Corbett in her new book about the Olympic team, *Venus to the Hoop: A Gold Medal Year in Women's Basketball* (Doubleday). "How to sell big, leaping, sweating, competitive women playing what was widely considered to be a men's game?" The league decided to stress femininity, sent players to modeling school, and even played exhibition games against *Playboy* Bunnies.

Clearly, times have changed. "We don't view this as a male or female sport. We view this as basketball," claims Blazejowski. But that's not exactly the case. The WNBA isn't dressing its players in spandex unitards, as another failed league did, but gender differentiation is taking place. In a very subtle, sophisticated way, the WNBA is putting out the message that women's basketball is superior to the men's game. The league has run a series of 30-second spots created by Fallon McElligott and NBA Entertainment during NBA games. "We got next," the campaign slogan, is borrowed from the language of playground pickup basketball, where whoever claims "next" plays the winner.

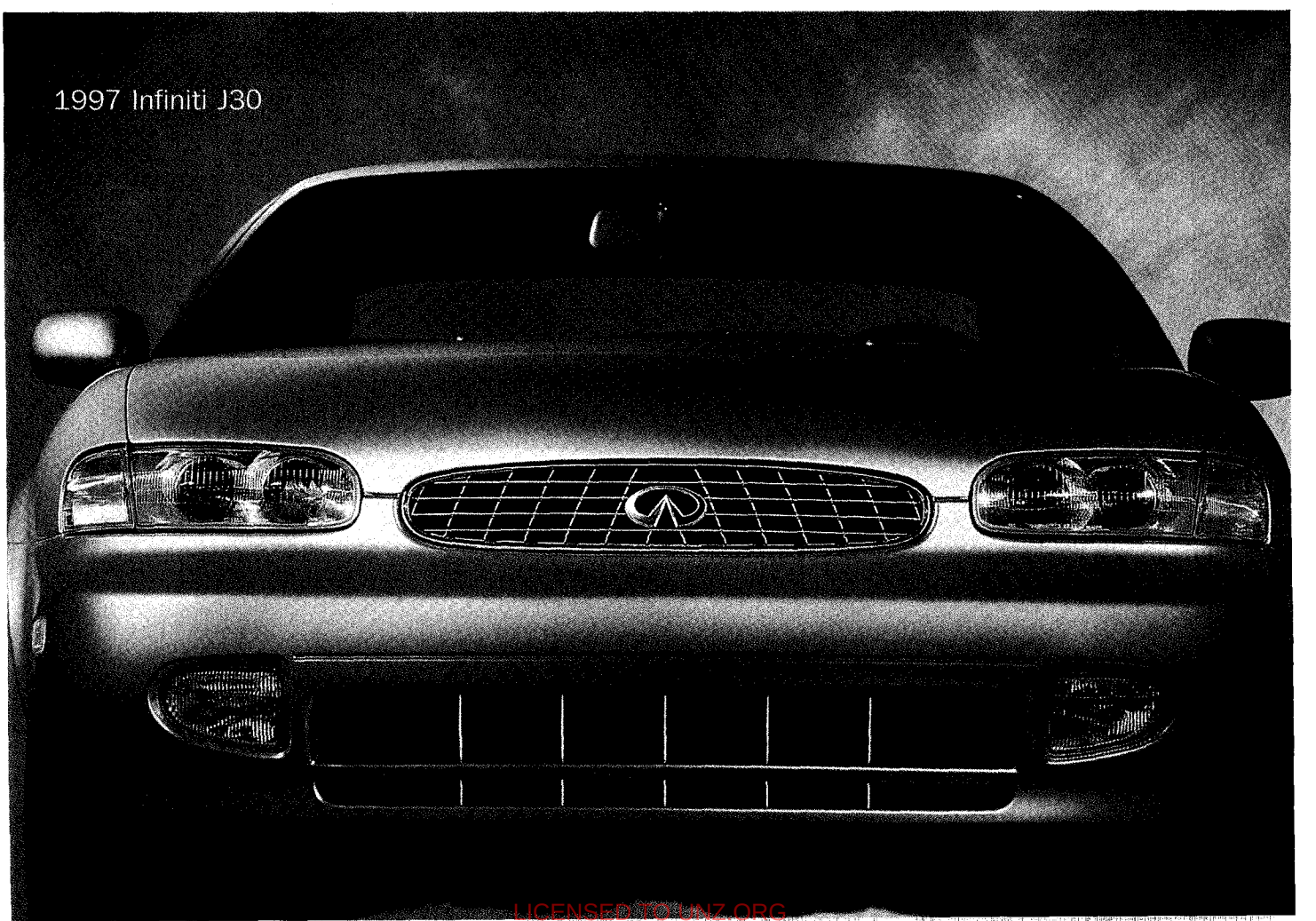
"For people who know basketball, it's an instant connect," says league president Val Ackerman, who, like most of the WNBA's management, is a former college basketball player. "We liked it for that reason, because we think that the main thrust of our promotion is that we've got great basketball."

In one spot, Sheryl Swoopes sinks perfect baskets, one after another, to a blues soundtrack. A female voice-over rattles off her accomplishments: college player of the year, Olympic gold medalist, a sneaker named after her.

Then the announcer asks, "So what is Sheryl Swoopes now?"

The camera cuts to a close-up of Swoopes, who pauses before she hurls the ball, looks up, and, sweet as pie, replies, "A rookie."

The Swoopes promo conveys the essence of women's basketball: skillful, experienced athletes who also possess updated feminine virtues. They're modest. They pass generously and well. They don't fight, at least not as often as the men do. (The ABL all-star game was



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marred by a scuffle.) They are like the Jane Austen characters we've been seeing in the movies lately, strong-willed, powerful, and purer than everything and everyone around them.

"It's not basketball the way basketball is being played today," notes Geno Auriemma, coach of the UConn Huskies. "It's basketball the way it used to be played. Teamwork, unselfishness, screening, moving without the ball: all those things that people remember from watching the Knicks in the seventies, and maybe now they say, 'Hey, that form of basketball is making a comeback.' "

ON PAPER, THE LIBERTY TEAM LOOKS strong. In addition to Lobo, Weatherspoon, Blades, Ford, Johnson, and Perazic-Gipes, the team features forward Kym Hampton, who has been playing professionally in Spain and Italy since graduating from Arizona State in 1984; center-forward Trena Trice, mother of a 4-year-old and veteran of various European and South American leagues; forward Sue Wicks, a former Rutgers star whose career has taken her to Israel, Hungary, and Japan; and guard Sophia Witherspoon, who has played abroad, has coached high-school teams, and likes wearing jersey number 13 because "it is an outcast number for many people."

Watching the players run practice drills at the Reebok Sports Club gym, one cannot help but be moved by the dedication of the players and supreme pleasure they take in simply being there, being part of the team.

But one also can't get any sense of how they'll measure up against the competition. If you think in NBA terms, where the fortunes of teams rise and fall on the abilities of a single pivotal player, a Ewing or a Jordan, the prospects of the New York Liberty are frightening (and not just for the franchise itself—a bad New York team is bad for the whole league). The kind of ball the Liberty play with Rebecca Lobo as their center depends on which Lobo they get, the versatile star of the undefeated UConn team of 1995, who holds the team's all-time record for rebounds and blocks, or the benchwarmer of the 1996 Olympic team. In the rarefied world of the Olympics, Lobo couldn't keep up. She ran too slow. She couldn't match star center Lisa Leslie's uncanny ability to be everywhere at once. Lobo, however, is the Liberty's name-brand player, the one used for photo ops. She is one of the stars being hyped by the WNBA's marketing machine.

What happens if Lobo doesn't deliver is something that concerns her former coach Auriemma. He worries that to succeed in the overheated environment of professional sports, the players may not be able to maintain the good-natured style that has made the women's game so popular at the collegiate level. "If 10,000 fans show up at Madison Square Garden and the first time [Lobo] plays badly, they boo her and the media crucifies her in the paper the next day, will she remain sweet and wholesome Rebecca Lobo who will sign autographs for an hour after every game?" Auriemma wonders.

But the WNBA is not the NBA, at least not yet. And Lobo is just one player on a roster of ten. What should count in the women's game is not the stars but the chemistry between the players. If the WNBA's marketers are really smart, they'll figure out a way to sell that. ▬

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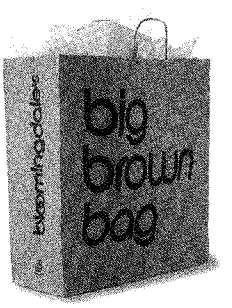

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LOST IN T

CHRIS VASQUEZ AND DAPHNE ABDELA MOVED IN A PRIVATE-SCHOOL UNDERWORLD WHERE BELONGING MEANS PLAYING THUGS, GETTING WASTED, AND COMMITTING CRIMES. DID IT ALSO MEAN MURDER? BY NANCY JO SALES

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HE PARK

EARLY ON A COOL, GRAY EVENING IN CENTRAL PARK, ONE WEEK before the murder, two clusters of boys entered the Sheep Meadow from opposite ends, east and west. They strolled toward one another. On a boom box, Biggie Smalls was playing: "Kick in the doorway, then the .44, all you heard was 'Papa, don't hit me no more' . . ." ■ From the west came three members of the Central City Lords, a crew of older teenagers who

Chris Vasquez (opposite, center) and Daphne Abdela, shortly after their arrest.

Photographs: opposite page, AP/Wide World; this page, Susan May Tell.

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once ran the park but have now moved on. From the east came three of the East Coast Vandals, mostly ninth-graders from better private schools. Trailing after the ECVs, as usual, was a scrawny, olive-skinned boy in oversize pants, dangling a wallet chain. Chris Vasquez.

The crew members—unlike Chris, all wearing North Faces, Hilfiger, and Polo—gathered around the rock, nodding to each other coldly. They had beef to discuss, just some B.S. involving a robbery. Darryl, one of CCL's members—African-American, 17—says he was already annoyed at having to meet up and politick with what he considered a "bunch of little rich punks." Now he saw that among them was someone totally unworthy of the proceedings.

Darryl cocked his head at Chris Vasquez: "What is this pussy nigga doing here?"

According to Darryl and his boys, one of the ECVs responded flatly: "He's not down with us."

"He just got robbed by my man," Darryl said, frowning.

The ECV members shifted uncomfortably. While they did let Chris chill with them—they now say he "wasn't a bad kid," he was a little too "weird" to let into their circle officially—they had had to warn him, a couple of weeks before, to stop telling people he was in their crew. "He tried to be down with us," said Lcee, another ECV member, 15, "but we wouldn't let him."

"Why are you saying this?" Chris Vasquez exploded. "Why are you doing this to me?"

It was strange; Chris didn't usually say anything. This made the ECV kids seem even more uneasy. They were supposed to be talking business; they were representing in front of an older crew.

"If you're gonna be down with us, you have to keep it real, Chris," said Lcee. Chris protested: "You're my boys."

In the 1997 Loyola yearbook, Daphne was pictured at a day at Bear Mountain (above) and doing community service.

Morrow's 220-pound frame in the park's lake, gutting it first, Daphne told police, "because he was a fatty."

In the weeks since, the event has drawn international coverage, much of it focusing on the question of privilege: How did two 15-year-old preppies become suspects in a murder?

The makings of an answer lie in the teenage underworld that has taken hold of many of the city's private schools in recent years. To be a high-school student in New York today is to have to come to terms with a world of crews—teenage gangs in which

"SHE'D WALK ALONG DOING THE HOMEBOY ROLL. SHE WAS ALL 'YO' THIS AND 'CHILLIN' THAT. SHE WAS TAKING THE HOODLUM-GUY THING TO THE EXTREME."

Chad, 15, one of ECV's leaders, just sneered. "If you wanted to be down with us," he told Vasquez, according to three boys present, "you'd have to rob somebody. You'd have to catch a body."

("It never happened," Chad says now. "They were serious," says Darryl. "They did it to gas up their crew.")

ECV turned away from Chris and went about their business. The boy stood there, out of the circle, stone-faced.

After about ten minutes, he turned and walked out of the Sheep Meadow alone.

ONE WEEK LATER, ACCORDING TO POLICE, CHRIS VASQUEZ, PERHAPS with the help of his friend Daphne Abdela, stabbed a hunting knife into the arms, neck, back, and chest of a 44-year-old real-estate agent named Michael McMorrow. The killing occurred under a quaint Chinese gazebo, in the shadow of the stately apartment buildings on Central Park West, where Daphne lived. Daphne told police that she and Chris then mutilated the body, cutting off the dead man's nose and almost severing a hand in an apparent attempt to hide his identity. They tried to sink Mc-

Many of the names in this story have been changed.

committing crimes is the path to popularity and where stealing, scheming, fighting, and drug dealing go on as matter-of-factly as playing field hockey or attending French club. This is a time in New York when kids from the most privileged families refer to each other as "slaves," "gangsta bitches," "hoods"—a lexicon lifted from hip-hop. When ECV told Chris Vasquez to "keep it real," they were asking him to reach for an identity that was clearly foreign to their own rich Upper East Side upbringings, but to which they, too, were aspiring.

"We also stand for Encouraging Child Violence," says Chad, of ECV.

The crew started a year ago. Over spring break, about eight friends who went to private schools like Beekman, Wagner, and Loyola, and wrote graffiti together, decided to unite as brothers. When a tougher crew on the East Side—Hoods for Life, or HFL—noticed their fighting mettle and decided to get their back, ECV gained power. Now, they claim 60 to 70 members, "from all different boroughs," they say, "all different races."

"The papers got us wrong," says Chad. "We don't go around robbing people from the projects." "Of course not," says a 16-year-old girl in the Double-Nine Crew, or DNC. "They want to

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be down with kids from the projects. They would never rob kids they sweat."

But ECV claims they don't rob anybody, that they're just a chilling crew, "friends hanging out who wanted a name." Among kids, however, they're known for cruising around in large groups and picking on people—beating up on other private-school students. "They beat up on little kids in the Meadow," says Seamus, a CCL member, 17. "They come twenty at a time with their video camera"—apparently to get footage of their fights to send to an obscure cable-access show about crew life called "Temple of Intoxication," which is produced by the head of BAF, or Blunts and Forties, an Irish street kid and crew icon named Lash. "They all want to be on Lash's show. Lash is like the emperor to them."

"I don't know why they want to be gangsters," Seamus, a lower-class kid from the Bronx, adds. "They haven't been through half the stuff we been through."

For some 15-year-olds, however, ECV has a harsh glamour. It did for Chris Vasquez. He wanted to be a part of the group so much he often followed them around in a fantasy that he was a member. He wasn't. One night, around two months ago, ECV "threw down" a few kids on the street, inviting them to join the crew. Chris, who was nearby, misunderstood and thought the invitation included him, too.

More than once, ECV had to set him straight, to get him to stop telling his friends that he was down with them. "We didn't like how he acted," says Chad. "He didn't really act like anything. There was no use to him."

Most kids describe Chris Vasquez as a "quiet, nice guy." "Not in a million years could you see him doing something like what he did. He was just kind of there," says Puck, another ECV member, 15. "I can see him walking with his hands in his pockets, looking down, minding his own business. Smoking Newports. He didn't say much. He didn't have a lot of friends."

"He fiended for attention," says another ECV member, Strobe, 15. "If people were having a conversation, he'd come over and try to get in it." "He was the kind of guy who, if he knew you were going to be somewhere, he would be there first to make sure to meet up with you," says one of Chris's best friends, Daniel, a Loyola student, 15.

"People said, 'Why you hanging out with him?' " says Chad. "But he was always like, 'Where are you going?' And you couldn't tell him to leave, 'cause he's like a good kid. He was a nice kid. He was too nice; he bothered us."

Chris was a Herb: a loser, a weakling, someone who has trouble handling himself or being natural, someone who's weird. He was from uptown, the Nineties, from an Irish–Puerto Rican family. He was an altar boy at Saint Francis de Sales Roman Catholic Church. He didn't have the money for cool clothes, and he didn't have the street credentials to be thought of as a tough kid.

On top of that, Chris was struggling with a psychological problem. Something awful happened to him in third grade—some say it was his parents' divorce that made him unstable, but, among kids, there has been a long-standing rumor that he was molested by a stranger. One day, when he was still a student at Loyola, Chris got up and walked out of the classroom, suffering an acute anxiety attack. Similar episodes would recur throughout his schooling. "In fifth grade," says Daniel, "he told me one time he felt he couldn't breathe. He burst out of the door and ran across the street to [the Regis School], where his mother worked" as a secretary.

Chris was diagnosed with agoraphobia and put on Zoloft, an antidepressant, as well as the sedative Lorazepam. A smart boy, he was eventually sent to Beekman, a less competitive school, and put on a special schedule to accommodate his fears of the classroom, just 12:30 to 3 P.M. Singled out as a strange kid, "he was hassled by people in school," Daniel says.

"Up until third grade, he was loud, he had balls," says Lcee. "I had beef with him back then and actually fought him. I beat the fuck out of him, but he stood up for himself." And then Chris "became scared of the world."

As he got older, he became an easy target for the muggings and beatings that go on in the after-school hours on side streets, parks, and trains on the Upper East and Upper West sides. "Herbs get robbed, that's one of their functions," says Pete, 18, a crew member who admits to having robbed Chris himself.

ECV, the East Side crew to which Chris Vasquez wanted to belong.

Photograph, bottom, by Greg Miller.

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Chris was getting it from both sides, harassed both by students and the kids in his own neighborhood. "His neighborhood is totally different from ours," says Dutchie, 15, a friend of Chris's. "Ghetto kids from uptown jump on the train and wait for a kid like Chris Vasquez. He also had to deal with them."

Chris was trying to fit in with crew life, but in his own meek way. He started carrying a lighter that had a skull and a scythe on it. He tried his hand at graffiti—his tag was ACID; but he wasn't a successful writer. "He had two ups," tags, "on Park Avenue," says Dutchie, "but they're gone now."

The attacks on him took their toll. "He felt he was under a lot of stress at all times," says Daniel. "He was shook, very nervous, he was paranoid like crazy," says Houston, 15, a classmate at Beekman. "Once I came up to him to give him the pound"—a handshake—"and he just jumped in the air."

He made some kids nervous. "He was kind of a psycho," says Dutchie. ECV has among its many videotapes of its members a brief shot of Chris: He is standing in the background at the scene of a fight, and all of a sudden, he starts jumping up and down as if on an invisible pogo stick.

"Even with a little bit to drink, he could go fairly crazy," says Daniel. "He would go hyper and jump around." "But he wasn't a violent drunk," says Chad. "He didn't like violence," says Lcee. "Sometimes when we were fighting he tried to break it up."

But Daniel, who knew Chris best, says his friend could become violent. "He would scream in your face when he was drunk, or he would punch things."

It was only a short time before the murder that Chris appears to have begun drinking heavily. Kids started to see him nursing beer, hanging out on the FDR overpass in the Seventies. "He wasn't drunk more often than other people," says Chad, "just, when he was drunk, he was drunker. And he never said a word."

AMONG THE WANNA-BE THUGS WHO SWING BACKPACKS ALONG MADIson Avenue, girls occupy a central but subordinate place. Girls don't, for the most part, have their own crews, and so they're left to try to win entry into a world that will never really accept them; the price is often sex. Girls win respect, of a kind, through being "shysty," deceitful and manipulative—willing to steal, say, or run a credit-card scam with a stolen card. In a world run by brash, swaggering boys, girls are referred to as "shook ones"—sluts—or "chickenheads"—silly, flirty, hangers-on.

Daphne Abdela wasn't ever considered a chickenhead; she made it known that she looked down on such girls. "She was against what a lot of the girls do, dressing up for the guys," says Dutchie, a close friend of Daphne's. "She felt like she was above those girls who try to be social. I could see her, like, shaking her head and rolling her eyes," says a drinking buddy, Vader, 16.

"YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM TO LEAVE, 'CAUSE HE'S LIKE A GOOD KID," SAYS A MEMBER OF ECV. "HE WAS A NICE KID. HE WAS TOO NICE; HE BOTHERED US."

Daphne made her own way. "She hung out with the guys," Dutchie says. "She was a guy," says Sam, 15, an acquaintance from the Dwight School. "A friend of mine once grabbed her chest," says another boy, "to make sure she had breasts." Daphne turned around and walloped the kid.

Short and chubby, Daphne acted like a guy because she wouldn't, perhaps couldn't, play the part of a popular girl. "She was trying to be a thug," says Josh, 15, an old classmate from Columbia Prep. Daphne could often be seen waltzing through her favorite haunt, Carl Schurz Park, in a Tommy Hilfiger jacket, flannel shirt, boots. "She dressed like a gangsta bitch," says Sam. Her style was uncommon among private-school girls, who are more typically outfitted in seductive gear like shiny shirts and tight black pants. "She'd walk along doing the homeboy roll, her fists clenched when she walked," says Will, 17, an acquaintance from Collegiate. "She was all 'yo' this and 'chillin' that. She was taking the hoodlum-guy thing to the extreme."

Since the murder, it has been widely reported that Daphne drank and used drugs; in that, at least, she fit right in. When classes are over each day, kids fan out over the city in search of "weed spots," or places to buy pot, and liquor stores that accept shady I.D.'s. Then they retreat to the parks, brownstone stoops, and free cribs, apartments with no parents. Daphne and one of her several bands of drinking buddies favored the grassy mound behind the Metropolitan Museum. The guys there accepted her because, again, unlike a chickenhead, she didn't want to flirt; she wanted to get wasted. "When we chill as guys," says Vader, "it's all about getting fucked up, and she just wanted to get fucked up like us."

But even her guy friends were surprised and eventually alarmed at the extent of Daphne's intake. "She bought a bag [of pot] every day," says Dutchie. "She drank every day. She drank all the time. She'd go out at lunch and get drunk, smoke before school, in the middle of school, and she went into school tripping a lot. I don't know that many girls that go to school always fucked up."

"One time she was doing 'ludes between classes

Catherine and Arturo Abdela entering the courthouse.

Photograph by Susan May Tell.

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and she passed out and pissed on herself," says Vader. Others recall a time outside Carl Schurz Park when Daphne, so drunk she was unaware of what she was doing, pulled down her pants in front of everyone and peed on the sidewalk.

Daphne was well-off, even by the high standards of the attendees of Manhattan private schools. Her father, Angelo Abdela, an Israeli, is a senior vice-president of CPC International, a global food-services company that owns Entenmann's. Daphne would often pass around boxes of cookies and cupcakes. Kids were impressed by the duplex apartment with the terrace and elevator where she lived, in the Majestic building on Central Park West. The family even had a driver.

She always carried plenty of money—$100, $200, more—and she was willing to share it with classmates. "She had mad cheddar," says Darryl, "and she would smoke heads"—get people high. "She used to buy me things after school, take me to McDonald's," Josh says.

Her cash didn't come only from her parents. "She had a couple of friends downtown who would give her money if she asked," Daniel says. "Like this one, a Pakistani guy who worked in a building on 40-something street," says Whitney, Daphne's best girl friend, 17. "He sold fake Gucci watches. He gave me one. He would give Daphne 150 bucks." Several other kids who knew Daphne report accompanying her to meet up with "the Pakistani guy"—a man in his late thirties or forties with a mustache, wearing polo shirts, who called himself "Max"—to get watches or sunglasses, or to watch Daphne get money from him. "She was showing off about it a little bit, I guess," says Lcee. "It was like, see, I have the illest connects in the world."

Gerardo and Patricia Vasquez, reunited on the way to Chris's arraignment.

Daphne, her friends say, would "deliver packages" for Max, and most people assumed they contained drugs. He compensated her not only with money and gifts for her friends but also with rides. "One time he had his friend who drove a cab drive us around everywhere. He drove us uptown to get weed, and then he drove us downtown to Kinko's. He drove us everywhere we wanted," says Whitney.

The building where Max is said to work, in the Forties on Broadway, is a short distance from a couple of Times Square video arcades frequented by private-school kids; inside, the stairwell is festooned with ECV tags.

Sex was one possible explanation for why Max took care of Daphne. "That's what everyone thought, but I don't think it was happening," says Whitney. "The whole thing made absolutely no sense to me." "I asked her to explain, but she said, 'Don't worry about it,' " says Lcee.

DAPHNE HAD ALSO STARTED STEALING, SEVERAL friends say. "She stole this girl's camera from her house," says Flint, an ECV member, 15. "She had enough money to buy a million cameras." And Daphne may have been dealing drugs. "She told me she was trying to deal weed," Josh says. Most significantly, Daphne was seeking out the company of adults, older men whose friendship she seemed to feel would afford her an aura of danger and glamour. "She said, 'I hang out with older guys, I hang out in bars and guys buy me drinks, I've hung out with kids who have shot people,' all that stuff," says Sam, who didn't quite believe all he was hearing. He adds, "That was her way of trying to be down."

When she talked about such things, kids just thought she was crazy. Dutchie says, "I kind of think that's why she killed the guy. Because she kept going down and down in her life—she didn't have a lot to look forward to. She knew she was going down. She didn't give a fuck about anything."

Freshman year had been hard for both Daphne and Chris. Daphne had been popular when she first entered Loyola, but then, Whitney says, "everything started deteriorating for her. At first everyone looked up to her because she smoked cigarettes and was the head of her clique." There were four other girls in the group; they can be seen in their yearbook with Daphne, sitting on a rock on a trip to Bear Mountain. Daphne stands on top, apart somehow, looking pensive.

Being Miss Popularity was a new thing for her, and it didn't last long. The hood mentality that at first brought her props—or respect—soon started to scare people. The pivotal moment came at a Christmas party last year when Daphne, who showed up extremely drunk, punched a girl in the face "for no apparent reason whatsoever," says Daniel. "That," Whitney says, "was when it all started hitting the fan."

"These girls started to look at her as . . . not good enough for them," says Whitney carefully. "People got scared because they weren't moving as fast as she was moving."

Daphne's parents were increasingly at a loss as to how to control her, resorting to calling 911 at night when she missed her curfew. Then, in February, they sent her to a Westchester rehab center called Arms Acres. It was there that Daphne met Michael McMorrow, a lonely 44-year-old who had something in common with her: drinking. The extent of their interaction inside the program isn't known. "I heard she was going out with him," says Sam; but other friends say it's unlikely. "She called me every day from there," says Daniel. "They were trying to pin her drinking problems on not having her birth parents around, and she actually started to believe it."

When she returned from Arms Acres, the Abdelas were apparently encouraging Daphne to contact her birth parents. But the hunt didn't seem to ease her problems. Two weeks before the murder, after a series of episodes, she was asked to leave Loyola. The school was having her take her final exams at home, and her mother and father were planning to send her away to boarding school, perhaps to one in Massachusetts. "I think her parents just wanted her to *(continued on page 81)*

Photograph by Helayne Seidman.

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SO HAPPY TOGETHER
Dorris and Erdrich wrapped up in each other.

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WHEN HE KILLED HIMSELF, THE WRITER LEFT BEHIND ALLEGATIONS OF CHILD ABUSE, THE TATTERED IMAGE OF A PERFECT MARRIAGE, AND THE SUSPICION THAT HIS GREATEST FICTION WAS HIMSELF.

DORRIS'S ROUBLED SLEEP

BY ERIC KONIGSBERG

On Friday, March 28, the day he believed would be his last, Michael Dorris pulled up to his farmhouse in Cornish, New Hampshire, walked across his yard to the guest cottage, and began to mix two and a half bottles of over-the-counter sleeping pills with a jar of applesauce. ■ It was Good Friday, and though Dorris was alone, the farmhouse held for him many memories of others. It was here that he had married Louise Erdrich, become a best-selling author, and raised six children, three of them adopted, three born to them. And the cottage—he had it built for Erdrich, herself the author of several critically and commercially successful books, so

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

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that she would have a workplace of her own. This was to be his revenge on Erdrich, she later told people. Erdrich and the children were far away from him; he had not seen or talked to any of them in months.

Dorris sat at his wife's desk and washed the pills down with vodka. He heard the phone ring. His friend the journalist Doug Foster was calling from California to rally his spirits.

"It's too late for that," Dorris said.

"Jesus," Foster said. He knew that Dorris was unhappy and threatening to kill himself. He called the state police. When they got to Dorris, he was incoherent, making gurgling noises.

Recovering at a local hospital, Dorris was on the phone to Foster.

"You have to fight this," Foster said. "You have to hold out for the possibility of reconciliation."

"You've made a terrible mistake," Dorris said. "You didn't have a right to do what you did."

TWO WEEKS LATER, DORRIS WAS dead. This time, he had rented a car, driven downstate to Concord, and found a $45-a-night motel called the Brick Tower Motor Inn. He registered under the name George Fonta, parked at another motel across the road, and took the same mixture of sleeping pills and vodka before using a rubber band to secure a plastic bag over his head. He was 52.

Over the years, Dorris had made a name for himself as a novelist, an essayist, a public advocate for children's rights, and an able spokesman for American Indians. But few knew how much misfortune such an apparently charmed life had masked. Dorris's oldest son, Abel, a boy he'd adopted, had been struck by a car and killed at 23. The two other children he'd adopted, Sava and Madeline, had been estranged from him for years, in and out of reform schools and jails, homeless now. In the last correspondence he'd had with Sava, the boy had threatened to kill him, and Dorris had filed charges against him for extortion. And the year before, Louise Erdrich, the woman he made a writer and who made a writer of him, had asked Dorris for a divorce and had taken their three daughters with her.

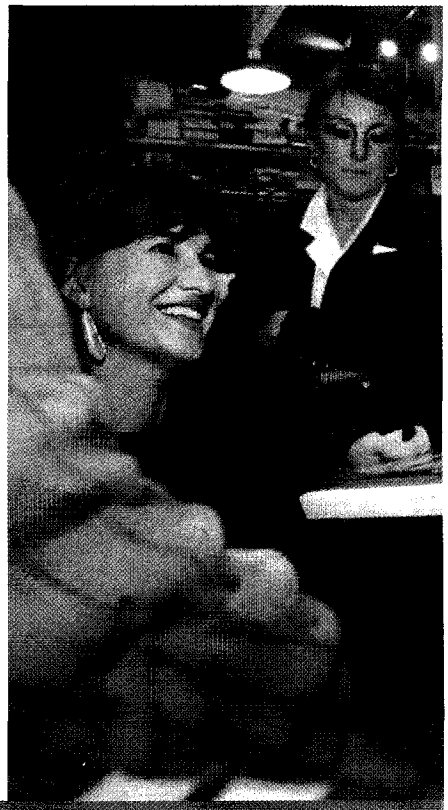
And the worst of it was that Dorris was about to be charged with the sexual abuse of two of their young daughters. Dorris maintained the charge was false, an outcropping of a custody battle, but increasingly, he saw little hope of proving his case. It was hard to conceive that a man who had been so blessed, and who seemed so selfless, could have been brought down in this way. "Michael gave so much of himself," said his former neighbor Peter Burling, the Democratic leader of the New Hampshire State House of Representatives. "But when fate came and took from him, it took with both hands."

"With Michael, there was a kind of gear missing," Foster said after he heard the news. "As long as he could be fighting for other people, he would. But he couldn't stand up for himself."

"If Louise had called him the minute before he died and told him she wanted him back, Michael would've been on a plane in an hour," said Dorris's friend the book critic Ruth Coughlin. "He lived for that woman. He died of a broken heart."

And so it was that on a Saturday evening a couple of weeks after his suicide, I found myself on Louise Erdrich's lawn in Minneapolis, where she and Dorris and their biological daughters had been living since 1993. She came through the kitchen, onto the wraparound porch, to greet me. Persia, her oldest, was beside her. They thought I was Persia's ride, and their faces fell when I introduced myself.

"How intrusive of you to come to my house," Erdrich said. She told Persia to go inside.



"HE WAS AT GREAT PAINS TRYING TO F

I told Erdrich I didn't have her phone number, that I had come by only to drop off a letter explaining that I would be writing this story.

She took my envelope, then began to cry as she read the note. "I don't want to take part in anything that could hurt my children, and they will be hurt to read your story," she said. "And I'm sorry to be so prickly. It's just that when everything happened with Sava, we went to such lengths to not have our address listed."

So I said good-bye.

"So long," Erdrich said. She was a formidable woman, in jeans and a linen blouse. I thought of how I'd heard that Dorris liked to brag about her rigging an election in high school in order to be named homecoming queen. And I thought of what a friend of his had said, that she was a woman worth killing yourself over.

DORRIS WROTE BOOKS ABOUT SIMPLE PEOPLE with pure, honorable conflicts; even *The Broken Cord,* his bittersweet memoir of raising Abel, who suffered from fetal alcohol syndrome, reads as the diary of a perfect father. And to many people who knew him, he had seemed to possess a soul free from baggage. "He was not the sort of person you thought of as complicated," said Bob Edwards, the National Public Radio host and his friend since childhood. "For a writer, he actually functioned quite well in the quotidian arenas of human life." Dorris liked to cook; he Rollerbladed with his friends; he taught aerobics; he joined a book club for a bunch of neighborhood fathers in Minneapolis.

Dorris invested a lot of energy in maintaining these surfaces and in managing people's perceptions of him. He had a gift for it, one that he also used as a writer. The book of his that is in many ways my favorite, a collection of stories titled *Working Men,* succeeds because of Dorris's ability to write in so many different voices—first-person tales told by characters gay and straight, young and old, male and female, white and nonwhite, and so on.

Dorris always said he was able to channel the voice of Rayona, one of the female narrators of his first book, *A Yellow Raft in Blue Water,* so convincingly because he had been raised by three women—his widowed mother and two aunts. Back then, Dorris was an only child in Louisville, Kentucky, growing up in the St. Matthew's section of town, a tidy, moneyed precinct in which his mother, Mary Besy Dorris, worked as a secretary within the city's Democratic Party machine. He was a fine student at St. Xavier High School, a debate-team jock; and he attended Georgetown after graduation.

Even then, his identity was a hodgepodge—bloodlines Irish, French, and

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

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TOUR FOR TWO Co-authors Erdrich and Dorris sign copies of *The Crown of Columbus*.

that the school's tally of Indian graduates, over the preceding 200 years, had been in the double digits. By all accounts, Dorris was a superb teacher and administrator, and Dartmouth's program is now considered the standard against which other schools' Native American–studies programs are gauged.

Starting out, however, Native American studies was not by any means a discipline that all of the Dartmouth community respected. The *Dartmouth Review* rose to power largely on the fight to keep as the school's mascot the Dartmouth Indian. One day, two middle-aged alumni entered his office, asked if he was Michael Dorris, and opened their trenchcoats to reveal T-shirts bearing the original Indian head. They shouted "Wah-hoo-wah," the old game cheer, and urinated on his carpet.

In addition, anthropologists at Dartmouth derided Dorris for never having earned a Ph.D. And many of the Indians he met doubted the legitimacy of a mixed-blood ("blood," for short) heritage. He looked white (it is said he later discovered tanning booths); his hair got curly if he let it grow out. He wrote in *The Broken Cord* of a visit to Standing Rock, a Lakota reservation in South Dakota: "No vest or polka-dot shirt, no long-grown hair or academic knowledge gave me rights here. I was a dry pond, a hollow bowl, a person who could be anyone because I was no one." At Standing Rock, the anthropologist Beatrice Medecine gave him the Indian name Wambli Rapau, or "Eagle Wing," because of a dream he'd had in which his windshield was suddenly obscured by the flapping wings of giant birds, pinned to the car as he barreled on.

"From the moment I met Michael, I could sense he had the rage you saw in a lot of bloods," says Howard Bad Hand, who as a Dartmouth student served on the panel responsible for hiring Dorris."He was at great pains trying to figure out who he was, and obsessed with how the rest of the world saw him. As long as I knew him, Michael never did get in touch with who he was. I never thought he was able to connect with anyone in an honest way because of that preoccupation."

IN 1971, DORRIS HAD BECOME ONE OF THE first single men in America to adopt a child, taking into his home a 3-year-old Lakota boy named Abel. Abel was soon joined by Jeffrey Sava, a Yankton Sioux, and then Madeline, adopted from a reservation in South Dakota. Dartmouth colleagues knew Dorris to be a strict but remarkably attentive parent.

But parenthood for Dorris was unusually demanding, especially with Abel. Dorris spent years potty-training him, months teaching him to tie his shoes; as time went by, the boy could scarcely read or write, and he suffered from seizures that brought to mind epilepsy. Dorris constantly blamed himself. "It was awful watching what Michael went through," Peter Burling told me. "He just kept thinking if only he fed Abel better, if only he found one more school, one kind of medication, it would be okay. And when it wasn't, he considered himself a failure as a parent." As he would recount later in *The Broken Cord,* in heart-rending detail, Dorris's frustration with Abel led him to research the circumstances of his birth, eventually locating the root cause of the boy's problems: his birth mother's excessive drinking during pregnancy. The book was the first to popularize the problem of fetal alcohol syndrome, and Dorris later found himself testifying before Congress on behalf of the cause. It is partly because of these efforts that ads for beer and liquor contain cautionary words toward expectant mothers.

OUT WHO HE WAS, OBSESSED WITH HOW THE REST OF THE WORLD SAW HIM."

Modoc Indian, the last of them always an indeterminate percentage on his father's side. Dorris's father was a cipher in other ways as well. Dorris had been raised on the story that his father's truck turned over on an icy mountain road in Switzerland during World War II. But when he was in college, his mother told him the death had been a suicide. The details were never given, and he later told friends he did not want to know how this man who had given life to him had taken his own in the months before Michael was born. It was something he never quite resolved: He confided in only a few close friends about the suicide, disseminating the fictitiously heroic account among most.

As he continued on his quest for identity, he became fascinated by his Indian background. He took a master's in anthropology at Yale, moving on to teaching jobs with a couple of experimental colleges. Then, at 27, Dorris was hired to inaugurate a program in Native American studies at Dartmouth. It was 1972, and administrators at the school, which had been founded upon the charge of "educating the youth of the Indian Tribes, English youth, and any others," had recently discovered

IN 1981, DORRIS ANNOUNCED THAT HE would be marrying Louise Erdrich, a 28-year old Chippewa poet whom he had taught at Dartmouth nearly ten years earlier. The news came as a surprise to most of his friends, who had barely seen a courtship developing. For the past six years, Dorris had been involved with a professor of French and Italian who had hopes of marrying Dorris herself. The woman, recently appointed the president of a prestigious East Coast college, told me she had returned from a term abroad to learn the news from Dorris, and was indeed shocked. "I still hadn't heard a word about Louise," she said. "But there had been a lack of clarity as to where our relationship was going. It had begun as a normal involvement, but almost the entire time there was a lack of physical intimacy that I spent years of time and energy trying to figure out. At some point, I realized it had to be that he was gay. But then he got married."

Erdrich had first come to Dartmouth in 1972, recruited as a member of Dartmouth's first class to include women and Native Americans. She, too, was of mixed blood, but she had grown up on a reservation in Wahpeton, North Dakota, the oldest of seven children. She arrived for her

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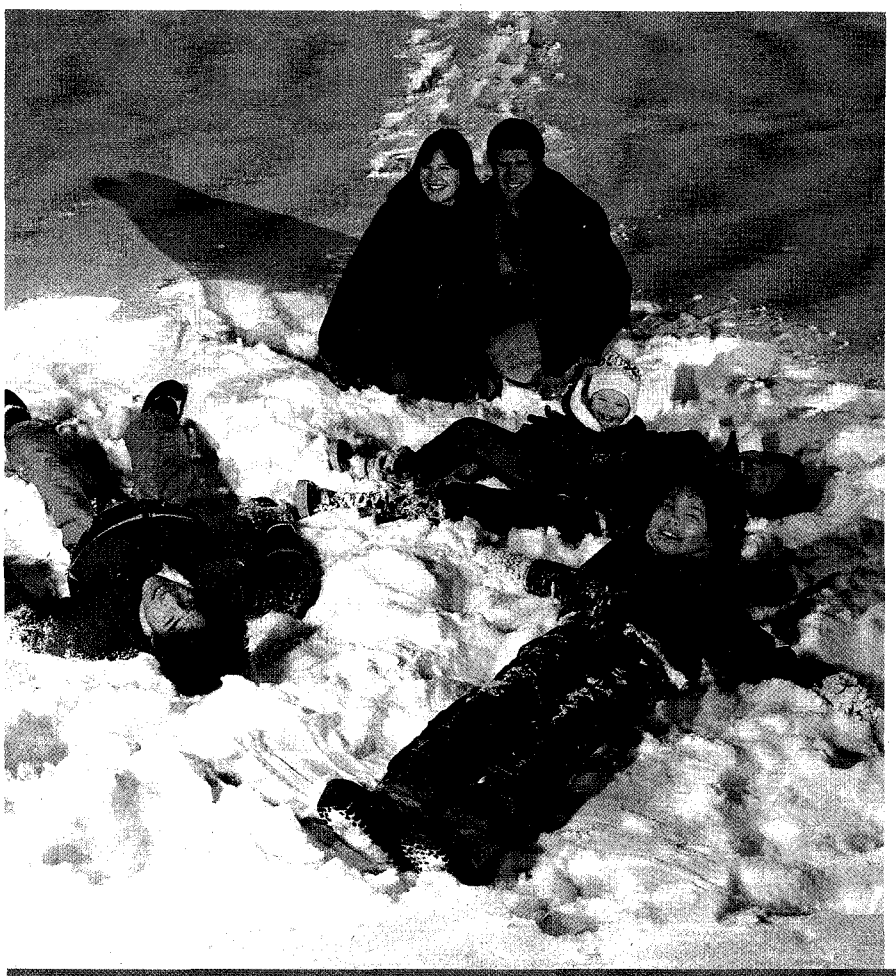
BEFORE THE FALL Michael and Louise with several of their children.



first day of classes in bright-red cowboy boots. She'd learned of Dartmouth through *National Geographic* and wanted to go there because one picture, of the campus during Winter Carnival, showed a giant ice sculpture. She majored in English, got an M.F.A. in creative writing at Johns Hopkins, worked for an Indian newspaper in Boston, and took a fellowship in poetry.

Several years later, Dorris invited Erdrich up to campus to give a reading of her work. They went for a walk afterward and barely talked. They shook hands good night. Both later told people they realized they were in the presence of the person they hoped to wed. They corresponded, telling each other about books they had read. Some months later, Erdrich returned to Dartmouth as a writer-in-residence. A judge who lived nearby read them their vows on Dorris's lawn in a tiny ceremony at which Erdrich was also officially "married" to the three adopted children.

AND SO BEGAN ONE OF THE most celebrated literary marriages of the modern era. Erdrich's career took flight in 1984, when she published her first work of fiction, *Love Medicine,* a richly poetic story of an Indian clan in North Dakota. The *Times* pointed to Balzac and Faulkner for comparisons. Next came *The Beet Queen,* and then, in 1987, Dorris's debut novel, *A Yellow Raft in Blue Water.* Erdrich was all along recognized as the writer of greater endowments, but Dorris held his own, and his next book, *The Broken Cord,* published in 1989, was a best-seller and won—just as *Love Medicine* had five years earlier—the National Book Critics Circle Award.

As a franchise, the two were an appealing curiosity. *People* magazine named Erdrich one of the 50 most beautiful Americans in 1990. Dorris's looks compared favorably with Tony Roberts's, though Jimmy Smits eventually played him in HBO's production of *The Broken Cord.*

Erdrich credited Dorris with being the agent who got her first book into print; he made fake stationery for the Michael Dorris Agency when no publishers had initially been interested. Dorris credited Erdrich for giving him the confidence to pursue a career as a novelist; he had sworn off writing fifteen years earlier when a fellow student at Georgetown compared one of his stories to an episode of *Mary Worth.* It was not uncommon for a magazine editor publishing a story of Erdrich's to conduct

MICHAEL DORRIS INVESTED A LOT OF ENERG

most of the editing over the phone with Dorris, who would then relay comments to and from his wife. They claimed to depend so much on each other for editorial feedback that some said it was impossible to determine where one author's work ended and the other's began (though it is in fact quite easy to distinguish between their writing: Erdrich's books are much better). In 1991, Dorris and Erdrich co-wrote a novel, *The Crown of Columbus.* On the merit of a five-page proposal, Harper & Row paid them a $1.5 million advance (half of it up front).

Together, they had three daughters, Persia, Pallas, and Aza, and with all six children they made a home in the stone farmhouse in Cornish. They broadcast their love in interviews and wrote passionate dedications to each other. "To Michael: Complice in every word, essential as air," read *The Beet Queen.* "For Louise: Companion through every page, through every day. Compeer," is how *Yellow Raft* was introduced.

There were huge differences between them, however. While Erdrich said she hated the dog-and-pony show required to sell novels, Dorris took eagerly to the spotlight, lending his name and energies to causes from fetal alcohol syndrome to American Indian literature to Save the Children and presiding over a kind of makeshift personal P.R. firm. "He had so many layers of lawyers and agents and people doing P.R., it was difficult to know what the hell was actually going on there," one of Dorris's lawyers and friends, Craig Truman, says.

This apparatus was attached to a media sophistication that bordered on paranoia. When *The New York Times Magazine* dispatched the writer Vince Passaro to New Hampshire to profile the couple, Dorris laid down ground rules as to what questions could and couldn't be asked, forbidding the reporter from seeing their house and from even mentioning their daughters. "There was a Stepford-writer quality to him," Passaro says. "He seemed like a control freak, loaded up and very tense, as though he had a lot to protect."

The world at large saw this simply as discretion. "To their credit, they didn't do 'the lit thing,' " Charles McGrath, the editor of the *Times Book Review,* told me.

Photograph by Theo Westenberger/Gamma-Liaison.

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"Ironically, it seemed to enhance their reputation." Most of Dorris's friends stressed to me what a "private person" he was by way of explaining why they knew little about how his marriage to Erdrich had soured, little about how his relationships with his two remaining adopted children had fallen apart.

DORRIS TOOK PAINS TO KEEP THE PEOPLE who came into contact with him separate from one another—as if allowing them to compare notes might someday do his reputation harm. He collected a circle of close friends he would speak to every day on the telephone, most all of them living in other parts of the country—his college roommate, Vin Rocque, in Washington, D.C.; Charlotte Quimby, a midwife who delivered all three of Erdrich's children, in New Hampshire; Ruth Coughlin, the book critic, in Detroit; Foster in San Francisco; Jeanne Friedman, a friend from his teaching days, in Berkeley; Linda Welch, a middle-aged secretary at Dartmouth; and so on. None of these people was particularly close to Erdrich, and few of them had any knowledge of or contact with one another. When they all arrived at Dartmouth in May for Dorris's memorial service, most of them were meeting for the first time.

Dorris's friends knew, as he liked to boast, that each morning, he brought his wife "the perfect cup of coffee." They might have known that Dorris, as their assistant and nanny Sandi Campbell told me, "did all the parenting for the household, all the cooking and the laundry and the helping the kids with their schoolwork, while Louise got to do the fun things with the kids—talking about flowers and Indian beading and piano."

Dorris was known for his public generosity toward other authors. He said he would not negatively review any books by Indian authors, because the field needed support. In truth, says Mark Anthony Rolo, a friend of the couple's, "in dozens of conversations on the subject, I never heard Michael utter a nice word about another Indian writer." Dorris once snapped at a friend who called Erdrich the best living Native American writer, saying, "It's not fair to rank us." Erdrich, for her part, was irritated by the way her husband had to always declare himself "Louise's student, really." She found co-writing *The Crown of Columbus* to be an unhappy experience—both the activity and the final product. Dorris, on the other hand, told whoever asked that the couple had another joint project in the works.

Dorris's finest moments tended to come when the chips were down for someone else. "We used to joke that eulogies were Michael's second career," Coughlin says. "He was very good for people in times of need. Which is not to say that he wasn't very needy himself."

HIS ADOPTED CHILDREN WERE A STRUGGLE from the beginning. Years before, he had written off any possibility of a normal life for his oldest son, Abel, having conducted intensive research into Abel's birth mother, a teenage alcoholic. Fetal alcohol syndrome marks its afflicted, leaving them with a small cranium and poor joint articulation, and without a philtrum, the ridge between the nose and upper lip. As for Sava and Madeline—they were another story. Though both of them had behavioral and learning problems, neither appeared to suffer from FAS. Sava's IQ consistently tested well above average; he liked to write poetry and play chess. In researching *The Broken Cord,* Dorris came to support a more controversial theory, that there also existed an incomplete form of FAS called fetal alcohol effect, "harder to diagnose, more subtle, but in many respects just as debilitating as the full syndrome."

Sava, though he was younger than Abel, often acted as his big brother, taking him on the bus to school. But as they reached adolescence—some friends of the family have said it had to do with Erdrich's marriage into the household and the pressure a competitor for their father's attention placed on the children—their trajectories took a turn for the worse. In 1986, Sava was arrested for shoplifting and installed in a juvenile-diversion program. He was failing ninth grade. Around that time, he had a violent tantrum and beat Erdrich up with a piece of wood.

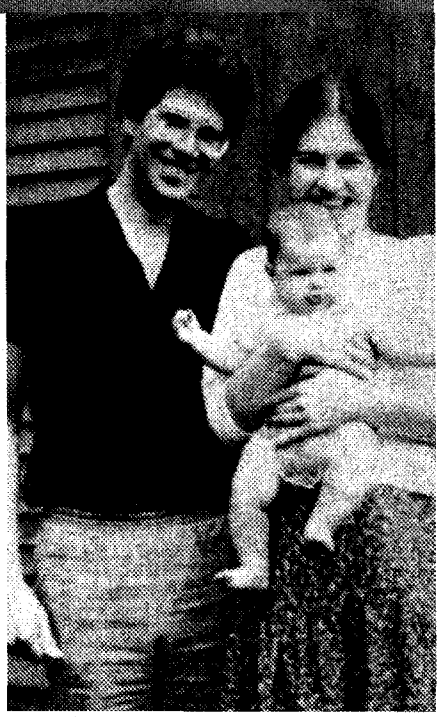
When Sava was 15 and Madeline was 12, their father finally became fed up. After that, Sava did not live with the family; over the next three years, Dorris sent him to vocational boarding school in Vermont, military school in Kansas, a Quaker camp, an Outward Bound program, Covenant House in Houston, a Talequah Job Corps program in Oklahoma, and the Institute of the American Indian Arts. He was expelled from most of these for disciplinary problems, and he began amassing a multipage criminal record of charges ranging from criminal mischief to trespassing to theft to assault. Dorris told friends Sava was running drugs in New Mexico and turning tricks as a street hustler. Madeline, meanwhile, was enrolled at Girlstown. She later got involved in Satan worship. Dorris wrote often to Sava and Madeline but heard little back.

"Somewhere in here, Michael gave up," says his friend Jeanne Friedman. "He loved these kids, but there was only so much he could do." Dorris and Erdrich's marriage was becoming increasingly strained—in part, no doubt, because of Sava's ongoing ordeal and, later, Abel's death. They spent years in various types of marriage counseling and psychiatric therapy, both alone and as a couple. Dorris's mother and aunts complained that they saw very little of him and their grandkids and blamed Erdrich. Erdrich's family did not like the sternness with which Dorris treated the children. In 1991, the couple moved with the three girls to Kalispell, Montana, keeping the house in Cornish and having their mail forwarded to their new address. They took an unlisted phone number, telling friends that they were hiding out from Sava, who was threatening physical harm against Dorris (in 1989, Sava had telephoned Dorris and cursed him for not sending money, saying, "I'll break your face").

SAVA DORRIS DRIFTED FOR A COUPLE OF years before ending up in Denver when he was 19. He was having difficulty holding down jobs when he got involved with Eileen Kalim, a divorced 42-year-old temp-agency worker he met in a Walgreen's.

Kalim is a slim, hardened woman with long hair and a tattoo of a rose on her ankle. When I stopped by her apartment in Denver, she told me that although she and Sava had dated, their relationship was in many ways like that between a mother and a son. "All Sava wanted was some

AGING PEOPLE'S PERCEPTIONS OF HIM.



AND BABY MAKES THREE Michael Dorris and Louise Erdrich's newest addition.

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

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MIDDLE OF NOWHERE The Brick Tower Motor Inn, scene of Dorris's suicide.

kind of a sign from his father that he was worth something to him," she said. "Most of his arrests, his problems, were instances of him acting out either because he was embarrassed by how Michael treated him, or else he was trying to get back at Michael."

In September 1993, Sava pushed his way into Eileen's apartment and proceeded to pin her to the floor for two hours, beating her, pulling her hair, and threatening to kill her, until—when he forced her to take him to buy beer—she managed to escape and call the police.

Even this attack was blamed on Dorris, and it came back to haunt him: Eileen says now that Sava was drunk and upset because he had tried to telephone his father that night but was unable to reach him.

Sava was charged with assault and domestic violence and sentenced to two years in the Denver County Jail. Not long after he was admitted, Dorris, unaware, called Eileen looking for his son. She told him everything that had happened.

Dorris wrote Sava in jail in October, expressing his dismay, telling his son he hoped he would use the hard time to reevaluate the rest of his life. He added that he had thought about not communicating with him anymore, but that he couldn't do that, because he really cared about him. He enclosed a stamped envelope, addressed to their house in Cornish, and invited him to write back.

Then, in November, Sava sent Dorris and Erdrich a remarkable letter, which for Dorris was the beginning of the end.

"You beat us senseless," the letter reads in part. "You terrorized us. You made us walk on egg shells, we feared you & then Louise comes onto the picture. Instead of stopping his abuse, she kicks in. . . . And then, oh I fight back one time and see you latter, don't ever come back. And then Madeline. Your problems solved instantly, no more devils in the house right? . . .

"If you think that all is well between us, & that you will get away with what you did to Abel, Madeline & I, you are DEAD wrong. You will pay for what you did. . . . Eileen and I agree that if we (you two and I) don't work something out, she knows I'll be wanted for murder 1."

At the end of the letter, Sava offered not to come after Dorris, Erdrich, or their families in exchange for $15,000 and help publishing a manuscript. "Very simple people, you owe me!" he wrote. "You owe me a childhood, you owe me a life."

DORRIS AND ERDRICH, BACK IN CORNISH BY now, moved their family again, this time to Minneapolis, telling friends they feared for their lives. They bought the Piper mansion on Mount Curve Avenue—where Sinclair Lewis and Robert Penn Warren had lived. They also prevailed upon the state of Colorado to prosecute Sava for attempted theft.

Both Dorris and Erdrich testified against their son in January 1995, and during the closing arguments, they held hands tightly. Dorris called the experience traumatizing. "He said to me, 'I wonder if they're treating Sava well; he looks very thin,' " says Truman, Dorris's attorney.

Sava was acquitted. The jury foreman commented the next day in the Denver *Post* that Dorris and Erdrich seemed to be "acting" on the witness stand.

Lisa Wayne, the Denver County public defender who represented Sava in the trial, told me, "The case was all a plan to shut Sava up. Sava's letter mentioned the abuse, and Doris wanted to put him away and scare him from bringing it up again. I told Sava he had a strong case against his father for the child abuse and that I could help him find someone to represent him," Wayne says. "But he didn't want to go forward with it."

"I was embarrassed, and anyway, I loved my father," Sava told me. "And I thought, 'Who's going to believe a convicted felon and a drunk like me over him?' "

Indeed, although none of the charges against Sava stuck, no one appeared to believe his accusations against his father. Like one of Faulkner's children, Sava was not a reliable narrator. "It would be absurd to take Sava's word seriously," Ruth Coughlin said to me. "He's damaged. Something is not right with that boy."

According to Lisa Wayne, however, the trial began to loosen Dorris's hold on Erdrich. "Louise told me Sava's case was what empowered her to get out of that marriage," says Wayne. "She said when she and Michael sat holding hands through the trial, they were terrified. I said of what, and she said, 'That the truth would come out.' " Wayne also said that in subsequent conversations, Erdrich told her, "I was in a warped state of mind, he just had so much control over me."

Then, Wayne said, "I asked Louise how she could just stand there when her husband beat Sava and Abel, and she told me, 'I figured that was something that happened between fathers and sons.' "

Sava told me a similar story. "Louise has admitted to me since then that she was aware of the beatings, and she's apologized," he said.

DORRIS WAS WRITING HIS NEW novel, *The Cloud Chamber*, as the dispute with Sava unfolded. His habits settled into a Hemingwayesque routine: writing till noon, then drinking the rest of the day, killing the time with videos and science-fiction novels; neighbors say he rarely left the house, though when he did he was often drunk.

Erdrich has a temper as mercurial as was her husband's, and they fought over Dorris's insistence on controlling her, his oversight of her career. In early 1996, Erdrich told Dorris she wanted a separation. If she suspected her husband of any form of sexual abuse of the daughters, it seems she fought hard to ignore it—because she left their daughters in his care, renting a house a few blocks away. It was to be an

Photograph by AP/Wide World.

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amicable split with shared custody, and a promise that their working relationship would continue. Dorris still held out hope for his wife to take him back.

Dorris thought his wife was seeing another man. Later, he began spreading the story that she was involved with another woman, rumors that she denied to the New York *Times*. Let it go, his friends told him. As Dorris grew more despondent and less in control of his compulsions—Hennepin County sources say that his sexual contact with his daughters was getting more elaborate at this point, and that his drinking was getting worse—Erdrich took the girls from him and filed for divorce.

AROUND THANKSGIVING, ERDRICH STAGED an intervention and committed Dorris to the Hazelden Center for alcohol rehabilitation. Dorris was recalcitrant, insisting he did not have a problem. He went because Erdrich assured him it would be the best thing for them as a family, was the best thing he could do as a father. He seems to have taken this to mean that maybe she would take him back if he went. He arranged to leave the evening of December 4, and she promised he could talk to the kids earlier in the day. But by the afternoon, he was pacing in his kitchen, resigned to the fact that Erdrich wasn't answering her phone.

Then, on December 13, Dorris learned from Erdrich's lawyer that authorities in Minneapolis were investigating him for sexually abusing Persia, the oldest of his biological daughters. The abuse had been reported to the police by a therapist. Louise had not wanted to believe her daughter, until she elaborated.

Dorris spent Christmas alone at Hazelden. Erdrich and the girls sent him a stocking filled with hard candy and a gilded rose. He was released in January and embarked on a book tour for *The Cloud Chamber*. When it was over, he couldn't stand to go home, so he continued his travels and visited every friend whose sympathy he could bear. So it was Seattle; and then Tacoma, to see his 99-year-old grandmother; and San Francisco and Berkeley; and Atlanta. He told them about the allegations, and he insisted they were unfounded. He said it was a simple misinterpretation of a single gesture: Persia had taken a hug the wrong way as he snuggled to comfort her from the flu. Dorris's friends believed that the high-strung, moody Persia wasn't necessarily credible. She had taken her parents' split especially hard and had first blamed Erdrich, going months without speaking to her.

Dorris told friends he wasn't shocked when Pallas corroborated Persia's story and said Dorris had sexually abused her too—Pallas worshiped her older sister and did anything to be more like her. Dorris's friends began to speak of Pallas's imagination. In Montana, she told her classroom she was from Venus—and Erdrich, called in by the teacher to discuss the matter, had supported her for laughs: *That's right, she is from Venus.* Friends of Dorris's point to the fact that fiction was an inexorable part of the family's life—to the point where characters from Louise's and Michael's novels were addressed by name all day long, as though they too lived in the house.

The Hennepin County attorney's office then launched an extensive probe of Dorris, assigning the case to Katherine Quaintance, an ambitious assistant county attorney specializing in child-abuse cases. She enlisted two veteran investigators, one of whom had strong experience in homicides. The county attorney's office found evidence of "very, very serious physical and sexual abuse and a lot of it." There was, said a source in the attorney's office, "enough evidence to make the case for first-degree criminal sexual assault."

On March 13, Quaintance and her investigators flew to Denver and located Sava Dorris. At their prodding, he delivered Madeline, who was also living on the street in Denver now, having arrived there a year before and run into her brother by chance.

Initially, Madeline told investigators that her father had never molested her. Then she folded and said he had. A common procedure, when their mother was out of town, was for Dorris to take Madeline into his bed and penetrate her. Sava said he remembered being able to hear her screams from the next room. Sava also repeated the stories of physical abuse he had told Lisa Wayne two years before. He said Dorris beat and fondled him. He also averred that before he married Erdrich, Dorris had been having an affair with Jack Stokely, a graduate student (now dead) who lived in a spare room in their house and looked after the kids.

That investigators had spoken to Madeline and Sava deepened Dorris's despair. Shortly after he heard, in a bizarre token gesture, he sent Madeline $100 with a note apologizing for his mistreatment of her. To friends, he alternately pleaded his case and wallowed in his crumbling world.

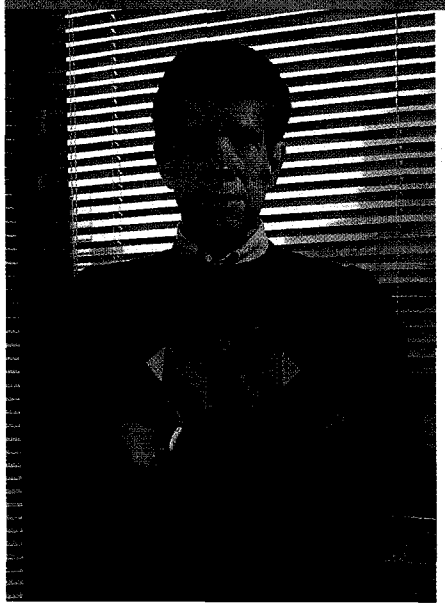
"You must know that I didn't do it," Dorris told his friend Jeanne Friedman. As an activist for children, as the author of books that are taught in schools and of several children's books, he was worried about his professional reputation.

"He was feeling like a fraud," Friedman says.

ANOTHER FACTOR THAT HAD SURFACED AS the investigation proceeded was Dorris's reputed homosexual activity. Friends of Dorris's said that he had been carrying on a relationship with a man, another writer, in the past year. Sources involved in the investigation said he was also still involved in a long-term affair with a male professor at Dartmouth. If Dorris had gone to trial, his reputed sexual confusion would have been an issue for the county attorney's office to explore, sources there told me. One of them said, "It could support a theory that he was sexually confused, and that that tension was what led him to abuse the kids."

County prosecutors also considered exploring the longstanding rumor that Dorris is not really Indian. His blood connection to the Modoc nation has been challenged by other Native American writers since the publication of *Yellow Raft*. Dorris is the only prominent Indian novelist to write only about tribes other than his own ("That just isn't done among Indians," says the Indian writer Greg Sarris). *(continued on page 70)*

Y, VERY SERIOUS PHYSICAL AND SEXUAL ABUSE, AND A LOT OF IT."



THE CRACK-UP Dorris's carefully maintained world came apart with dizzying speed.

Photograph by Robert Maass/Sipa.

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EARLY

Why are so many women barely out of Barnard now becoming altar girls before they've earned their first promotion? They've already had their wild youth, say these precocious brides. Besides, what do they have to lose?

KIRA VON EICHEL, 24, IS STANDING in one of two fitting rooms at the Vera Wang bridal suite in the Mark Hotel, ground zero for high-end elegant gowns. A handful of upper-crust brides-to-be wait their turn, sipping tea and sizing up other customers as they venture onto the beige-and-brown fleur-de-lis carpet of the sitting room to spin in front of the full-length mirror. A blonde bride with a sleeveless dress comes out to better examine her arms. ■ "I have to relax," Kira says, tugging off her tan bootleg pants. "Every time the phone rings or someone mentions

BY SARAH BERNARD

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVAN KAFKA

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ALTAR-ATIONS: Kira von Eichel gets fitted at Vera Wang. Previous page, Kira takes a break after tying the knot.

weddings, I just freak out." Having graduated from Barnard only last December, she is marrying Jonathan Butler, her boyfriend of three years, on May 24 at her parents' Virginia farm. Older people tell her she's young to be doing this, but not her contemporaries. "In the Wasp and preppy circuit, a lot of people are getting married," she explains. "Jonathan and I are going to seven weddings this summer."

The attendant doesn't even blink as she hooks a white *bustier* around the green-and-red acorn tattoo on the small of Kira's back. "My last name means acorn," Kira offers anyway.

She is trying on her silvery-gold gown for the first time. It is a halter neck that makes her five-foot-ten-inch frame look regal, and the tulle underneath, in shades of light beige, cream, and almost pink, adds just the right amount of princess. She stands board-straight facing her image and stares. And stares.

"You have your shoes?" the attendant interrupts.

"I'm going barefoot," Kira says matter-of-factly.

"Excuse me?"

"Barefoot." Kira smiles.

THE CIRCLE OF WOMEN WHO SEEM TO BE SKIPPING THEIR MARY Tyler Moore, Murphy-bed phase altogether is bigger than just the "Waspy, preppy circuit," but not much: It's the college-educated, cosmopolitan young women of privilege who seem to be choosing early marriage—at least, marriage under 25—as an accessory to their postgraduation life and beyond. Buyers at Kleinfeld, the infamous Bay Ridge bridal mecca, confirm an increase in their college-age clientele, as do industry insiders like Marcy Blum, a kind of affordable Peggy Siegal event planner and co-author of the upcoming *Weddings for Dummies*. No less an authority than bridal goddess Vera Wang herself says that "no question"—the average age of the bride she sees has been on the decline.

"I think dating is emotional abuse. If you find a man you love, you should marry him."

"For a while, my clients were all the same age, late twenties, early thirties," marvels Ghost Tailor's Jean Suchorsky, a designer who crafts avant-garde wedding gowns at her Greenwich Village studio. Now she sees an inverse dynamic in the works: "I age at a normal rate, but they're getting younger."

For years, well-appointed young women in New York have been marrying later and later, for all the familiar reasons—fear of divorce, or the concern that a fledgling career could be derailed by marriage. While the average marriage age countrywide is 25, two years later than it was in the mid-eighties, this precocious group of recent college grads seems to be embracing the institution with renewed enthusiasm, no doubt for the same reason people at the turn of the last century favored it: security in uncertain times. To twentysomethings faced with what seem like insurmountable obstacles (for example, securing jobs that will actually support New York rents), marriage looks like the one aspect of adulthood they can actually control. They may be ahead of the curve: The April issue of *The Cassandra Report,* published by the self-proclaimed Gen-X consulting-and-research firm Youth Intelligence, pegs marriage as one of the newest "things to do" for ages 19 to 24, in bold type.

These wedding-bound women may be near–child brides, but they are not Donna Reed reduxes. "These are happening young people," says Shannon McLean of Cose Belle, a bridesmaids' couture shop. "They work at Young & Rubicam or have good, aggressive jobs. They're pretty dynamic girls."

Having spent their adolescence in New York (albeit at private or boarding schools), they're also likely to have had sex by age 15, been smoking long enough to agonize over their third nicotine patch, and either experimented with drugs or had ample opportunity at the clubs they sneaked their way into as kids. At 23, they're no longer interested in a wild youth. If anything, they're tired of it. "I got it out of my system early because I was a rebellious teenager," theorizes Kira. "I already had a blast." A kind of ubiquitous been-there-done-that impatience has made marriage the new frontier of the moment.

Many of these young brides have had firsthand experience with the havoc wreaked by divorce, but they are flagrantly optimistic about marriage nonetheless, convinced that they can hit on some new combination of freedom and security that will make the institution work for them. The question "Why attach yourself to someone so early?" has become the mantra "Why not?"

"Michael never expected to have a big wedding, but I am a Black American Princess and there was no question I would have one," says Cherise Davis Grant, 24, an associate editor at Dell Publishing who married last May. Though her parents recently divorced after close to twenty years together (her mother, like Cherise, was 23 when she married), Cherise is convinced with a kind of stoic idealism that her marriage to Michael, 35, whom she met in the stacks of the library at Yale, was predestined to last.

She settles into her windowless office, hands cupped around an herbal tea from the Virgin Megastore café downstairs. The

Photographs by Chris Maynard (3).

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best-seller list is tacked to a bulletin board, and a black-and-white photo of her wedding rests on a low shelf. I ACCEPT ME AS I AM runs across an aqua computer screen-saver in white type. "I never thought I'd get married under 26 or 27. I was the most surprised," she says. But now she thinks she'll likely be pregnant by the end of 1998 and "definitely have children by the year 2000." She talks about her ambitions to be a literary agent someday, and says she expects that she'll always be a working mom just like her mother was. But, she confesses, "I have so many retro fantasies you don't even know. My dream is to have a wonderful dining room perfectly set for eight people. I have all my glasses, all my silver," she sighs. "I'm working on the plates." After a pause, she continues, "The world is so unstable. Don't you feel everything around us is so unstable? I think dating is emotional abuse. I think if you find a man you love, you should marry him. There's something so grounding about being married, saying you will be my mate for life. People need that, people are searching for that."

Writer Katie Roiphe, who discusses this kind of growing nostalgia for the traditional in her new book, *Last Night in Paradise,* views the quest for monogamous partnering as a rebellion against the promiscuousness of the seventies. "This new generation is growing up having been bombarded with the consequences of what happens with too much sexual freedom," she says. "They've been indoctrinated against the idea of promiscuity, and I think they're responding." But as young couples will tell you, it's not the fear of AIDS that's going to push someone to the altar. Instead of choosing marriage out of desperation or panic, they're consciously seeking something positive for themselves. They want someone on their team.

BY 10 A.M. ON A RAINY APRIL SATURDAY, THE LOBby of Kleinfeld is already bustling. Steve Martin's *Father of the Bride* is playing on two TV screens, as the real fathers of the brides slouch on waiting-area banquettes, nose-deep in the folds of their newspapers. Mothers and daughters clutching bundles of bridal magazines sip coffee from plastic cups and guiltily pick over a tray of hot-pink cookies before they get their chance to fill one of 33 dressing rooms with a selection of the store's 1,600 gowns.

At the center of the action, a blonde bride stands mesmerized in front of the full-wall mirror as fitters pin and pouf her

A JOB, A HUSBAND, A SETTING FOR EIGHT: Cherise Grant.

skirt and primp her medieval-era sleeveless bodice. Despite Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy's icon-making moment at the altar, tight, casual slip dresses have fallen by the wayside. These young brides want to reclaim the fantasy image, meringuelike skirts and all. Betty Lou Aluisio, executive vice-president and general merchandise manager at Kleinfeld's, says more girls want headpieces, gloves, flower girls, cathedral-length veils. She pulls out a sample white veil from a rack. "They even want money bags and ring pillows! Three years ago I couldn't give them away."

Kelly Carlin is already suiting up for her May 1998 wedding to her University of Pennsylvania boyfriend of almost four years in a sixties gown with a high, beaded neck. "We're afraid it will be discontinued, so we're purchasing today!" announces Kelly's self-proclaimed helper-outer, at 23 a wedding veteran herself. As a consultant adjusts clips on the back of the sample dress for a Polaroid shot, Kelly explains, "Twenty-two felt too young, and while we still feel young, it was time." At the ripe old age of 24, those concerns no longer worry her. Her friend interrupts, "A lot of my sorority sisters are getting married really early. A couple just got married right after graduation, like a week after. There were thirteen that I graduated with, and six or seven got married right away." Kelly, who already lives with her fiancé, is looking forward to having a family, "I'm not going to run out and have kids next year, but I'd love to have kids some time in my late twenties. I wouldn't want to be having kids at 35." Her friend heatedly adds, "I wouldn't want to be 35 and looking for my husband."

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT COMING OF AGE AT THE START OF A MILlennium that's like inching up to the top of a roller coaster with no idea what lies on the other side, or how far the fall will be. If the plane is crashing, why not grab the person next to you to hold on the way down? A more encouraging take on the turmoil is that these young women find themselves on an accelerated path to maturity, perhaps more so than their mothers, who grew up in a simpler society but with substantially less opportunity on the career front. As with a correction in the market, this group has compensated by growing up, in a sense, more conservative and looking toward marriage.

When Winona Ryder look-alike Willow Wycoff, 25, a fashion assistant at *Self* magazine, told her mother of her engagement at

THE NEST GENERATION: Jennifer Torpie and Gerry DeSeve.

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23, the response came back, "Couldn't you have just gotten pregnant?" Her mother was joking, but the comment reveals the generation gap. Born on a commune in Oregon, raised by divorced parents, Willow didn't necessarily see early marriage in her future. "My whole spin on what my life would be like was I'd live in a loft with a painter, be knocked up with his kids while he goes and has affairs, and I'd be taking it," she says, half-seriously. "I never figured I'd be living with some guy who would treat me like I deserved to be treated."

Instead of adopting the free-spirited philosophy she grew up rolling her eyes at, Willow was quick to get pragmatic with her husband, Dave Logue, age 29, who works for NBA Entertainment. Three or four months into their romance, they laid the issues on the table. "We both felt stupid for being so heavy," she laughs. Everything was open for discussion, including the fact that she is Jewish and he is a Protestant who thought he'd meet his wife in church. After Dave proposed on a helicopter ride over Manhattan, they chose to have a nondenominational ceremony led by a justice of the peace. Dave's grandfather, a minister, gave a benediction. "The rule was that Jesus could not be mentioned," Willow explains. "So he talked about Adam and Eve."

"So we're young. People get divorced. It's a leap of faith. It's really not such a big deal."

SINCE THESE ARE NOT SHOTGUN MARRIAGES AND LIVING TOGETHER is pretty much an accepted norm, it is curious that these young couples aren't just opting to split the single rent. Willow says it was her husband who objected. "I thought it would be good to get to know each other; he thought it was a huge cop-out." Cherise, too: "Michael takes off his socks and leaves them all over the apartment. If I had lived with him, I would have known this, but would I have not married him? No." The answer seems to be that they have seen every combination tried, and nothing equals a magic formula guaranteed to avert disaster. Every path could lead to divorce anyway—why not just do it?

OF COURSE, PUTTING THAT ENTHUSIASM INto practice isn't exactly effortless. When faced with the potentially retro role-playing that could take over, some young brides recoil. Eliza Griswold, 23, a poet who married Chris Allen last June, admits, "If I were a little older, I would have been more comfortable with some of the externals. I might like to cook, but I won't let myself because it's so fifties. I don't clean the house. I have all these hang-ups." As Eliza, in pearl earrings and soft pink cashmere sweater, stirs her cappuccino, she muses about the "kitchen shower" she was thrown in Chicago. As she unwrapped toaster ovens and blenders, she says, she made sure to point out how much her husband, the real cook of the family, would appreciate each gift.

Although she was excited to get married, Eliza headed into the wedding countdown with a low-profile, low-maintenance approach. Instead of the requisite regimen of facials and massages, she says, "I stopped biting my nails for like a week." If anything, in retrospect, she wonders if she "cared too much about not caring."

The Catch-22, as Eliza notes, is that young couples don't have any role models for the kind of marriages they want. Often their parents' relationships involve what seem to them antiquated and unappealing concepts of husband and wife. For a generation that has been conditioned not to accept limitations of any kind, there isn't an obvious paradigm for marriage that seems appealing. "Stupid stuff like seeing Gwyneth Paltrow and Brad Pitt get married. Maybe just seeing marriages like that"—a chic, young it-couple with two strong careers—could help fill the emulation void, theorizes Eliza.

Lois Smith Brady, wedding columnist for the New York *Times*, who has witnessed countless nuptials for her "Vows" column, thinks this generation will be the one to re-create marriage, cleanse it of its vestigial associations. "It's like their mission," she says, "to reinvent domestic life and make it interesting and fun." After a decade that was down on marriage, the institution looks like a blank canvas.

NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION TO THEM WHEN THEY WALK INTO SCOTT Jordan, a tony furniture store on Varick Street. Jennifer Torpie, 24, and her fiancé, Gerry DeSeve, 25, are looking for a cherrywood dresser. The manager is helping other customers, probably figuring the young couple can't afford the $1,400 cabinets that they're running their fingers over. And he's right. "Well, I guess I'm off to IKEA," says Gerry.

Forget lounging in front of MTV's revolving reality programming, forget waking up hung-over or in the apartment of someone you met the night before. Jennifer and Gerry wake up early on Sundays to pick out their silver and finish up arrangements for the May 17 Quaker wedding they've been planning since they returned from working in Prague a year and a half ago. High-school sweethearts from Philadelphia who were in the same reading group in second grade, they were engaged at 22, but waited a few years for the ceremony because Jennifer wanted to feel more separate from her parents before starting her own life.

At Workbench on Sixth Avenue, while weaving in and out of living-room sets, Gerry, a clean-cut baseball-hat type who had a Mohawk in high school, admits, "This is where I thought I'd be at 35, not 25." A partner in a company that develops Java applications, a homeowner (they bought their apartment on Jane Street with money left to Gerry by his grandmother), he finds himself saying things like "I want to take care of our kids while Jennifer goes to work," because as an aspiring filmmak-

Photographs: this page, Chris Maynard; opposite page, Evan Kafka.

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VEILED INTENTIONS: Kelly Carlin goes gown-hunting.

er, she'll be the one with the unpredictable schedule. Early on, they had decided not to exchange rings because, as Gerry says, "it's so traditional, and that's not who we really are." But Jennifer was more than happy when her fiancé caved in and offered her a proper diamond token on a beach in Nantucket. So much for resisting convention. "We have a lot of respect for marriage as an idea," says Gerry. "Not full of religious significance, but as it signifies a commitment to each other and no one else. Nothing will change in our daily life except for a joint insurance policy."

Socializing as newlyweds requires some tricky navigation, since young marriage in New York does not resemble the suburban model of dinner at home by six. Couples go out apart more often than not, getting drinks or going to functions with their respective co-workers, meeting up with friends from college, their last job, their last life. When Katherine Davis Van Law, who married at 23 and is at work on a book about young marriage, is alone at parties, people tell her she doesn't "seem" married. "Sometimes I'm flattered that I'm not conventional or boring. On the other hand, it offends me," she says. "I do pride myself on being a good married person, a good wife."

"THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF MARRIAGES," THEORIZES ROIPHE, NOW 28. "One is the change-along-with-each-other kind of marriage, and the other is the fully-formed-adult kind of marriage, and I think the fully-formed-adult kind of marriage is not necessarily better." More candidly, she notes, "I do believe that as you get into your late twenties, it gets harder and harder to attach yourself to somebody, and I really believe you develop a habit of independence. To me, marriage seems almost impossible to imagine in a way. Paradoxically, I really think there was a moment when I could have gotten married when I was 22, and maybe I should have."

Some actually find early marriage freeing, like they've gotten something out of the way and can avoid a frenzied musical-chairs scramble of dating. One young Wesleyan graduate says she feels liberated by her impending marriage: "Now I don't think about men in general, not even him. I decided to go to grad school; I feel excited about that part of my life." She adds optimistically, "The cool thing about it is not having to be worried about your relationship, and turning your attention to your friendships and yourself." Adds Eliza Griswold, who spent her first year of marriage commuting to graduate school in Baltimore, "People have some sense that you're losing yourself when you get married. My experience is intensely the opposite. I'm probably more of a pain in the ass, more vehement about what I want."

Writer Susan Faludi dismisses the idea that there could be an inherent conflict in marrying at an early age and being a committed feminist. "Women should be able to be free, to think independently, make decisions for themselves. If certain women want to marry at 24, that's not feminist or anti-feminist. If they're getting married because they think they're going to be left out or they'll be seen as damaged goods and evil and self-careerists, then that is a victory for the anti-feminist agenda."

To naysayers and skeptics, Willow says simply, "So we're young. People get divorced. Our generation comes from divorce. It's a leap of faith. It's really not such a big deal. You still have to work on the relationship and trust somebody's going to work as hard as you are." Just in case she's wrong, Kleinfeld, ever ahead of the curve, is planning an entire collection specifically for second trips down the aisle.

KIRA IS STANDING IN THE KITCHEN OF HER future mother-in-law's Upper East Side apartment as girlfriends trickle in for her cocktail-themed bridal shower. "I feel like Swiss cheese," she says. "You know how cheese sweats?" Kira is somewhat of a wild child whose offstage vows included promising her husband "I wouldn't strip anymore after the wedding," she jokes. "I have a propensity to show people my tits." But she is ready and willing to embrace marriage for the most basic reason: "I found the person I had the most fun with, the best sex with, love more than anyone else. Every time we pictured the rest of our lives, we saw each other together."

Today, Kira looks glamorous in her Prada-like knee-length skirt and black sweater tied over a shimmery sleeveless top. A Gwen Stefani–type Hindu dot that is stuck to the middle of her brow, she jokes, gives her an orgasm when she presses it. When one guest worries that she has dressed too casually, Kira reassures, "There's a lot of styles going on here," and points to her younger sister. "Julia's got a 1950s waitress look, and I'm a 1940s Mafia widow."

The 25 or so friends gather around the couch to watch her open presents of swizzle sticks and margarita glasses. "This is Martha Stewart's wet dream," she says. "I watch her every day at noon on Lifetime." Friends giggle and agree. "I'm not going to participate in the backlash against her."

Leaning back on the couch, Kira mentions that the first of Jonathan's married friends, at 27, are getting divorced after four years together. "Now *she's* coming to the wedding and he's not. It's sad," she says. Whether that divorce was the fallout from an early marriage doesn't seem to give Kira pause.

As the spring evening encroaches, and friends help pack the gifts into shopping bags, Kira stands up in the middle of the room, all eyes on her. "Thank you all—the women in my life that I'm so honored to know." Kira plugs a cigarette into her mouth. "Let's go out tonight," she says. "And don't look at me anymore."

Weeks later, with twelve bridesmaids in tow, the farm cast in a deep gold of late afternoon, she stands trembling a little, cheeks flushed, and smiles a tiny smile, as if finally taking it seriously, taking it in. Kira feels good, and so does the grass under her feet. ■

TOES FIRST: Princess bride Kira.

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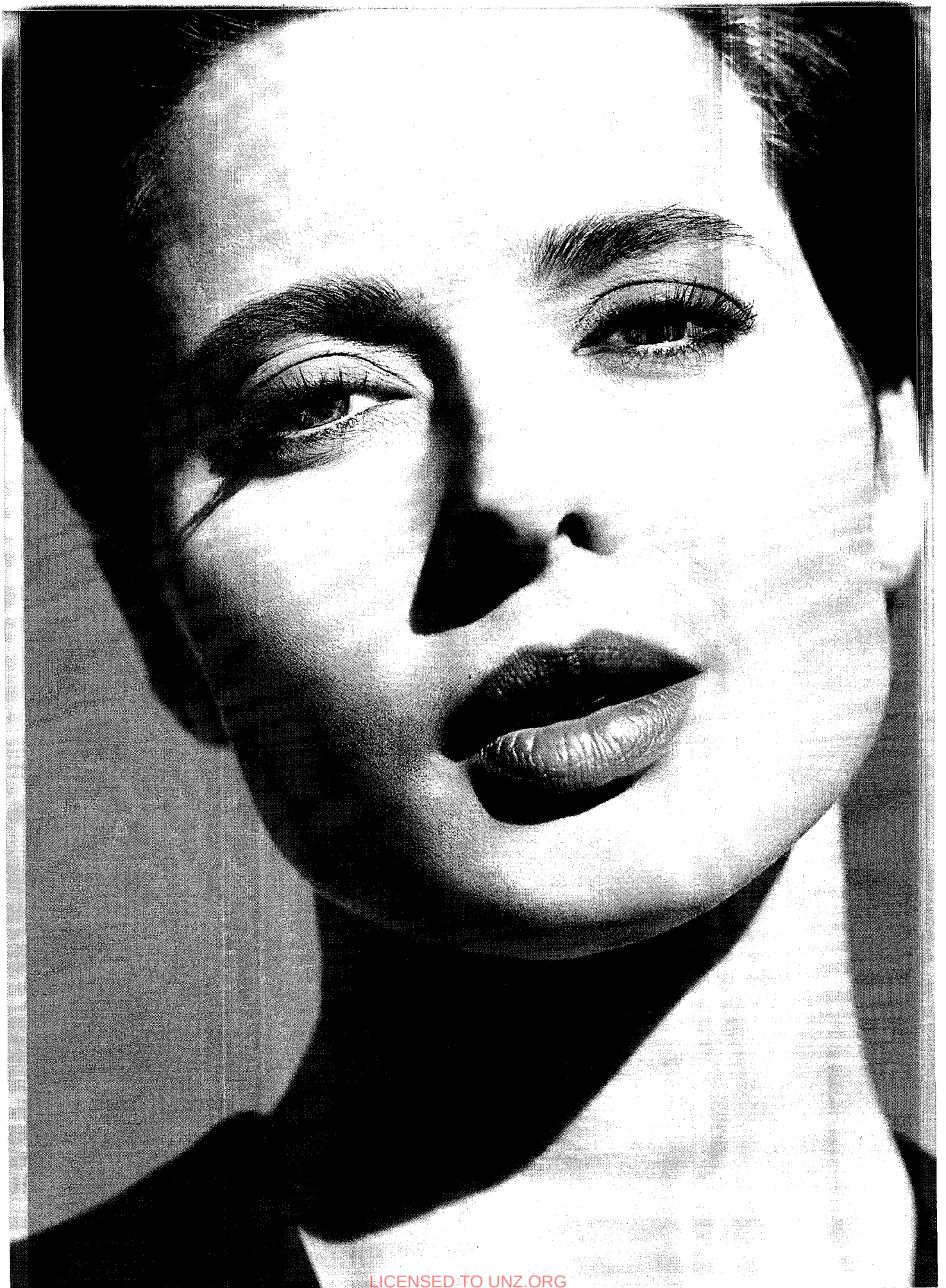

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Face Time

Isabella Rossellini, who has written a revealing new memoir full of sharp and funny observations about herself, her famous family, and her lovers, sometimes wishes she were invisible. What a terrible idea.

By Rebecca Mead

ISABELLA ROSSELLINI SAYS SHE WOULD MUCH RATHER OBSERVE THAN BE observed. This is a preference that, the evidence of several days of observing Rossellini suggests, is not at all easily satisfied. Rossellini—actress, model, perennial presence on World's Most Beautiful People lists, look-alike daughter of screen icon, and now author of a memoir, *Some of Me*—is the Heisenberg uncertainty principle vividly made flesh: People can't help behaving very differently when she is around. ■ Take a recent morning, backstage at the *Today* show. The makeup lady prepped Rossellini for the cameras in businesslike fashion, then confessed, impassioned, "I miss your face. I was so upset with Lancôme when they stopped using you. And so was Katie [Couric]." She fetched from the closet a manila folder filled with photographs of Rossellini, which the actress flicked through, an expression somewhere between amusement and hor-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

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ror on her face. "We made this when Katie was deciding to have her hair cut short," explained the hair lady. "We had you pinned up on the mirrors. I got hate mail for cutting her hair off. But Katie wanted to be Isabella, and there was no stopping her."

Or take the afternoon a few days later when Rossellini was leaving Sant Ambroeus, the Upper East Side café, having just contended, over skim-milk cappuccino, that in fact she doesn't get recognized that much. "My photos are such an enhanced version of me that people say, 'Your sister is so beautiful,' " she'd been saying. "They know that Ingrid Bergman had twins, and they think, *This must be the ugly one.*" As Rossellini left the café, she paused to exchange a few words with the owner, and a gray-haired matron heading to the espresso counter did a double take. "Is that Isabella Rossellini?" she hissed. Affirmative. Pause. "I won't disturb her. I'm a New Yorker."

OF COURSE, THE NOTION OF Isabella Rossellini going unnoticed is preposterous. In person, she is even lovelier than in those latter-day airbrushed Lancôme shots: Her skin is pale and as clear as Neutrogena, and her features are perfectly proportioned even without the help of professional lighting. Nearly 45, she is both luminously beautiful *and* famous for being luminously beautiful, the latter amplifying the effect of the former. She has said she would like to be invisible so she could watch without being seen, but the question of what it would mean for Rossellini to be invisible—to what extent is she who she is because of how she looks?—is the kind of mind-body problem that could keep philosophers, particularly those partial to pale-skinned brunettes, busy for hours.

But what can easily go unnoticed or undiscovered about Rossellini—until one gets the chance to hear her speak and see her think—is that in conversation, she is as animated as she ever was serene for Lancôme. She is funny; surprisingly frank about her famous parents, her famous men, and her children; and easily moved to laughter. "Marcello Mastroianni was once asked to give a quote about me," she says, "and he said, 'Can't you photograph her laugh? That is the most characteristic of her.' "

The same traits are present in *Some of Me,* Rossellini's very winning memoir published this month by Random House, in which she emerges as a character much more interested in sex and death than in gloss versus matte. Lancôme's firing of Rossellini at 42 for being too old is mordantly chronicled: "I read in the New York *Times* that Lenin's body had been preserved in excellent condition by a Dr. Sergei S. Debov. . . . Every Monday and Friday for forty years, Dr. Debov gave Lenin a checkup and a refreshing dab of embalming fluid on the hands and head. . . . I promptly cut the article out and sent it to Lancôme with the note 'Dr. Debov may be of some help to us.' But I got no response." Rossellini is, it turns out, just as dark as someone who was romantically and professionally linked for many years with the director David Lynch might be expected to be. (She reproduces in the book a favorite piece of artwork that hangs in her bedroom, a "chicken kit" made for her by Lynch: pieces of butchered chicken arranged on a board with instructions on how the animal should be reassembled.)

Some of Me is also packed with reminiscences about her father, the director Roberto Rossellini—of his fondness for spending all day in bed, she writes, "I still connect physical laziness to the kind of spiritual and intellectual wisdom my father possessed. If someone strikes me as lazy, my first reaction is to listen carefully to what he says for some possible great truth"—and about her mother, the relentlessly efficient Ingrid Bergman, who left, at her death, three dresses wrapped in plastic, with notes attached: FIRST MARRIAGE; SECOND MARRIAGE; THIRD MARRIAGE. Then there are the pages of pictures—of Rossellini on the cover of *Vogue* nine times; of Rossellini dressed, for a fashion shoot, as Maria Callas and Anna Magnani; of Rossellini naked for French *Glamour,* a shot that didn't make it into the American edition.

It's worth wondering why a person who prefers observing to being observed would choose one career, modeling, then another, acting, in which being looked at is what one does. In Rossellini's case, it may have been a gracious acceptance of the inevitable. She is that rarest of creatures, the celebrity child of celebrities who seems to contain her parents' legacy while not being overwhelmed by it. Before becoming a model and actress, she was in fact a professional observer—a reporter for Italian television—but being Isabella Rossellini complicated matters. Sent to interview Martin Scorsese, she ended up marrying him. (The marriage lasted three years.) The attraction for him was, she thinks, not unrelated to her parentage.

"I was very young, and I don't think I was that interesting," she says. "Marty liked me—obviously, he liked me—but part of the mystique was my father. I didn't know that then. He told me later. But, you know, it is part of me, some of me. You

"Most people I fall in love with, I don't come first," says Rossellini. "I like great talent. If you want to be a very cheap psychologist, this is the way my family was."

CAMERA-READY: The Rossellini-Bergman clan in '56. Isabella already knew where to look.

Photograph by David Seymour/Magnum.

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can't say, 'You have to like me for this.' He liked me for that, and that is part of me."

ONE EVENING LAST MONTH, ROSSELLINI WENT to the opening night of *Collected Stories,* at the Manhattan Theatre Club. The theater is one place where she gets to watch, and that night she was watching a friend, actress Maria Tucci, the wife of Bob Gottlieb, Rossellini's editor at Random House. Tucci was playing a short-story writer and teacher, Ruth Steiner, who, along with instructing her favorite student, Lisa Morrison, to be ruthless about gathering material, entrusts her with the secret of her youthful love affair with Delmore Schwartz—an affair that is later transformed into the plot of that student's first novel. At the afterplay party, Rossellini mused on the play's theme of betrayal of a parental figure and wondered aloud whether Oedipal revenge

THE TALENT: Rossellini and the men in her life (counterclockwise from top): Martin Scorsese; Jonathan Wiedemann (and their daughter, Elettra); David Lynch; Gary Oldman.

ever made for a good book. She couldn't read *Mommie Dearest,* she said: It upset her to discover children assaulting their parents in that way.

Rossellini's own childhood was such that a certain amount of resentment of her parents would be understandable. She and her twin sister, Ingrid, were born three years into Ingrid Bergman's scandalous relationship with Rossellini, for whom Bergman had abandoned a husband and a daughter, Pia Lindstrom, in Hollywood. (Ingrid, who is not identical to Isabella, is a medieval scholar and lives in Manhattan.) When Isabella was 6, Bergman and Rossellini's marriage was annulled; their three children went first with their mother to Paris, then moved back to Rome, where their father lived; they were visited by their mother once a month. In both places, they lived separately from their remarried parents and were tended by housekeepers.

BERGMAN'S APPARENT DEFICIENCY OF MATERnal feeling—to lose one child, Pia, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose four looks like carelessness—is, for Rossellini, cause for empathy, not anger. "Mama wanted to act more than anything," she says. "She loved us and we were family, but her priority was acting. It moves me that she was guilty about it. I think the way I can redeem her and not be angry at her is that I know how much she wanted it not to be that way. She felt very bad about it, and her feeling very bad about it made me love her."

Rossellini did not share her mother's compulsion to act—"For a long time, that made me feel hesitant about being an actress," she says, "because I felt that if I had the talent that was necessary, it would be a call so strong that I couldn't have resisted it." When she did begin acting—her breakout role was playing Dorothy Vallens, a masochistic lounge singer, in *Blue Velvet* in 1986—it was at the suggestion of others, just as her modeling career had begun. "I grew up in the family with completely different values," she says. "I think it was my agent, Frances Grill"—an old friend—"who told me the smartest thing to do is to make money out of [my looks], take advantage of it, think of it as a gift. It never occurred to me."

Though it took her until her thirties to begin acting in anything like earnest, Rossellini never traveled far from the film world of her parents, marrying Scorsese at 27. "Marty loved film so much—he smelled them," she says. "If you give him any strip of film, he can tell if it was made in 1965, 1980. I didn't know that knowledge existed until I knew him, married him. And I found out he was smelling film. He had friends, they would do that together. They like it." When asked why her marriage to Scorsese failed, she says, laughing, "Partially it was youth, and partially it was adulthood. It is youth, because it is complicated and you say, 'Maybe I can do better.' You don't stick to it because it becomes too difficult. And on the other hand, some of it *was* very hard. So I don't know if I sinned on youthfulness, or if I was wise."

AFTER SCORSESE, SHE WAS briefly married to then-model Jonathan Wiedemann, the father of her 13-year-old daughter, Elettra, and in 1986, she became involved with David Lynch, who left her after five years for his assistant. "He fell in love with someone else," she says. "I thought that if you loved someone, the love was reciprocal. It was a surprise to me to find out in life that you can have a very intense and wonderful relationship, and all of a sudden, one falls out of love and the other stays in love." A briefer involvement with Gary Oldman was high-strung. "I met Gary at a time when he had a problem with alcoholism and he decided to stop," she says, "so our relationship has been completely based on rehab. Gary is at the beginning of this process, and he needs more time to find this sort of plateau. Little by little, he will be calmer, but now he is: 'I love you; I don't love you; I want you; I don't want you.' "

Rossellini is surprisingly willing to talk about her romantic history, having apparently consented to the conventional wisdom that celebrities deserve very little private life (though she prefers not to discuss her current relationship with Gregory Mosher, the producing director of Circle in the Square theater). She has remarked in the past that she has always been the one who is left. "It happens to me—it is amazing," she says. "Most people I fall in love with, I don't come first. I like people that have great brains, great talent, but what comes first for them is their movies, their painting, their acting; it is not me. If you want to be a very cheap psychologist, this is the way my family was. I do believe that I fall in love with people who are in love with their work because that is familiar to me. But it hasn't destroyed me: I am a pretty happy person. I go on, saying: 'Too bad. I miss David Lynch—okay, I get Gary. He's not chopped liver, you know.' "

A consequence *(continued on page 52)*

Photographs: clockwise from top left, P. Ledro/Sygma; Dominick Conde/ Star File Photo; Alexis Duclos/Gamma-Liaison; R. Corman/Sygma.

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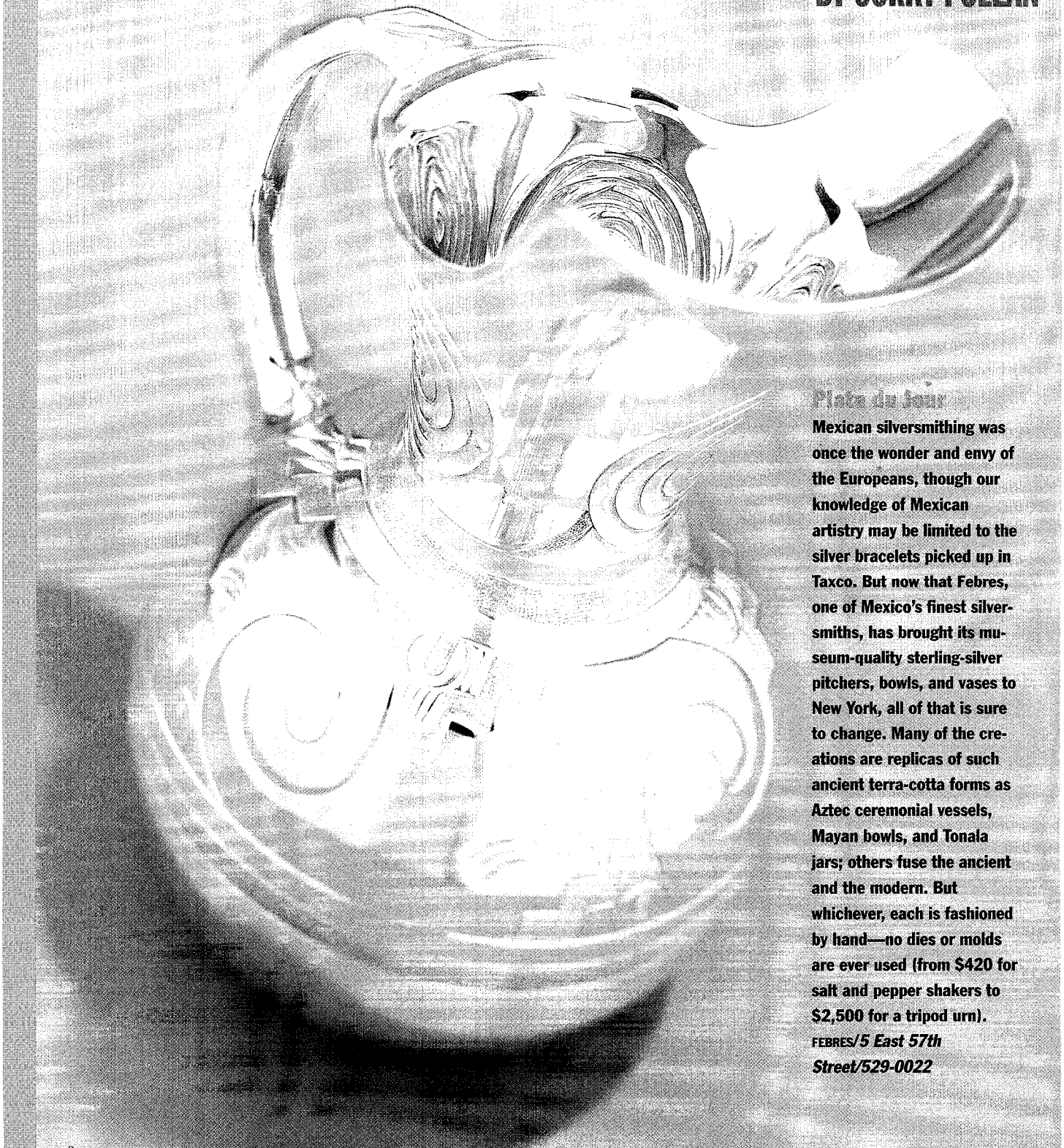
BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Plats du Jour

Mexican silversmithing was once the wonder and envy of the Europeans, though our knowledge of Mexican artistry may be limited to the silver bracelets picked up in Taxco. But now that Febres, one of Mexico's finest silversmiths, has brought its museum-quality sterling-silver pitchers, bowls, and vases to New York, all of that is sure to change. Many of the creations are replicas of such ancient terra-cotta forms as Aztec ceremonial vessels, Mayan bowls, and Tonala jars; others fuse the ancient and the modern. But whichever, each is fashioned by hand—no dies or molds are ever used (from $420 for salt and pepper shakers to $2,500 for a tripod urn).
FEBRES/*5 East 57th Street/529-0022*

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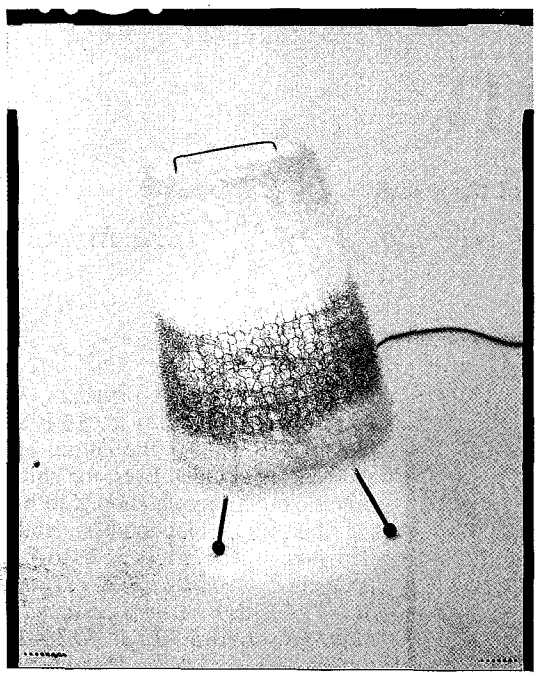


The Light Fantastic

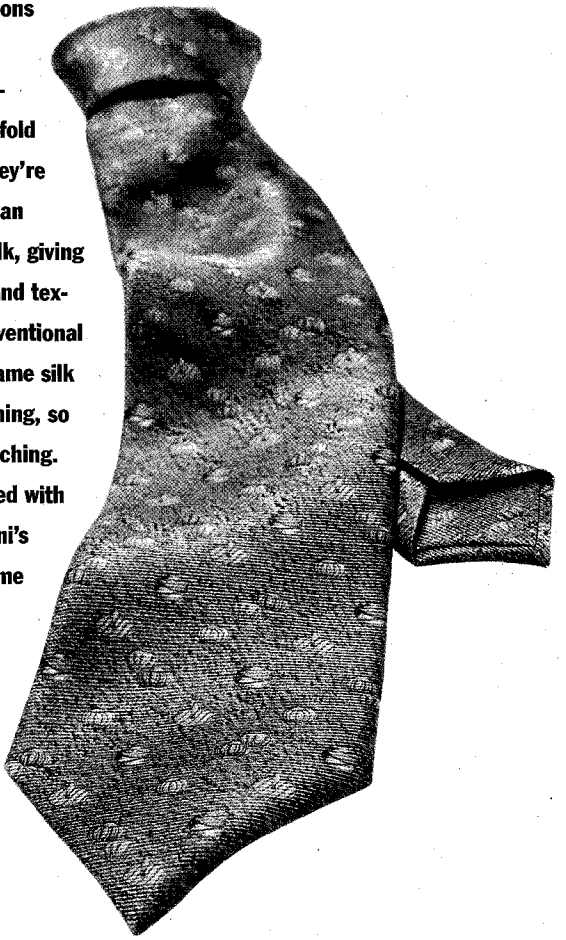
Hand-knitted nylon-tinsel yarn in neon colors is Lucky Wang's trademark material. Club kids know this Brooklyn-based company for its groovy little evening bags that were hot this winter. Now designer Emily Wang and her partner, Kit Lee, are set to conquer the home-furnishings market with scatty pillows and table lamps swathed in cotton-candy colors (lamp, $42; pillows, $55).

AMALGAMATED HOME/*9 Christopher Street/255-4160*

Knotty Situation

Wide-spread collars and thickly knotted ties were as much in *evidence at the spring men's fashion shows as body-hugging* silhouettes. Though Bulgari can't help out in the buffed-body department, the company offers natty tie solutions at its newly opened Madison Avenue boutique. They're seven-fold ties, which means they're folded by hand from an oversize square of silk, giving them unusual body and texture. And unlike conventional ties, these use the same silk for the tie and the lining, so there's very little stitching. The cravats are dotted with artist Davide Pizzigoni's mini-turbans and come in twelve shades of classic, bright, and pastel ($180).

BULGARI/*783 Madison Avenue, near 66th Street/717-2300*



Chenille No. 525

Chenille bed throws like these were once sold at roadside stands around popular vacation spots and then put to use in summer cottages. Today, you don't have to travel farther than 19th Street. ABC Carpet & Home has a collection of daisy chenilles from 525 Made in America (a New York company) that retains the pastel palette of the originals. But these throws are made of sensuously soft rayon, not the scratchy cotton of old. Perfect for cuddling under on a rainy Hamptons day ($175).

ABC CARPET & HOME/*888 Broadway, at 19th Street/473-3000*

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Out, Out

This week, purveyors of every stripe just want it all **out of their hair***—with* **big-time unloading** *at Regeneration, Cristina Modern, and Marckle Myers.*

PROPER WITHOUT EVER SEEMING excessively prim, Lee Anderson's clothing is now on sale at her boutique: silk shell, was $350, now $90; piqué skirt, was $295, now $125; printed top, was $795, now, $398. *Lee Anderson, 23 E. 67th St. (772-2463); M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 11–6; 6/10–6/24.*

Dura Sell

REGENERATION FURNITURE, A SHOP in the southern tip of the West Village, is clearing out Duralab industrial casework—the lab cabinets that have become incredibly popular for kitchens: four-drawer undercabinet, was $600, now $300 ($100 for the epoxy counter); four-foot top cabinet, was $600, now $300. *Regeneration Furniture, 38 Renwick St. (741-2102); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Tues.–Sat. 1–6; 6/9–6/28.*

Prints of the City

CHARMING AS THEY ARE, THE ITALIAN prints that Marckle Myers was recently bequeathed from her mother's D&D showroom are cramping the style of her tiny shop, so she's put some on sale: reproduction prints, were $50–$400, now $25–$200; originals, were $30–$3,000, now $10–$2,000. *Marckle Myers, 1030A Lexington Ave., near 73rd St. (288-3288); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 11–6; 6/9–7/9.*

The Heiress

CRISTINA KANE, A FORMER SALES DIRECTOR at Karl Lagerfeld, recently acquired a 4,500-square-foot space on Wooster Street that she intends to fill with fifties furniture. But before she can, she has to disgorge all that she inherited with the space: suede sofa, was $3,500, now $1,950; *Jetsons*-style chair with ottoman, was $2,700, now $1,350. She's also selling Alberto Rizzo's photographs; prices range from $2,000 to $4,000. *Cristina Modern, 153 Wooster St. (253-0111); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 11–7; Sat.–Sun. 12–6; 6/9–7/4.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Must-Have **Flowers, no matter which way you cut them, are expensive, but Bridget Vizoso—a floral designer who "does" the homes of her regular clients as well as parties—buys her flowers wholesale and charges considerably less than most for her aesthetic stamp. *Bridget Vizoso, 721-2188.***

Down Town

THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE DOWNTOWN Sample Sale may be a bit off (it's neither downtown nor a now-or-never event), but the prices are right-on: John Bartlett jeans, were $110, now $34–$50. At Boombastik, the downtown leg of the operation, Rebecca Danenberg's threads are $20 and Kanae & Onyx dresses are $20–$30. *Boombastik, 204 Seventh Ave., near 22nd St. (620-8180); Mon.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. till 7. Downtown Sample Sale, 212 W. 35th St. (695-9240); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7; 6/9–6/27.*

Growing Pains

BECAUSE KIDS GROW SO QUICKLY, A pair of Osh Kosh jeans for $5 is a blessing—and that's the nature of the benison at Good-Byes, the children's-clothing resale shop. Clothing by Gap, Flapdoodles, and Benetton, as well as toys, is 20 to 50 percent off. *Good-Byes, 230 E. 78th St. (794-2301); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 11:30–5:30, Sat. 10:30–5 (after 7/1, closed Mondays); 6/9–7/31.*

Cold Call

HOME SALES ENTERPRISES, THE DIAL-a-Mattress of the air-conditioning biz, allows you a bit of laziness in your pursuit of the gelid: You can order any model by phone and have it delivered. Now on sale: Fedders model No. A1Q05F2AG, 5,000 Btu, 115 volts, usually $309, now $252; Friedrich model No. SM14J10A, 14,000 Btu, 115 volts, usually $895, now $695. *Home Sales Enterprises, 513-1513 or 800-221-BUYS; Mon.–Fri. 9–5; 6/9–7/4.*

My Ever-Changing Moods

DISTANT COUSINS OF MR. POTATO HEAD THAT are billed *Picasso-inspired*, Roomies are brightly colored stuffed animals that come with Velcro'd pieces that let you change their facial expressions. They used to sell at Barneys and FAO Schwarz for up to $35, but Shelly Adventures, the company that created them, is now offering a Roomie package for $20. *Shelly Adventures, 800-645-6921; 6/9–7/15.*

Italian Fare

A SHOP PEPPERED WITH SLICK ITALIAN MEN'S garb, Rifflessi is having a sale: Zegna super 120 wool suit, retail $1,195, now $595; Barbera and Zegna sport jackets, retail $795, now $395; silk ties, retail $105, now $45. *Riflessi, 260 Madison Ave., near 38th St. (679-4875); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat. 10–7; Sun. 11–6; 6/9–7/8.*

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Prisoner in d'Skies

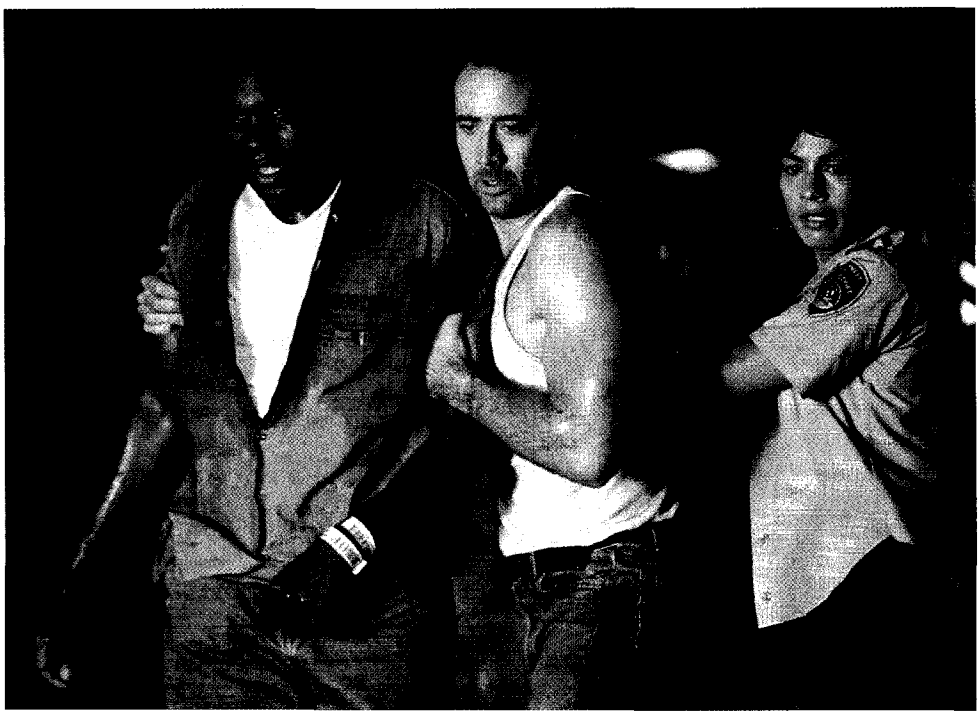
In 'Con Air,' stuffed-bunny-toting parolee Nicolas Cage hitches a ride on a flight full of violent criminals led by John Malkovich.

ANYONE GOING TO AMERICAN MOVIES THIS SEASON can easily visit a whorehouse one evening and a Quaker meeting hall the next. The vagaries of the summer schedule have thrown together the following combination of new movies: **Con Air,** one of the big-budget summer blockbusters, a low, cynical, violently entertaining spectacle; and **Ulee's Gold,** which is about a saintly Florida beekeeper, a movie made in an austerely disciplined style that manages to hide a considerable degree of self-satisfaction beneath its dignified surface. The split between these two movies—between the big-budget studio marketing vehicle and the independently made little moral drama—couldn't be more extreme. At the same time, that contrast defines the twin poles of our dissatisfaction. Both of these movies, in their wildly different ways, are fairly good, but neither is good enough, and taken together they do little to discourage the notion that making first-rate movies in this country has become impossible. The structure of the American cinema will not allow it: The middle ground in budgets, and the great middle ground in popular art between mere commerce and mere high-mindedness—the area in which Hollywood excelled for decades—has now been ruled out of existence.

Con Air sets up its absurd premise very quickly (before the credits sequence is over). Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex–U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a barroom brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously in his cell and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Rapists, mass murderers, drug dealers—gee, everything but serial jaywalkers—all together on one plane, and each with his specialized form of craziness. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Should the plane be shot down? Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. We're informed that he wants a chance to serve his country once again, but one glance at Nicolas Cage—who looks crazed—tells us he's as close to murder as any of the professional killers. He's dying to take on the animals.

A collection of out-of-control killers running amok may sound a good deal like last summer's movie produced by Jerry Bruckheimer, *The Rock,* but the real spiritual father of his *Con Air* is *The Dirty Dozen,* the nihilistic bone-crusher from 1967, in which a bunch of psychos are given a chance to redeem themselves in a World War II suicide mission. The gimmick in both cases is to let the killers run wild, each doing his thing, and to cast the hippest possible actors, so the audience can have the guilty pleasure of enjoying the criminals for their weird specialties (and then of seeing them killed off, which releases the audience from guilt).

Malkovich, bald, with an ugly goatee, does his hyper-literate satanic routine, exuding conscious enjoyment of evil as he strings out long, archly intelligent sentences. Malkovich is now so deep into irony he couldn't order dinner straight. Ving Rhames, as some sort of black-revolutionary murderer, caresses each word in his rich, appraising manner as if he were running diamonds through his hands. An elaborately masked, cuffed,



Cabin pressure: Ex-con Nicolas Cage grabs his pal Mykelti Williamson as Rachel Ticotin follows in Jerry Bruckheimer's summer action thriller *Con Air.*

Photograph by Frank Masi/Touchstone.

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trussed, and bound super-killer turns out to be the familiar, cranky Steve Buscemi, offering brilliant sophistries in defense of murder. Dave Chappelle, the stand-up comic from *The Nutty Professor,* races happily through the high-tension dialogue created for him by screenwriter Scott Rosenberg, whose profane, wise-ass script turns every situation into a bristling confrontation. In scene after scene, one guy wins, another loses. Rosenberg's style of dramaturgy is not creative, exactly, but it's not boring, either, and it frees the actors to try out their pet aggressive moves, and to chew each other up. Low and violent as it is, *Con Air* has some life to it. The movie is very nasty fun.

As always in these quasi-fascist entertainments, anarchic violence, after running loose for a while, has to be restrained by righteous violence (for instance, Lee Marvin's authoritarian officer in *The Dirty Dozen*). Nicolas Cage has gone from the Everyman reluctant hero in *The Rock* to a superman style that can only be called neo-Clint. His Poe is primed to explode, and when he does, lean yet bursting out of his undershirt, with ropy trapezius muscles leading up to his neck, he becomes a spectacularly violent man—a superhero who speaks, like Clint, in sardonic little sentences. Cage, a great, daring actor, underplays, holding the screen with sheer concentration; for all his gallantry as Poe, he's faintly inhuman (and will probably become a huge box-office star because of that inhuman quality). Fortunately, there's someone else in the movie for us to look at—John Cusack, who represents rational intelligence and who plays the marshal as a decent fellow out of his depth in all this violence but game for it nevertheless.

MOVIES

The director, Simon West, a Brit maker of commercials, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* may be nonsense, but it has some new settings—the prison plane and then an ancient Nevada airstrip with lots of abandoned aircraft from World War II—and that matters a lot in these enormous action movies. Jaded by spectacle, we don't want to see the same old explosions and car crashes over and over. When West hits the airstrip, he turns the movie into part demolition derby, part war film. The final scene, however—a crash landing in the middle of Las Vegas—is nuttily pointless even by summer-season standards.

Con Air is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. Through all the carnage, Poe supposedly wants only to save his diabetic buddy; save the woman guard, who is chained up and menaced by a rapist; and get back to his wife and daughter. He drags that bunny right through the movie and finally presents it to his flaxen-haired little girl. That's the Jerry Bruckheimer touch—a bit of "heart" that allegedly makes the hero appealing to the audience. My guess is that a good part of the audience will ridicule the cynicism of "heart" for the outrageous cornball crap that it is. *Con Air* has about as much heart as an F-16. It does fly, though, a lot higher and faster than anyone would have expected.

ULEE'S GOLD IS A FINE PIECE OF WORK IN AN immaculately restrained, upper-middlebrow style that doesn't much interest me. Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggy mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey.

Victor Nunez (*Gal Young 'Un, Ruby in Paradise*) loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette. Everything is seen very clearly and plainly, without exaggeration: Ulee's work is repetitive and undramatic; a couple of young Florida hoods are just banal and stupid. Ulee, a hero of day-by-day integrity, has been hurt so much he won't let himself feel anything; he's become joyless and censorious, and the movie, of course, chronicles his slow thawing-out as he tries to pull his family together. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and unvaried.

Ulee's Gold manages to suggest that everything has gone wrong in this family because Ulee's son has not, like his father, and his grandfather before him, taken up beekeeping. Even if one stretches that point into metaphor—with beekeeping standing in for all the specialized crafts that have been abandoned in the modern period—it's a fantasy of an organic social order that makes little sense for this land of the rootless and the self-made. Most of us in America find our own destiny, and doing so doesn't turn us into criminals. When Ulee's son, behind bars but reformed, announces that he plans to devote his life to beekeeping, it's hard to imagine, after watching Fonda's silent, numbing work routine, that the boy is really coming out of prison. ■

Mead *continued from page 47*

of Rossellini's fragmented romantic history is that when she decided to have a second child, she did it through adoption and alone (her son, Roberto, is now 3). In *Some of Me,* she writes: "Adoption feels like genetic connection because it links you directly not only to your own gene pool but to the genes of all humanity."

"I did not expect adoption to be romantic, to have this epic feeling," she says. "You get this feeling of embracing and connecting, instead of saying, 'My DNA is the best there is around, and I will reproduce it endlessly.' " When asked about the fact that she, who loved her own father so much, has brought a child into a family setup where he has no father, she says, "Yes, isn't it amazing? He thinks Luke Skywalker is his father. He chose the hero."

MAYBE HE LEARNED IT FROM HIS MOTHER. While Isabella Rossellini has inherited her mother's watchable face and form, her own fondness for observation is, perhaps, an indirect homage to her father and his filmmaking. "The dream of my father's generation was not to have editing, because editing seemed to be artificial—you see the machinery behind," she says. "They tried to simulate the eye, take you to a situation where you couldn't have been otherwise." It's the desire for invisibility turned into an artistic credo. Rossellini herself says she wishes she had been an animal behaviorist: "We went all the way to other planets, other universes, and we forgot to look in our backyards," she says. "The aliens are there: the worms." Animals are immune to Rossellini's beauty and her celebrity; she's no more disturbing to them than any other watcher. That must come as something of a relief.

Meanwhile, Rossellini has done the best she can with people, becoming a subtle and amused observer of her effect upon others. The whole time she's been standing around looking beautiful, she's also been taking notes—as it appears she did while being interviewed by the New York *Times* recently. "I have the feeling the writer felt a little belittled to be doing me," she said archly the next day. The writer had announced that she had just been working on a piece about Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: "She said, 'So as you can imagine, it is like going from this' "—Rossellini gestures upward and rightward—" 'to this.' " She moves her hand leftward and decidedly downward, mimicking the writer's apparently unconscious body language. "From high to low," says Rossellini, roaring with laughter. "I thought: *I am going to use that in my acting. Thank you!*" Rossellini is so watchable that it's easy to forget she's watching, too. Beauty may, after all, provide the perfect cover for observation. ■

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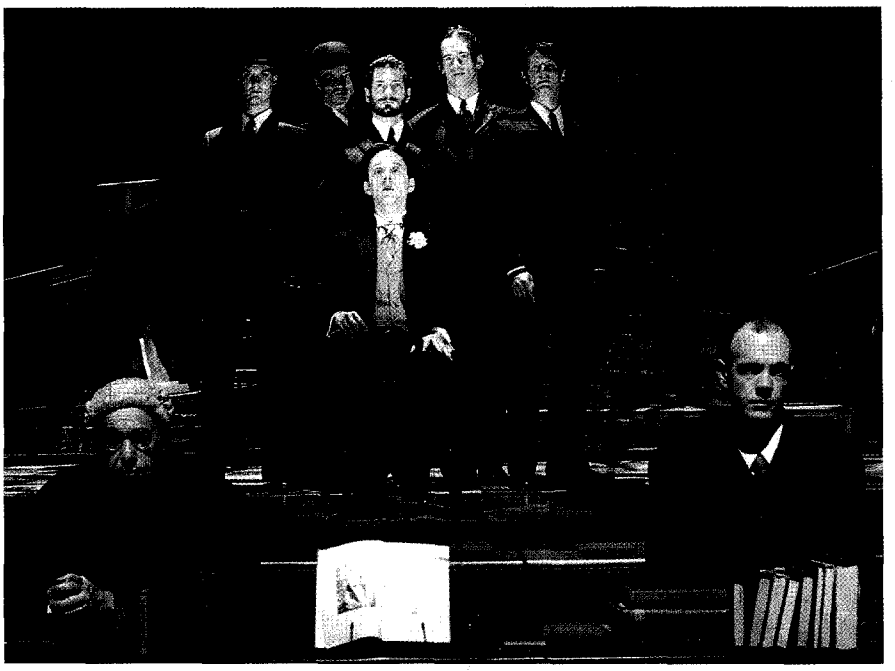
THEATER JOHN SIMON

Wilde Things

'Gross Indecency' is a blurry-eyed look at the trials and tribulations of the incomparable Oscar Wilde; 'Fairy Tales' is a Grimm travesty of gay life.



IF THE CHIEF DRAMA CRITIC OF THE *TIMES* HAD NOT gushed about Moisés Kaufman's **Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde,** which he somewhat belatedly caught Off Off Broadway, it most likely would not have marched on to an open-ended Off Broadway engagement. Would that have been a great loss? For those of us who know and care about Wilde, hardly. There is a certain cleverness in Kaufman's docudrama but also an annoying cuteness and, in Act Two, an even more annoying sentimentality, neither of which Wilde's story needs. His life went from high comedy to tragedy in one of the most dazzling examples the world of letters has produced. As Vyvyan Holland aptly put it in his autobiography, *Son of Oscar Wilde,* "It was a cruel irony that Oscar Wilde should have been singled out by fate to suffer for all the countless artists who, both before and since his day, have shared his weakness."

What weakness? Either that his flagrantly homosexual lifestyle provoked the wrath of a puritanical and hypocritical society in a country where homosexuality was almost as widespread as in ancient Greece; or that, through sundry pusillanimous strategic errors, Wilde bungled his own defense. And yet it took a great deal of daring and not a little strength to become what W. H. Auden has called "the patron saint of the Homintern," and start, directly or indirectly, the slow process leading to gay liberation and acceptance.

The three trials of Oscar Wilde (as one of H. Montgomery Hyde's books—the annotated transcript of those trials, and the primary source of Kaufman's play—is called) are a lesson in how easily things could have gone another way, with who knows what momentous consequences. No wonder the case has fascinated so many, as witness the number of plays, movies, and especially books about Wilde. Kaufman appears to have read them all, which is part of his trouble. Even if we needed the chorus of young men seated at a long, book-laden table just below the lip of the stage (true, they also assume some important roles, at times even joining the stage action), must we have them hold aloft whichever book the play is quoting from, and loudly proclaim it? Couldn't this—less cutesily and self-servingly—have gone into footnotes in a future printed text? What good is it to learn that this is from a letter of Lord Alfred Douglas, that from the recollections of Frank Harris or Robert Sherard, when the theatergoer has neither interest in the source nor ability to determine its trustworthiness?

Kaufman's direction may pass muster, but not his cast of mostly young, inexperienced if not downright untalented American actors, straining with unequal success to reproduce the accents of diverse British regions and classes, whose clash contributes to the societal drama underlying the personal one. (Some of these accents are even ill-chosen: Edward Carson, importantly, was Irish; Frank Harris, American.) Wilde's wit and wisdom shine splendidly throughout, but do we want a bewigged young man doing Queen Victoria in falsetto and similar burlesque elements? And then there is the acting of Kaufman's company, too young even to suggest some of the elders portrayed.

The greatest failings are those of the two thespians playing Wilde and Douglas. It is imperative in a docudrama to make these famous figures look and behave as we know from countless photographs and contemporary accounts. Thus, Wilde was large and imposing and, though profuse in dandified preciosity, physically powerful—how else could he have survived the rigors of hard labor in England's inhuman jails? Michael Emerson, however, is slight and (unlike Wilde) campy, intoning with a fruity, rubato-riddled singsong, with much eye-

Trial and terror: Oscar Wilde faces his accusers in *Gross Indecency.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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Photographer: Andrew Eccles.
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ball-popping and rolling and a plethora of effete mannerisms. And none of his lineaments correspond to Wilde's.

Bill Dawes, a wooden actor, has neither Douglas's languid good looks nor his maniacal ferocity, let alone his aristocratic hauteur: His use of his hands is particularly inept. The others, though less important, are scarcely better, and when the genuinely older but flimsy Queensberry (Robert Blumenfeld) snarls about trashing someone, he comes across as a paper pit bull.

Granted, *Gross Indecency* is a shoestring production, but its designers could have shown a little compensatory ingenuity. In any case, though, Wilde the man, artist, and victim was so complex a figure, enmeshed in such complicated social and legal circumstances, that no mere play can do him and them full justice. Even so, Kaufman should not have allowed Michael Emerson to turn Wilde macabrely maudlin in Act Two and fail throughout to show his unflagging kindness and, to quote Frank Harris, his "great charm . . . rarer among men than even goodness."

Personally, I would suggest that you could spend your money better on a good biography. But if that is too much effort, *Gross Indecency* will do, especially if it should lead to further study. Wilde deserves no less, and will amply repay such added investment.

THEATER

THE MUSICAL REVUE **Fairy Tales,** THOUGH also dealing with the gay life, rates only feeble snickers, not complicitous but contemptuous. Consisting of 23 song-and-dance numbers by Eric Lane Barnes (I lasted through a luckless 13), it is performed on a near-bare stage by actors so bereft of talent and looks as to earn minimalism less than a bad name—a loud groan. A revue can be put on without many things but not without an author, a director, a choreographer, designers, and a cast that know what they are doing. This show would not distinguish itself were it put on as what it most resembles—a frat-house spoof.

Much of the merriment here is insult comedy; so in "You're the Bottom," we get "Nobody lower / Yoko Onoer / than you . . . / Nobody lower/ Barry Manilower/ than you." Another number, "Garbage," treats us to "You are nothing but trash / And I guess that makes me the garbageman / Because I really want to take you out." And this is as good as it gets, except, perhaps, when one of the two women in the five-member cast sings, "Every guy I meet wants to get into my pants. / But next thing, he also wants to try on my shoes." I wish I could also quote from Barnes's music, which ranges from the derivative to the tuneless. Jorge Luis Borges called Oscar Wilde "an ingenious man who was also right." Barnes and his accomplices are the exact opposite. ▬

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Paste

The lesson of the lackluster dances in the New York City Ballet's Diamond Project is clear: It's time to let the moderns in.

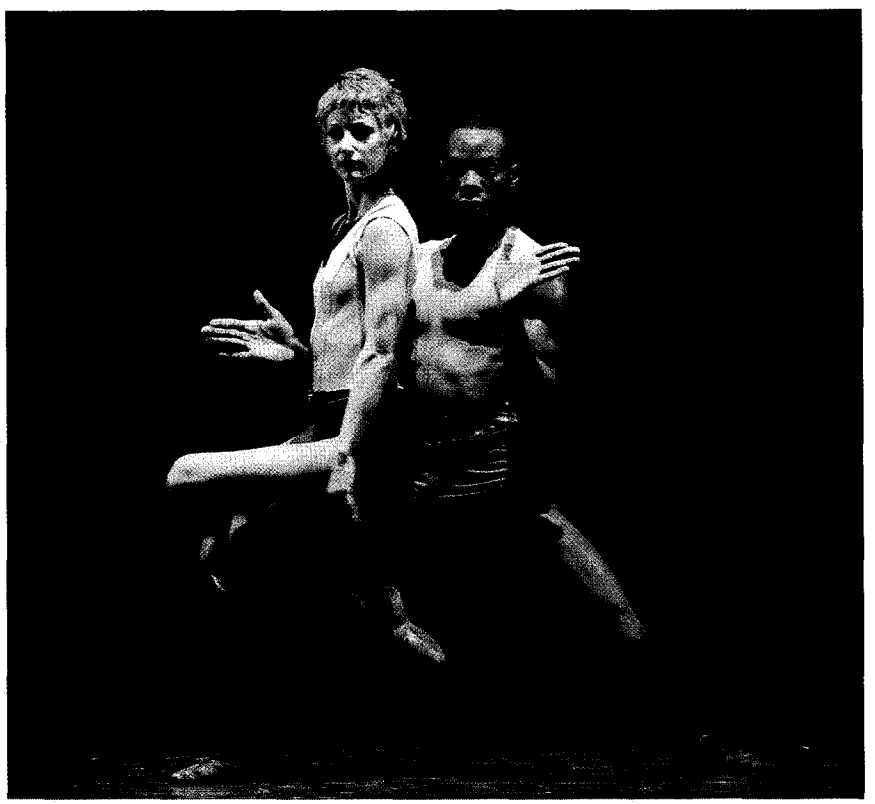
THE NOVELTY OF THE NEW YORK CITY Ballet's spring season, which runs through June 29 at the New York State Theater, is the third incarnation of the **Diamond Project.** A commissioning of a slew of classical ballets from emerging (and emerged, if disappointing) choreographers, the venture takes its name from that of a major funder, a name conveniently associated with worth and dazzle. This year's Diamond Project, the least ambitious to date, encompasses six works—from Kevin O'Day, Angelin Preljocaj, Christopher d'Amboise, Miriam Mahdaviani, Christopher Wheeldon, and Robert La Fosse. The 1992 and 1994 Diamond Projects produced a total of 23 ballets. Slyly combining modesty and pride, the company's public communications describe the venture as a glorified workshop that, at relatively modest cost (costumes, décor, and rehearsal hours cut to the bone), supports the creation of new choreography to maintain and amplify the NYCB's original, groundbreaking character.

Other factors are operating, if covertly, at the same time. First, the frenzied desire for novelty in itself, which invariably sells tickets. Second, the hope that the general audience and the carping critics will be prevented, by this surge of activity in the name of adventure, from accusing Peter Martins, as artistic director, of monopolizing the company's new-ballet slots and failing to seek out alternative sources of choreography. Third, the wish to demonstrate that the ballets created by Martins (and regularly accorded a he's-no-Balanchine reception) are far more sophisticated in craft than those of the choreographers he's commissioned. (Balanchine himself was not above a similarly pointless competitiveness, if only unconsciously. The festivals of choreography he organized around a specific composer—Stravinsky twice, Tchaikovsky, Ravel—included many a predictable clunker by choreographers with whom he was, on the surface of things, generously sharing his stage.)

Whatever the company's arguments, surface and semi-covert, in support of the Diamond Projects, we have already seen that they and their 1988 precursor, the American Music Festival, have failed to make a lasting contribution to the NYCB's repertory—or, for that matter, to any other troupe's. If the results were so terrific, wouldn't companies be clamoring for the pieces, the way so many continue to fortify their repertories with Balanchine's ballets?

At this point, I've seen half of the current Diamond Project commissions. Kevin O'Day's abstract quintet, *Open Strings,* to a score by John King, chooses, for no apparent reason, to disregard the depth of the vast New York State Theater stage, and operates largely in a narrow corridor traced laterally across the space. This tactic tends to make the dancers look like paper dolls. The fact that the performers often face the audience dead-on reinforces the flatness, while adding an element of confrontation. The dominant mood of the piece derives from Peter Martins—urban hostility proposed as cutting-edge glamour. The alternative mood is a sweet-tempered goofiness O'Day continues to borrow from Twyla Tharp, with whom he danced so distinctively. The two atmospheres fail to cohere and leave the viewer wondering what, if anything, O'Day had in mind.

Angelin Preljocaj, recently in New York with his own company, which is based in Aix-en-Provence, weighed in at NYCB with *La Stravaganza,* to a collage of music ranging from Vivaldi to sounds-of-mechanical-disaster moderns. The piece sets a sextet of presumably contemporary folks (they do fluent ballet steps and immediately apologize for them with phrases of weird or awkward gesture) against an equal number who look like provincials of long ago (they do mechanical stuff that at once dehumanizes them and proposes them as a threat). The moderns are warily curious about the ancients, one of



Stacey Calvert and Albert Evans in Kevin O'Day's *Open Strings.*

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

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them (the pretty, vulnerable-looking Emily Coates) venturing farthest into the strangers' midst and returning to her own community, seemingly with the sort of wisdom youth once acquired during a junior year abroad. As is usual with Preljocaj, the ballet is all retina entertainment and obscure intellectualizing; dancing for its own particular resources (visceral, rhythmic, evocative) doesn't stand a chance.

Christopher d'Amboise's *Circle of Fifths* endows the dance world with another piece to music by Philip Glass, which it hardly needs. This venture, like much work related to Martins's contemporary mode, is largely disaffected and mechanistic; the few references to human feeling are unconvincing, even embarrassing. Overall, the piece is efficient but patently contrived—a model of what ballet has come to be in this era of superficial effects.

Given the results to date, it may be time to admit that the Diamond Projects, as they are currently designed, are a waste of time, energy, and money—primarily because the field of new classical-ballet choreography is a wasteland. No amount of opportunity to practice the craft will uncover or produce genius; genius, when it arises, tends to make itself apparent. Why not instead initiate a project in which modern- and postmodern-dance choreographers—without pretending to be classical—create works for ballet dancers? The barrier between classical and modern, once firm and useful, began to break down ages ago. If Fokine allowed himself to be influenced by Isadora Duncan, and Balanchine by jazz; if Martha Graham and Twyla Tharp could come round to admitting the uses of ballet, surely Peter Martins can afford to welcome the inevitable and allow the NYCB to benefit from it. The various schools of modernism themselves are yielding only occasional splendors, but generally, the most imaginative and original work in Western theatrical dancing is being produced in this camp.

The New York City Ballet should have opened its doors at least a decade back to Mark Morris and Twyla Tharp, whose sense of the basic tenets of classicism (such as structural order and harmony) are as sure as can be, and whose mastery of the use of the academic vocabulary, including pointe work, is at least the equal of most Diamond Project regulars and far more provocative. Granted, Morris and Tharp, having nicely survived the NYCB's lack of enthusiasm for their work, may now be unavailable to an invitation from Peter Martins. But there are others in their territory who could be successfully approached. The chance is worth taking because, as the Diamond Projects have proved again and again, the individual failure need not discourage the overall endeavor. ■

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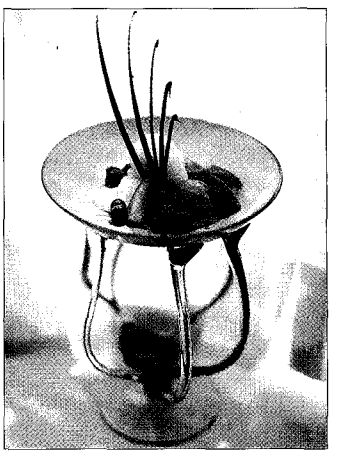
THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Space Odyssey

Le Cirque 2000 struts into new quarters in a vintage palazzo and strains to live up to its vaunted reputation for state-of-the-art indulgence.

"EITHER WE ARE A GENIUS OR WE ARE COMpletely crazy," Sirio Maccioni once conceded, not needing couch time to arrive at this revelation. Sirio may think **Le Cirque 2000** belongs to him and his three sons, Mario, Marco, and Mauro. Prince Jefri of Brunei, having lured the mythic lion tamer to the landmark Villard Houses—an antique jewel glued in the navel of the New York Palace hotel—may fancy that Le Cirque is his. But we know better. We Park Avenue blondes, Waspish trust-fund babies, and Jewish American Princesses, we gourmand priests and food-world flapsters, we jet-stream migrants, Euro-transplants, Masters of the Universe: We own Le Cirque. And we've been in a tizzy since Sirio threw open the doors. We are one man's family. How could he do this to us?

"If I brought this chair home and said it was for my new restaurant, you'd say I was out of my mind," cries one regular, craning her neck from behind the tall, one-armed velvet chair. "You can't see who's here." Another fan dismisses the slapstick of service that first week. "It's chaos, but it's so early. Give them time. Mark my words: The chairs will go. Sirio and his sons will saw them down themselves if they have to." Everyone loves Sirio. "I *love* Sirio," they say, "but . . ." It's like your dignified, 80-year-old grandfather suddenly comes home in drag. "How could they desecrate those beautiful, historic rooms?" moans an anguished and expensively preserved preservationist. "Neon and schmutz," snorts one fan, disenchanted by the design as well as his $160 lunch: "I ordered the bouillabaisse, and it was just bouillabaisse." Still another is shocked by the waiter's familiarity: "He kept calling me by my first name." "I rather like the front room," a friend confides. "But that pole—whatever it is—in the bar stabs me in the heart."



Sirio's pets eat off these chic-as-hell Venetian dishes. Left, what's with that *chair?* Visibility-obscuring violet thrones in Le Cirque 2000's Madison room.

The Zagats are half right: Every New Yorker is a restaurant critic. And an architectural savant as well. Sirio's phone never stops ringing. It's still ringing at 2 A.M. With the unexpected two-month delay to reconstruct the precious parquetry floor (no one knew what was there till they pulled up the old carpet and a third of the floor came with it), there were already 2,000 reservations in the book by May 1, opening day.

The Saturday after is a cattle stampede. Only a skeleton of the staff from uptown are back. The raw recruits—their mixed genders a first for Le Cirque—are wound-up but not programmed. Alas, the $1 million–plus kitchen—possibly the most beautiful I've ever seen—is far away from the $2 million (or so) dining rooms; it's 46 seconds from the pastry station to our table. The flight path runs through the bar, with its casual amblers, past an overflow of patrons consigned to

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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hunker over low cocktail tables as they nibble their lamb chops. Traffic clots again at Sirio's podium—scene of much cheek-grazing, wrap-sloughing, fawning chitchat and am-I-going-to-Siberia angst. So waiters pause and lurch and wait.

No wonder the crayfish in its listless nage is tepid. No wonder the focaccia—too long out of the oven—is ossified in its slick of embalming oil. I ask for ice water, New York water, please. "Evian," the captain corrects me. But I insist, and he rolls his eyes as if to say, *Well, it's your funeral.* The gang's all here: Cy Coleman, Alan King, Lee Radziwill, Hugh Downs, along with the affluent whose names rarely get boldfaced. Aren't we smug? I like the colored clown buttons on the backs of the chairs. I almost think I like the room, the sand-blasted glass screens in steel stands. And the stained-glass balls that look suspended in air.

"It's like putting a Ferrari in a palazzo," architect Adam Tihany keeps insisting. The concept is brilliant. Baronial fittings to match the regal setting would have created a mausoleum. But isn't this too gypsy-caravan? "That Adam," Sirio mutters, but when it comes to Tihany, Sirio is like a man with a difficult wife who has no intention of leaving her. He just needs to complain. The bus boys have vanished. Sirio clears the table himself. The sommelier joins him. "No! No! No!" the boss cries as the errant help swoops in to denude another table that has just trailed away briefly for a kitchen tour.

No point in talking about food tonight. Nor a week later, even though we're spending easily $100 each for dinner and $80 for lunch (the $35 prix fixe is a small charity). Occasionally a carefully cooked turbotin or a flavorful lobster risotto does come our way. But the kitchen crew is clearly struggling. Even with a veteran like Marc Poidevin as his chef de cuisine, Sottha Khunn, the French-trained Cambodian who worked beside Le Cirque's superchef Daniel Boulud, has yet to get his mostly brand-new pups in synch. The show is a work in progress.

At noon a few days later, the air feels becalmed. "Sottha put his foot down," a Maccioni scion confides. "He took off his apron and told my dad, 'If this is the way it's going to be, *you* can cook.' My dad just couldn't say no to anyone the first few days. But now he's holding back on bookings till the staff learns his ways." Kissinger conspires with a pair of stylish Circes at the next table, and Warner LeRoy has gathered an eclectic octet in the corner. The house is still pushing the linoleum focaccia. Grilled softshell crabs are definitely an improvement over an earlier soggy sauté, but nowhere near the brilliance of a single deep-fried specimen

Petal pushers: Zucchini flowers with crab meat.

that the chef was dishing up in a preview on Sirio's birthday. And heavenly cool corn soup with lobster signals a spark of life. "You should have ordered the bollito misto," Sirio chides me, bringing a demitasse of its intense consommé. Waiters gingerly deliver sweet fruit soup with sorbet in tall, jewel-hued Venetian goblets. Since they're $150 each, Sirio has every right to be fixated on the breakage. "We're only losing two a day," he usually tells the privileged pets deemed worthy of this extravagantly mounted palate cleanser before the inundation of dessert. Playing favorites, that has not changed. As Orwell pointed out, some animals are more equal than others. Not every table will be gifted with stone crab or a truffled scallop. Even favorites with special privilege in the old place may never see the Parmesan toast or a pulled-sugar clown. We've tasted dessert, the justly exalted crème brûlée and the harlequin, a white-and-dark-chocolate mousse. But now a whole pithiviers is left on our table, still hot from the oven. "I love pithiviers," says Sirio. I love the almond-paste-gilded layers of puff pastry, too. I cut him a triangle.

Two thirds of the way into May, and the service crew seems less green. The wine steward is like the rubber man, stretching himself taller and thinner to squeeze by the much-maligned chairs. He is quick with suggestions as I hunt for something I like that won't alarm our accounting department, a private-label Chablis or Volnay, perhaps (though the Talbot at $65 is easily twice as marvelous as the Meyney at $31). Our host is tense, but he can turn on the charm, oiling his way across the floor as in days gone by. "A beautiful woman should face the door," he says, seating an elegant twosome. "You're so kind," she murmurs. Now he hefts a basket of porcini from the sideboard and shows them off to Art Buchwald and Alice Mason at side-by-side tables on the modest banquette (with clamp-on bullet lights that jiggle when you move). He's obsessing again, in the full lash of the chair rebellion. "The new chairs, they're definitely coming," he announces. "I said to Adam, 'The place is beautiful. Now you have to let me make it functional.' "

My guest, a longtime Le Cirque pet, has been out of town. He can't stand the new digs. "It's not the same without that long banquette where you can see the parade and dish everyone in the room." But the beast within subsides as he tucks into the porcini. Nostalgia flavors the house's classic herb-filled ravioli in a perfect light tomato sauce. Lush tendrils of crab fill batter-fried zucchini blossoms arranged on the bright-yellow petals of a flower steamed to the plate. Both the sedately Sichuan-peppered cod and the potato-cloaked paupiette of bass are gently cooked. And the quirky twists of the Venetian goblet amuse him. Quickly, we are surrounded by footed silver compotes—one with cherries big as plums, another heaped with deep-fried fritters called *cenci,* and battered fried figs in still a third. Two dozen tartlets, cookies, and fruit gels arrive on a marble rectangle with his espresso. We are the only table with cherries, sugared pastry crisps, and baked figs. I wonder why someone doesn't stand up and scream: Where's my *cenci*?

A week later, it's my sixth visit. And honey, he's shrunk the chairs. The kitchen is shaping up, though one night folks in the Red Room are riveted by shouts from within. Both risottos—fragrant porcini and a toss of white and green asparagus with Parmesan—are first-rate, and sole with wild baby asparagus is perfection. The crisped truffled pig's feet still haunt me. But why is the marvelous tripe confined to the bar menu and only on Sunday? I cannot tell yet whether the chef has the stuff of genius. So far there's a sameness to many dishes, too much that's familiar. Hell, I want to feel the earth move. As for Jacques Torres, I've come to wonder if he ever eats dessert himself. Yes, he is the Fabergé of pâtissiers. But his cunning chocolate stove, the cassis topiary, and the apricot-strawberry "drum roll" are almost always more fun to look at than to eat. Give me the fabulous caramelized-banana clown hat, the intense sorbets, the tangy apple soup, and the warm poached cherries (though I almost choked on the too-sweet syrup).

Not that the ladies who munch salade panachée for lunch will much care. Already the regulars are claiming their tables. Once the madness simmers down and Sirio has time to taste again, he may spur his team to take greater risks. As he is likely to remind you, "Daniel Boulud wasn't a star when he arrived. He took time to settle in."

Le Cirque 2000, 455 Madison Avenue, near 50th Street (794-9292). Lunch, Monday to Saturday 11:45 a.m. to 2:45 p.m., Sunday 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Dinner, Monday through Saturday 5:45 p.m. till 11 p.m., Sunday 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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Read O Muses

Actors, scholars, and Joyce cultists assemble for Bloomsday—a marathon reading of the epic *Ulysses*—summoning Dublin, Homer, and one legendary novelist (page 86)

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movies

When the Cat's Away...Alternatives to the Hits

New Films

Addicted to Love—Directed by the actor Griffin Dunne (it's his first feature), *Addicted to Love* is a contemporary, halfway-perverse screwball comedy—a near-success that promises more for the future. Matthew Broderick has the James Stewart role—a Midwesterner, a mild-mannered astronomer named Sam who adores Linda (Kelly Preston), a beautiful blonde teacher. The two of them have a rather cloying, faithful-dog relationship (they take turns being the dog). In their little town, Sam turns his enormous telescope on Linda every day at noon, and she stops playing with her pupils and waves to him. But Linda is bored. She goes to work in New York for a while but doesn't come back; she leaves Sam for Anton (Tcheky Karyo), a French restaurateur, tough guy, and all-around great lover. Sam pursues her; he sets himself up in an abandoned loft on Wooster Street, right opposite the Frenchman's apartment, and, using a camera obscura, spies on the lovers, projecting an image of the goings-on across the street onto his own wall. He's joined in this peculiar vigil by Maggie (Meg Ryan), Anton's abandoned fiancée, who is some sort of downtown art person—a photographer, a motorcyclist who wears black leather and lots of eyeliner. Maggie quickly bugs Anton's apartment, and she and Sam sit there, day after day, watching and listening in masochistic pleasure and misery as their ex-partners eat, talk, and noisily make love. The material goes further into perversity than most Hollywood movies but, alas, not far enough. Sam insinuates himself into Anton's restaurant, as a dishwasher, and Anton takes a liking to him and pours out his soul. It turns out that he's something more than an arrogant stud. A buccaneer, a man who arrived in the States with nothing, he takes enormous risks, and if he's egocentric and overbearing, he is also formidable and wily in many ways. The Turkish-born Karyo, a considerable star in France, has some of Gérard Depardieu's big-jawed, ugly-handsome brio. His Anton is older than Sam, and he knows what he's doing with women, and Sam is suddenly abashed—this guy, he realizes, is a lot more vital than he is. Maybe Anton deserves Linda. Karyo lifts the movie out of formula, but the filmmakers are stuck for an ending. What to do with Meg Ryan and Matthew Broderick? They don't really go together. He's mild and reasonable, and she's hard and sarcastic (at least on the surface). Yet they have to be made to like each other—that's the way the plot turns—and so the ending is weak. In general, *Addicted to Love* is just strange and interesting enough to make one angry that it's not fresher and more daring. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Austin Powers—Mike Myers stars as a Brit super-sleuth of some sort who was cryogenically frozen in the sixties; now thawed out, he can't negotiate modern life. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Bliss—Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee are a young married couple who attempt to salvage their relationship through the study of Tantric sex. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**Breakdown**—Taken for what it is, this picture is very good—lean and tense, without a superfluous shot, an extravagant performance, or a slip in tone or style anywhere. Kurt Russell and Kathleen Quinlan play a Boston yuppie couple crossing the country in a red Jeep Cherokee, a perfectly fashionable and competent car that mysteriously breaks down on the open road. In the middle of nowhere, Quinlan, trying to get help, climbs into a passing truck. And promptly disappears. Has she been kidnapped? The truckdriver (J. T. Walsh) had seemed friendly enough. In his polo shirt and slacks, Russell enters a fly-specked "café," and the people hunkering over food stare at him as if he had stepped out of a Martian spaceship. Are they hostile or just indifferent? Has he become paranoid, or is he just a loser? He can't tell, and neither can we. Russell's loss of confidence is both social and metaphysical; the breakdown is complete. Compare *Breakdown* with the typical big-scale action picture of the nineties *(The Rock, The Fifth Element)*, in which everything is exaggerated or burlesqued and the shots are thrown together from nowhere to nowhere. Making his first feature, the director Jonathan Mostow doesn't overstate anything; he sticks to his business, gets us cleanly and coherently from one place to another, and pulls the line of tension taut. Since Mostow confines us to Russell's point of view, we experience each shock, each puzzling hostile situation, as he does. Mostow restores the world to its normal dimensions, and does the old forgotten movie work of convincing us that what he's shown us could actually have happened. (Denby; 5/26/97) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Buddy—Rene Russo stars as Gertrude Litz, an eccentric New Yorker who lived with her beloved apes in her Brooklyn home. Directed by Caroline Thompson. (1 hr. 24 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street East; Gemini; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious

One-Shot
Under Suspicion

Fritz Lang's unparalleled 1931 psychodrama about a Düsseldorf serial killer was originally titled 'Murderer Among Us.' Lang reslugged it 'M' to avert problems with the Nazi Party, whose members were convinced the film was about them. See it in its most completely restored version yet at Film Forum, June 13–19.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph courtesy of Kino International.

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carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Con Air—See David Denby, p. 51. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**The Daytrippers**—A suburban woman (Hope Davis) happily married to a New York publishing executive (Stanley Tucci) discovers a mysterious love letter in her husband's things. Is he having an affair? With her dissatisfied parents, her bickering sister, and her sister's boyfriend improbably in tow, she searches through Manhattan for her husband, who seems to be spending the day with his lover. Writer-director Greg Mottola shares with David O. Russell, the director of *Flirting With Disaster,* a satiric, picaresque style—loosely inclusive, chatty, naggingly funny. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Designated Mourner—David Hare's adaptation of the Wallace Shawn play about the cultural elite. With Mike Nichols, Miranda Richardson, and David de Keyser. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Diary of a Seducer—A young woman (Chiara Mastroianni) borrows a copy of Kierkegaard's novel *Diary of a Seducer,* which begins to affect her—and everyone who comes into contact with it—strangely. Written and directed by Daniele Dubroux. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Dust of Life—Rachid Bouchareb's fact-based drama about a 13-year-old Amerasian boy in Saigon who longs to escape to America. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

End of Summer—An aging artist (Jacqueline Bisset), vacationing at her summer resort, is reunited with the love of her life—and finds herself vying for his affections. Directed by Linda Yellen. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Fathers' Day—Here are two of the most original talents in the country, Robin Williams and Billy Crystal, joined together in another remake of a French farce. Nastassja Kinski's 16-year-old son runs away, so she enlists the help of two former boyfriends, Billy (a Los Angeles lawyer-prig) and Robin (a Berkeley loser), convincing each that he might be the boy's father. The two men meet and instantly loathe each other, but they join forces, and they almost become friends. Oh, such wonderful adventures they have! They enter rock clubs with as much discomfort as if they had wandered into an inferno. Then there is the great sequence in which Billy Crystal's wife hears, on the telephone, that the boy is in the shower, and concludes that Billy is having a homosexual adventure. The jokes are beyond square; they're almost cubic. Isn't it a little early for comics who are this young to be warming up for a Jack Lemmon–Walter Matthau picture? (Denby; 5/26/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Female Perversions—A successful woman falls prey to her many neuroses and wanders into various affairs. Based on the nonfiction book by psychoanalyst Louise J. Kaplan. Directed by Susan Streitfeld. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Fetishes—Nick Broomfield's documentary about Manhattan's S&M underworld. (NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Fifth Element—About everything and nothing, *The Fifth Element* is the dream project of the noisily ungifted French director Luc Besson, a man trying awfully hard to make American "event" movies; Besson imagines that the way to make them is to put every goddamn thing in the world into them. The movie is set (mostly) in the twenty-third century, and one of its few successful elements is an animated version of a future Manhattan, with traffic whizzing through the air at many different levels and fast-food stands suspended from the sides of buildings way up high, maybe a mile from the ground. Bruce Willis is the master of this high-flown chaos; he does his hairy-ape prole-everyman thing, and he's very good at it—relaxed, modest, with that familiar smirk that says, "I'm ready for anything." Willis plays some sort of defrocked special agent reduced to driving a cab, and into his lap falls a beautiful female creature who has been restored from DNA. At the same time, great actors stand around projecting bits of business into a void—Ian Holm, fussing and giggling as a benevolent priest, and Gary Oldman, straight hair flapping to the side like Hitler's, vamping the camera in ecstasies of nastiness. Except for Willis, *The Fifth Element* is a carnival of geeks, and though a few moments are funny, you may feel an immense weariness. (Denby; 5/19/97) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Plaza.*

Flamenco—Director Carlos Saura assembled 300 singers, dancers, and musicians in his love letter to the Spanish dance. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Gone Fishin'—Joe Pesci and Danny Glover play two fishermen who vacation in the Florida Everglades and wind up in mortal danger. Directed by Christopher Cain. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Brooklyn Heights; Plaza .*

★**Grosse Pointe Blank**—John Cusack plays a professional assassin who goes home to his ten-year high-school reunion and picks up with the girl he abandoned on prom night. The premise is no more than a joke, but it's a good joke. Cusack's character, Martin Blank, conducts himself as though he had a completely normal job. Martin has pushy clients, he has supply problems, and he has rivals who want to dominate him. Depressed, and worried that he has chosen the wrong line of work, Martin goes to a shrink, the great Dr. Oatman, who is very frightened of his troubled patient. That John Cusack was likable became as clear as early as *Say Anything;* that he was a terrific film actor became obvious in *The Grifters.* Now it's evident as well that he knows how to be a movie star. With his long, pale face and small mouth, Cusack can look like a degenerate or a choir boy, and his smoky voice has surprising registers. He's very adroit with tiny, rapid shifts of mood, from mild mockery to sweet literalness and then back again. *Grosse Pointe Blank* is as funny as *Get Shorty* and as hip as *Pulp Fiction,* though not as sleek and high-powered as the first or as ostentatiously ironic as the second. It's a real charmer—a dark comedy that is too romantic and affectionate to be called black. Directed by George Armitage. (Denby; 4/28/97) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

★**Irma Vep**—Like Truffaut's *Day for Night,* this is a movie about the making of a movie. Jean-Pierre Léaud, who starred in Truffaut's *The Four Hundred Blows,* plays the (fictional) director René Vidal, a fading genius who has been asked by French TV to undertake a hopeless project—a remake of the French silent classic *Les Vampires.* Directed by the legendary Louis Feuillade, *Les Vampires* is about a gang of cat burglars led by the music-hall performer Irma Vep (an anagram of vampire). Vidal wants to recapture Feuillade's simplicity and poetry. He casts as Irma Vep not a French actress but a star of Hong Kong quickie action movies (Maggie Cheung, a real Hong Kong star) who he thinks has the grace to play the role. Olivier Assayas, who both wrote and directed, keeps the personal and professional disasters moving at an extraordinary pace, and the movie becomes a kind of comedy of catastrophe. Assayas seems to be getting at widely shared character flaws—egotism and vanity as well as intellectual pretension substituting for creativity. (Denby; 5/5/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Kolya**—The hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband— is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of *Kramer vs. Kramer,*

Opening Water World

In the Keanu-less sequel to *Speed,* Sandra Bullock gets bumped up to hero status as she battles the plagiaristic terrorist Willem Dafoe, who has rigged a *cruise ship* with explosives. *Speed 2*—with Jason Patric graciously assuming Bullock's sidekick duties—opens Friday.

Photograph by Ron Phillips/20th Century Fox.

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though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Screening Room; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Lost World—At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park,* journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the secret island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough) sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs; the movie becomes a simple chase and hunt, with characters we don't care about moving through the night and getting lost and then picked off in jungles or fields. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the tendency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs. ; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The adaptation of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play about the enduring friendships among eight gay men. Directed by Joe Mantello. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Mondo—The adventures of a young gypsy boy in Nice. Directed by Tony Gatlif. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Night Falls on Manhattan—In Sidney Lumet's twenty-ninth movie set in New York, a veteran Queens cop (Ian Holm) gets shot three times when attempting to arrest a notorious Harlem drug dealer. The dealer, who has been paying off cops for years, surrenders himself to a William Kunstler–type liberal lawyer (Richard Dreyfuss), and the case goes to trial. The D.A. wants to improve his own chances for re-election, so he seizes on the wounded cop's son (Andy Garcia), a young prosecutor, to try the case. The trial and its aftermath sorely test the idealism of the young prosecutor, whose own father may be involved in corruption. Is moral behavior in public office possible, or even desirable? Does compromise necessarily destroy the compromiser? The movie wrestles with these familiar Lumet themes, but what it's really about is Lumet's fantasy of New York. *Night Falls on Manhattan* is never dull, and there are some touching moments, but one wishes it had been done with more precision, more quiet observation, and more taste. (Denby; 6/2/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; 72nd St. East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Nowhere—The final installment in Gregg Araki's "Teen Apocalypse Trilogy." With James Duval, Kathleen Robertson, and Jeremy Jordan. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman (Vivian Wu) with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Ponette**—Exquisitely molded faces, softened by natural light; Rubenesque lips, ripe and full; an enormous seriousness and responsibility before the world's sorrows—the children in *Ponette* are very beautiful, and perhaps beauty at this level of intensity is all we need. The 4-year-old girl Ponette (Victoire Thivisol) has lost her mother in a car crash, and writer-director Jacques Doillon tells the story of her grief entirely from her point of view. Ponette's father, young and tense, conscious of his responsibility yet also terrified, tries

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-Graham Fuller, INTERVIEW

"Peter Fonda gives the performance of his career!"
-David Ansen, NEWSWEEK

"'Ulee's Gold' stands out for its sureness, its quiet emotional force, and as always, Nunez's ability to find and nurture the mystery and the power in the events of an ordinary life."
-Kenneth Turan, LOS ANGELES TIMES

"A triumph for writer/director Victor Nunez."
-PREMIERE MAGAZINE

"The finest piece of acting Fonda has ever done."
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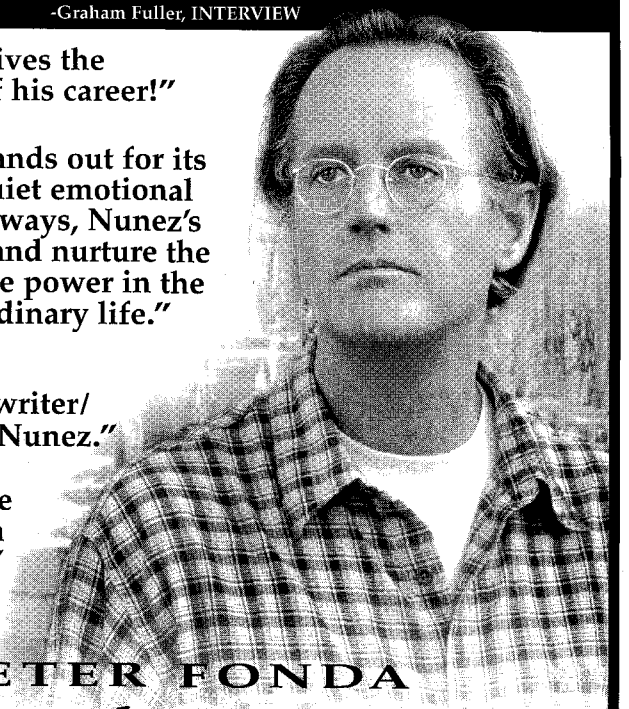

PETER FONDA
ULEE'S GOLD

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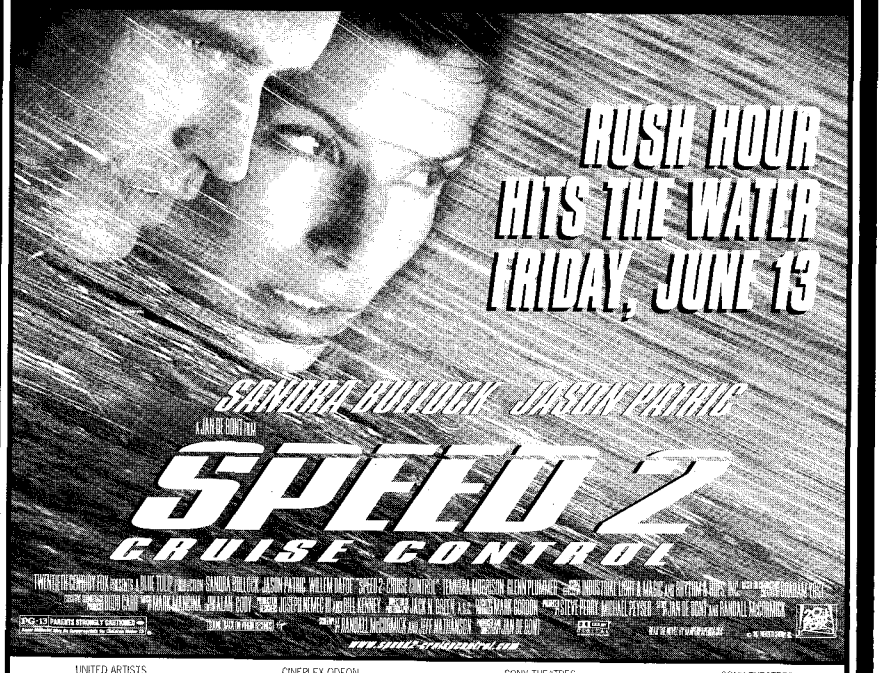

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to console his daughter but then leaves, dumping the girl into the arms of her aunt, who lives in the country somewhere in the French Alps. The aunt does all she can, and so do Ponette's cousins, especially little curly-haired Mathias (Matiaz Bureau), who offers his protection with romantic tenderness and the readiness of a cavalier. But Ponette still has to bear up by herself. She does so by not letting go of her sorrow, holding to her grief as closely as she does to her little rag doll. Jacques Doillon keeps the camera low to the ground and respectfully records lengthy conversations among the children, their metaphysical speculations and their ideas about marriage and love and singleness. Shot in the country, much of the movie is physically beautiful, and one has to say that these are exceptional, even idealized, children. Except for one moment, they don't chant, and I heard no poopy-doopy jokes, no Barney chatter. Neither pop culture nor vulgarity has touched them. Despite its concentration on grief, the movie is something of an idyll; the children are seen as profoundly serious. Doillon doesn't offer any "mature" view of death because, of course, there isn't any. Ponette manages her unbearable loss as well as anyone ever does. Flinching from nothing, she's a true heroine. (Denby; 6/9/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*.

★**La Promesse**—Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. The two bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial wasteland. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him. Directed by Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Rough Magic—Bridget Fonda plays a magician's assistant trying to solve the mystery of her instructor's murder. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *62nd and Broadway.*

Speed 2: Cruise Control—Sandra Bullock and Jason Patric star in this sequel to *Speed;* this time, a mad terrorist has rigged a *cruise ship* with dynamite. Directed by Jan De Bont. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Squeeze—A drama about three at-risk 13-year-olds who are desperately trying to avoid the lure of street life. Directed by Robert Patton-Spruill. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Temptress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

'Til There Was You—Dylan McDermott and Jeanne Tripplehorn are two singles who are fated for each other, though both remain blissfully unaware. Directed by Scott Winant. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Beekman; Orpheum 7.*

Timothy Leary's Dead—A documentary about the life and death of the acid guru. (2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Trial and Error—Michael Richards stars as an actor who impersonates a lawyer. Directed by Jonathan Lynn. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Ulee's Gold—See David Denby, p. 51. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

The Van—Two unemployed Irishmen start a fish-and-chips business, and endanger their friendship in the process. With Colm Meany. Written by Roddy Doyle. Directed by Stephen Frears. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

Wedding Bell Blues—Paulina Porizkova, Illeana Douglas, and Julie Warner are three women who decide to head to Vegas to get married and then divorced—just so they can say they were married before turning 30. Directed by Dana Lustig. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off; Chasing Amy; Ponette; The Pillow Book; The Van.* Opening 6/13: *Temptress Moon.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Lost World.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The Harder They Come; Fetishes.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Irma Vep.* Opening 6/11: *Dust of Life. (See also* "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

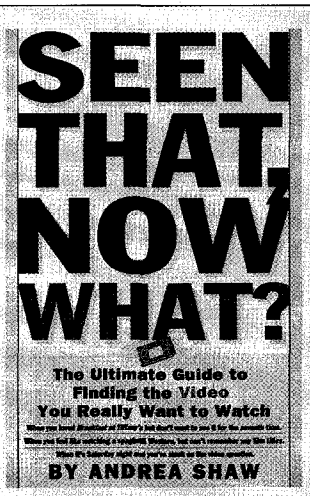
Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Female Perversions; Mondo; Nowhere; La Promesse; Timothy Leary's Dead.* Opening 6/13: *End of Summer.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *When We Were Kings; Kolya. (See also* "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Addicted to Love; Bliss; Con Air; The Daytrippers; The Designated Mourner; Gone Fishin'.*

Data Alternate Viewing

For those vexed by the splashy yet unstimulating films currently monopolizing local multiplexes (*The Lost World* on *every* screen at 34th Street Showplace?), relief is at hand. In her new book *Seen That, Now What?* (Fireside, $15.95), Andrea Shaw offers a wonderfully inventive spin on the standard video guide: She groups movies by genre, from "Little People Dramas" to "Devil Worship" to "All-Star Disaster Films" to "The Physically Challenged," providing a handy cross-reference for both the disgruntled but genre-loyal viewer and the satisfied customer seeking more of the same. In that spirit, we asked Shaw to provide an array of alternate selections to the current box-office champs—many of which she thinks fall far short of their predecessors.



B.O. BEHEMOTH	LESSER-KNOWN OPTIONS
THE LOST WORLD	In this, the "King Kong" genre, Shaw recommends *It Came From Beneath the Sea* (a giant octopus smothers San Francisco) and *The Beast From Twenty Thousand Fathoms* (a water-dwelling dinosaur obliterates New York), both camp gems from the fifties.
BREAKDOWN	Though Shaw gives the nod to this thriller about a road-tripping yuppie whose wife is abducted, she suggests *The Vanishing*—a far superior 1988 French-Dutch film from which *Breakdown* borrows considerably. (Under *no* circumstances should you rent the Kiefer Sutherland–Sandra Bullock remake!)
'TIL THERE WAS YOU	Instead of this bland romance about two fated lovers who fail to hook up till the movie's almost over, rent 1940's *The Shop Around the Corner,* with Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan as two contentious acquaintances who discover that they're pen pals. Shaw says you could also count any Woody Allen romance, "since the lovers are always missing each other even when they're in the same room."
TRIAL AND ERROR	Shaw thinks any film in which "a zhlub impersonates someone better than himself" is a smarter risk than a courtroom comedy. See 1983's *Trading Places,* with Eddie Murphy as a street hustler who switches life stations with Dan Aykroyd's spoiled stockbroker.
AUSTIN POWERS	Because the movie is so on-target in sending up failed sixties Bond spoofs, Shaw says she can only point the way to older spy spoofs that were actually funny, like the just-released *Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine* (1965) and *Dr. Goldfoot and the Girl Bombs* (1966), both starring Vincent Price as the dashing international man of mystery.

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Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Austin Powers; Buddy; The Fifth Element; Grosse Pointe Blank; Love! Valour! Compassion!; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error.*
Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Breakdown; Night Falls on Manhattan.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Addicted to Love; Austin Powers; Breakdown; The Fifth Element; Love! Valour! Compassion!; Trial and Error.*
34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Night Falls on Manhattan.*
34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Lost World.*
Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Bliss; Buddy; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; 'Til There Was You.*
Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Con Air.*
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Austin Powers; Con Air; Trial and Error.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient.*
Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Kama Sutra; Follow Me Home.*
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Breakdown.*
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Chasing Amy; Ponette.*
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Love! Valour! Compassion!; Ponette; Trial and Error.*
Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Addicted to Love.*
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Buddy; Fathers' Day; The Fifth Element; Love Jones; Murder at 1600; Trial and Error.*
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Gone Fishin'.*
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Chasing Amy.*
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Con Air.*
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Gone Fishin'; Scream; 'Til There Was You.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Con Air.*
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Austin Powers; Sling Blade.*
National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Volcano; Liar Liar.*
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Closed for Renovations.*
State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Addicted to Love; Anaconda; Austin Powers; Night Falls on Manhattan; The Saint.* Opening 6/13: *Squeeze.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Con Air.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Absolute Power; Inventing the Abbotts; Jerry Maguire; Private Parts; Secrets & Lies; That Old Feeling.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Designated Mourner.*
72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Night Falls on Manhattan.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Lost World.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Buddy; Gone Fishin'.*
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *'Til There Was You.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Breakdown; Liar Liar; The Lost World.*
Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Buddy; Donnie Brasco; The Fifth Element.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Brassed Off; Fathers' Day.*
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Addicted to Love; Austin Powers; Con Air; The Fifth Element; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Night Falls on Manhattan.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Rough Magic.*
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Con Air; The Lost World.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers; Diary of a Seducer; Flamenco; Kolya; La Promesse; The Pillow Book.* Opening 6/13: *Temptress Moon.*
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Addicted to Love; Austin Powers; Bliss; Brassed Off; Breakdown; Buddy; Fathers' Day; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Love! Valour! Compassion!; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Addicted to Love; The Fifth Element.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Buddy; Con Air; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Con Air; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World.*
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Lost World.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Van.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Sprung; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan.*
Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *The Lost World; Breakdown.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Night Falls on Manhattan; Sprung; Trial and Error.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World; 'Til There Was You.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Con Air; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Gone Fishin'; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Con Air; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Con Air; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Sprung.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Addicted to Love; Buddy; The Lost World; Trial and Error.*

Photograph by Jerome Plon/Sony Pictures Classics.

Opening
Cat and Mouse

Garance Clavel (left, with Jane Bradbury and Estelle Larrivaz) is Chloé, a heartsick Parisian girl whose desperate search for her lost cat introduces her to a wild network of would-be artistes, benevolent senior citizens, and hipster love interests. 'When the Cat's Away,' a winning, largely improvisational comedy of errors, opens June 20.

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Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Buddy; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Marvin's Room; Private Parts; Star Wars.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Con Air; The Lost World.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Trial and Error.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Con Air; Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Addicted to Love; The Fifth Element; Liar Liar.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Con Air; The Lost World.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; Sprung; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Con Air; Gone Fishin'; Trial and Error.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Buddy; Fathers' Day.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Trial & Error; Breakdown; Con Air; The Fifth Element; The Lost World.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Volcano; The Lost World.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Breakdown; Fathers' Day; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Night Falls on Manhattan; Under the Domim Tree.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Volcano.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; 'Til There Was You; Trial and Error.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Buddy; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Night Falls on Manhattan.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Addicted to Love; Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World; Trial and Error.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Buddy; Con Air; The Lost World; Trial and Error.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Addicted to Love; Breakdown; Buddy; Con Air; The Fifth Element; Gone Fishin'; The Lost World; Night Falls on Manhattan; Trial and Error.*

Happening
Splendor in the Grass

On June 16, *The Wizard of Oz* kicks off the fifth annual—and wildly popular—free-weekly-movie series in Bryant Park. The regulation family fare is tempered with some wonderfully dark stuff this season, like *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?; Sorry, Wrong Number;* and *Vertigo.* (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Music for Silents: Original Soundtracks for Silent Films." 6/14: *Sunrise* (1927) and *Tabu* (1931). 6/15: *The Mysterious Island* (1929) and *Noah's Ark* (1929). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—6/9: *Red Hollywood* (1996). 6/9 and 6/12: *Chronicle of a Disappearance* (1996). 6/10 and 6/11: *The Killer's Mother* (1996). 6/10 and 6/12: *Memories of Frankenstein* (1966–96). 6/11: *The Opening Day of "Close-Up"* (1996) and *Moon Shadow* (1995). 6/12 and 6/14: *Night of the Flood* (1996). 6/13: *Suzaku* (1996), *L'Age d'Or* (1930), and *The Day the Pig Fell Into a Well* (1996). 6/14 and 6/15: *Kids Return* (1996). 6/15: *Foreign Land* (1995). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Hong Kong Films." 6/15 and 6/16: *City on Fire* (1987). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $4.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/16: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). Raindates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Casa La Femme—6/15: *Tampopo* (1986). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Different Light—6/15: *The Wiz* (1978). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—6/11: *Cabin in the Sky* (1943). 6/12: *International Sweethearts of Rhythm* (1986) and *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (1960). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Capra 100." 6/9: "Capra & Langdon." *Long Pants* (1927) and *His First Flame* (1927), and *Saturday Afternoon* (1926). 6/10: *Capra's Science Films* (1950). 6/11: *That Certain Thing* (1928) and *Flight* (1929). 6/12: *A Hole in the Head* (1959) and *Pocketful of Miracles* (1961). Beginning 6/13: Fritz Lang's *M* (1931). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." 6/9: *Devils Don't Dream!* (1996). 6/9 and 6/10: *A Song for Beko* (1992) and *An Act of Conscience* (1997). 6/9, 6/11, and 6/14: *It Ain't Love* (1997). 6/10: *Barizogon* (1996). 6/10 and 6/11: *Ricardo, Miriam, and Fidel* (1996). 6/11: *Paper Heads* (1995). 6/11 and 6/12: *Buddha Bless America* (1996). 6/12: *Stories of Honor and Shame* (1996) with *Bye-Bye Babushka* (1996). 6/12 and 6/13: *The Square Circle* (1996). 6/12–14: *Flame* (1996). 6/13 and 6/15: *Fear and Loathing at Hoover Elementary* (1996) with *New School Order* (1997) and *A Petal* (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—6/10: *Aria* (1986). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $5.50 seniors.

Japan Society—"Yasuzo Masumura Retrospective." 6/10: *The Wife of Seishu Hanaoka* (1967). 6/13: *Vixen* (1969) and *Warehouse* (1969). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Howard Hawks Restored." 6/9: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953) and *Red River* (1948). 6/10: *The Big Sky* (1952) and *Howard Hawks: American Artist* (1977). "The Play's the Thing." 6/9 and 6/14: *Macbeth* (1948). 6/9 and 6/10: *Macbeth* (1960). 6/10: *Hamlet* (1976) and *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929). 6/12: *Hamlet* (1964). 6/12 and 6/13: *Hamlet* (1948). 6/15: *Othello* (1965). "Salaam Cinema! The Films of Mohsen Makhmalbaf." 6/13: *The Cyclist* (1989) and *Moment of Innocence/The Bread and the Vase* (1996). 6/13 and 6/15: *The Peddler* (1987). 6/14: *Once Upon a Time, Cinema* (1992) and *Time of Love* (1990). 6/14 and 6/15: *Stardust Stricken. Mohsen Makhmalbaf: A Portrait* (1996). 6/15: *Fleeing From Evil to God/Seeking Refuge in God* (1984). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock." 6/13–6/29: *The House Where Time Stopped* (1955), *Revenge* (1955), and *Incident at a Corner* (1960). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival—Through 6/15 at the Joseph Papp Public Theater (425 Lafayette St.) and the New York Film Academy (100 E. 17th St.). For info. and complete schedule, call 260-2400; $8.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Golden Voices/Silver Screen," with live cabaret keyed to the movie. 6/10: *Carousel* (1966). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8.

Photograph by Photofest.

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theater

Theatre Couture...Kim Coles

Broadway

Now Playing

An American Daughter—Wendy Wasserstein's new political comedy. Lynn Thigpen picked up a Tony award for her portrait of a middle-aged, African-American Jewish doctor. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/13/97. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. $20–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/2/97. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—D.L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in like fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize–winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. (Simon: 5/5/97). $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox, Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine, and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy,* set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind.* Winner of the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Photograph by Susan Cook.

Previews

I Do (I Guess)

Second Stage Theatre requests the honor of your presence at 'Something Blue,' a one-woman comedy about a trailer-park-wedding fiasco. (Black tie not *requested.) Opens June 22.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

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The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Little Foxes—Lillian Hellman's best play, where her gift for melodrama functions at full-tilt. Altogether, this is a production that sheds new light on a by now convention-bound and somewhat suspect classic, lifting it to a higher, subtler level of unforgettability. Jack O'Brien's Regina Giddens, as played by Stockard Channing, is not the usual cold and calculating bitch, but a warm and feelingful monster, whose evil has believable psychological and social roots, and who isn't entirely comfortable with it. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/15. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

London Assurance—Brian Bedford stars in Boucicault's 1841 comedy of manners and irresistibly-named characters (Sir Harcourt Courtly, Lady Gay Spanker). $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 4/30/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Steel Pier—Think Atlantic City, 1933: dance marathons, lovebirds, and cotton candy. A new musical by Kander, Ebb, and Thompson, starring Gregory Harrison, Karen Ziemba, Daniel McDonald, and Debra Monk. $35–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/24/97. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—Go down with the ship—and its 1997 Tony award for Best Musical. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Curves be damned! Raquel Welch, whose va-va-voom figure has tormented men for three decades, succeeds Julie Andrews as the sexual palindrome of Broadway—a woman-playing-a-man-playing-a-woman. Written and directed by Blake Edwards; musical adaptation by (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse. Also starring Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Young Man From Atlanta—There's good down-home, Southern-fried atmosphere at the Houston house of Will and Lily Dale Kidder, but where the hell is the play? Rip Torn, terrific when he plays disturbingly shady characters, must here keep reining himself in. Shirley Knight is stuck with the hard task of making a stupid woman lovable, which would tax a much better actress. Once again, the Pulitzer has gone to bogus profundity. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/27/97. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Previews
Camp for the Masses

It's almost midnight at Chelsea's newest S&M restaurant, and Jackie Beat, a full-figured drag queen, is glowering at a dainty helping of scallops. "I didn't understand the whole torture theme until I got a look at these portions," she says, shoving her plate away. She opts for a drink instead. "I'll have a JonBenet," she vamps. Pardon? "Absolut Kurant and 7 Up." Sherry Vine, a mere slip of a drag queen who, as it happens, is wearing a mere slip, ignores her colleague. She's trying to make a point. "This is the test," she says. "Can the club people who saw *Charlie!* and the people who regularly go to Off Broadway *both* enjoy this show?" *Charlie!* was the last show from Theatre Couture, and it was an instant cult sensation, thanks to an irresistible premise—a send-up of all things Charlie (Manson, the Angels, the Tuna, the perfume)—and a witty script. But the all-drag company's newest offering, *Tell-Tale*, aims for something different. A neurotic blend of *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *Paris Is Burning*, *Tell-Tale* reads like a regular play, with characters who slowly develop and a plot that gradually unfolds. "Look," says Jackie. "The first color film was *all about* the color. Then color films were just about what they were about." Why not the same for drag theater? Her co-star nods. Pleased with that analogy, Jackie tries another, something to capture the play's dark mood. "If Theatre Couture is the pop art of theater, then *Charlie!* was the Campbell's soup can and *Tell-Tale* is the electric chair." The table falls silent. "Write that down," says Jackie Beat. She taps her nails expectantly. Tick, tick, tick. *(Tell-Tale opens Friday the 13th at Performance Space 122. For more information, call 477-5288.)*

JENNIFER SENIOR

Off Broadway
Previews and Openings

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Opryland Theatricals presents a two-character musical about the two-year correspondence between Patsy Cline and Texan housewife Louise Seger. The show features more than twenty songs by the country superstar, including the one most favored by wacky presidential candidates as they're making their exits. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/24 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Mark Brokaw, whose subtle direction of *How I Learned to Drive* won him a Drama Desk award, tries his hand at a new comedy by Douglas Carter Beane (author of *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything, Julie Newmar*). $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 6/19 opening. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow Street (629-4656).*

Baby Anger—A yuppie couple's baby boy is cast in an award-winning commercial—as a girl. Quel drag! Presented by Playwrights Horizons, written by Peter Hedges (*What's Eating Gilbert Grape*), and starring Kristen Johnston (*3rd Rock from the Sun*). $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/8. *Anne G. Wilder Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Clean—A married woman falls for a drag queen. A young male teenager pines for a priest. Edwin Sanchez, author of *Trafficking in Broken Hearts*, takes these already-delicate dilemmas and sets them in the potentially unforgiving context of Latino culture and mores. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. 2 and 8, and Sun. at 7. Opens 6/9. Through 7/7. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Great Hall—A new musical about a motley (what else?) crew of immigrants arriving at Ellis Island in

Photograph by Aaron Cobbett.

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the 1920s. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened 6/6. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 23rd St. (352-4474).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—After a long and giddy run at the Greenwich House, the Tectonic Theater production has found a finally home on Off Broadway. From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together a beguiling show about Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Henry VIII—The Shakespeare Marathon, started ten years ago by Joseph Papp, concludes this month with the story of England's most fickle-hearted monarch, coincidentally the season's first production of Shakespeare in Central Park. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 6/13 for a 6/23 opening. Through 7/9. *Delacorte Theatre at Central Park (539-8655).*

Homework—Kim Coles, the thoroughly engaging klutz from *Living Single*, now stars as a thoroughly engaging adolescent in this coming-of-age comedy, which she co-wrote with Charles Randolph-Wright. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Previews began 6/5 for a 6/12 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Jest a Second!—Jewish Repetory Theatre presents James Sherman's sequal to his *Beau Jest*. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

My Night With Reg—The New Group concludes its third season with yet another British import, which the organization's executive producer, Claudia Catania, has suggested should be renamed *A Housewarming Party and Two Wakes*. The dark comedy, which won the 1995 Olivier Award and other assorted accolades, follows six gay men as they contemplate their relationships with the never-seen title character. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. Special performance on 6/9; no performance on 6/14. In previews for a 6/12 opening. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Queens Blvd.—A new comedy about the turmoil wrought by an attractive new roommate. Written by Paul Corrigan, Shubert Award winner for playwriting. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun at 3 and 7. Previews begin 6/10 for a 6/23 opening. No performances on 6/17, 6/24, or 6/29 at 3. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (239-6200).*

Seeking the Genesis—Kia Corthron's newest drama. C Ana, a single mom from the projects who has already lost one of her two sons to gangs and drugs, is confronted with a moral dilemma about how to spare the other. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/17 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Something Blue—The honor of your presence is requested at a trailer-park-wedding fiasco. Written and performed by Michaela Murphy; directed by Tim Blake Nelson. $32.50–$35. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Wed. at 7; Sat. at 2 and 8; Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 6/22 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

You Don't Miss the Water—A collaborative effort from Pulitzer Prize–nominated poet Cornelius Eady and jazz composer Diedre L. Murray. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/18 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (353-3874).*

Now Playing

All My Sons—A fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's classic, starring John Cullum and directed by Barry Edelstein. $45. Tues.—Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 6/29. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Collected Stories—The conflict between the established artist and the adulatory fan who becomes a protégé, disciple, colleague, and friend—and finally threatening rival—is one of those great topics that have fascinated us at least since Paul Bourget's *The Disciple* (1889) through Joe Mankiewicz's movie *All About Eve* (1950) to our time. It resurfaces in Donald Margulies's provocative new play, which confronts the prominent short-story writer Ruth Steiner with her student turned confidante turned competitor Lisa Morrison. As always, Margulies is literate, intellectually stimulating, and able to create characters of both dramatic and human interest. (Simon: 6/1/97). Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Debra Messing and Maria Tucci. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Opened 5/20. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Drop in the Bucket—A dark comedy about two widows, Atlantic City, and the allure of the one-arm bandits. $7–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, and Sun. at 3. Through 6/15. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Fairy Tales—Eric Lane Barnes's naughty musical revue about gay life. Directed by Mark Cannistraro (*Vampire Lesbians of Sodom, Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You*). $12–$30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; and conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pe-

Previews
Growing Pains

Kim Coles, the thoroughly engaging klutz from 'Living Single,' now stars as a thoroughly engaging adolescent in 'Homework,' a coming-of-age comedy she co-wrote with Charles Randolph-Wright. Drawn from the actress's own life, the script makes ample use of Coles's gift for mimicry (she plays about a dozen auxiliary female characters, in addition to her young self) and sparkles with oddball cultural references. To wit: "I don't give a damn what Damita Jo Freeman is wearing. Turn that 'Soul Train' off, and go do your homework." Opens June 12 at HERE theater in SoHo.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

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dophile and self-deluded good ol' boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97). $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience starring Felix A. Pire. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorgio. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Konigsberg *continued from page 37*

Neither the Modoc Nation in Oklahoma nor the one in Oregon has any record of Michael Dorris's ever having been enrolled. Patricia Trolinger, the Modoc-tribe historian, told me that Dorris was probably a descendent of a white man named Dorris whom records show befriended the Modocs on the West Coast just before and after the Modoc War of 1873. "Even so," Trolinger said, "there is no record of a Dorris on the Klamanth allotment roll of 1909, which is very strange."

IN FEBRUARY, DORRIS WAS BACK IN HAZELden. He began to discuss with his friends Plan A and Plan B. Plan A involved enlisting their support to put together a legal-defense team. Plan B was killing himself. He left Hazelden on a pass for an essential leg of his farewell journey—a two-week stop at his mother's home in Louisville. On March 1, he amended his will, writing Sava and Madeline out. He left money in a trust to his three biological daughters. He left $50,000 to his assistant, Sandi Campbell, and a belt buckle to Jimmy Smits. He left a grand piano and a vase to Erdrich (she says the piano was hers to begin with).

Dorris planned to commit suicide in Louisville but decided to wait. A good-bye letter he wrote on February 21 was not sent until later:

> Dear Mother, Aunt Marion, and Aunt Ginny,
>
> I am so very sorry to leave you this way, but finally I believe I have no choice. I am likely to be publicly accused of crimes I did not commit, but I don't think I can endure the humiliation and destruction a trial would necessarily bring to me and to those I love best in the world. If there were any way this tragic situation could be addressed in private, I would defend myself to the hilt—and I would prevail because truth is on my side—but that is not possible.
>
> . . . The apparent withdrawal of kindness toward me by Louise, and the fact that at least for now Persia and Pallas have been turned against me, leave me isolated and ragged. . . .
>
> I wish we could talk about this, and that I could simply go to sleep in my old room, but that would simply be too hard on you. . . .
>
> Love,
> Michael

DORRIS'S FIRST SUICIDE ATTEMPT, IN THE cottage on Good Friday, came just after he learned that investigators had met with Sava and Madeline. Erdrich was informed of her husband's near-death but did not contact him at the hospital or at the Brattleboro Retreat in Vermont, where he was moved. On April 2, authorities searched Dorris's house in Minneapolis and left with computers, personal notebooks, and a one-year diary with a lock.

A few days later, Dorris's lawyer Doug Kelley was informed that the Hennepin County attorney had sufficient evidence to arrest him. Prosecutors thought they had enough information to prove physical or sexual abuse of four of his children. His lawyer discussed with prosecutors the possibility of copping a plea and said he could bring Dorris back to Minneapolis to turn himself in. According to sources close to the case, Kelley asked county officials for a few days' grace. He had plans for the weekend of the twelfth and thirteenth and promised to deliver Dorris early the next week. The prosecutors said okay.

On Thursday night, April 10, Dorris obtained a pass to leave Brattleboro Retreat. He showed them a brochure with his picture; that night, he was scheduled to speak at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dartmouth's Native American–studies program.

Dorris drove to the Brick Tower Inn in Concord. He lay down on the bed to die. He left a note apologizing to whoever found him for the inconvenience.

LOUISE ERDRICH HAS FOUGHT TO KEEP HENnepin County's charges against Dorris sealed under court order, and she tells friends she feels guilty that she is using her high profile to this effect. For herself and for her family, she has tried to provide answers that will give closure to the matter. She confided to her children that Michael Dorris was himself sexually abused as a young boy, by a priest who taught at his school. Lisa Wayne said Erdrich told her she "felt a sense of relief" when her husband killed himself.

Erdrich has also sought reconciliation with Sava and Madeline, but they will not forgive her. "She had to know that her own blood was being hurt before she did anything," Sava says. "That's not enough." The week before last, Madeline filed a complaint against Dorris's estate and Erdrich. Madeline alleges that Dorris sexually abused her from the time she was 5 years old, and that Erdrich was negligent in allowing this to happen. Sava told me he was considering a similar suit, but that he would rather reconcile out of court. In the end, Erdrich is the one who will have the hardest time extricating herself from this man with such a desire to save people. He was the one who so badly needed to be saved. ■

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art

Stenberg Brothers...Lillian Bassman

Openings

See all those shows you've been planning to go to for *free* during the nineteenth annual **Museum Mile Festival** taking place June 17 from 6 to 9 P.M. on Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 104th Streets. Participating institutions include the Metropolitan, the Guggenheim, the International Center of Photography, the Cooper-Hewitt, the Jewish Museum, El Museo del Barrio, the Goethe-Institut/German Cultural Center, the National Academy, and the Museum of the City of New York.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Elena Climent—New paintings and watercolors on the theme of the house in Mexico City where the artist was raised in the fifties and sixties; through 6/28. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

German Gargano—Expressionistic abstract paintings from the nineties by the Argentine artist; through 6/30. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Bernhard Gutmann—Paintings and watercolors of landscapes, figures, interiors, and still life by the American Impressionist; through 7/11. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

Aric Obrosey—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures of lace patterns, created by cutting or burning out lace patterns on paper or neoprene rubber, or through actual painting or drawing; through 6/28. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Wayne Thiebaud—New paintings; through 6/27. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Peter Waite—Paintings on paper that continue the artist's themes of landscape, interiors, seascapes, graveyards, and buildings; through 7/12. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

57th Street Area

Richard Artschwager—New paintings that depict potatoes in a variety of containers and in the process of becoming increasingly abstract; through 6/28. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Morris Graves—Recent paintings of images from nature; through 7/31. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Joaquín Torres-Garcia—A selection of paintings and drawings executed between 1899 and 1949 from the collection of the artist's grandchildren; through 7/18. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Whitfield Lovell—Large-scale drawings in charcoal and oil-stick that incorporate images of African-Americans based on anonymous studio portraits from the twenties, thirties, and forties; through 7/11. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Paul Marcus/Sue Coe—New paintings by both; through 7/12. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Matisse and Tériade—Collaborative works by Matisse and the writer-publisher Tériade, including three issues of *Verve* devoted to Matisse and edited by Tériade, and their first book, *Lettres Portugaises*; through 6/28. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Masayuki Nagare—Sculptures by the Japanese master stone-carver; through 6/28. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Odd Nerdrum—Recent allegorical paintings by the Norwegian artist; through 6/27. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Ephraim Rubenstein—Recent paintings of figures in interiors; through 7/3. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Thomas Struth/Steve McQueen—Recent photographs taken in Japan/Films. Through 6/28. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Conrad Atkinson—New installations on the themes of identity, nationalism, immigration, and transience; through 7/11. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Nancy Azara—New painted wood sculptures; through 6/28. Donahue/ Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Germaine Brooks/Carey Yates—Paintings of abstracted portraits/Paintings that depict a single image of a bird painted in black on a white background. Through 6/28. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Elaine Lustig Cohen—Recent collages that incorporate vintage photographs; through 6/28. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Crash—New paintings and aluminum serigraphs; through 6/28. Lewin, 136 Prince St. (431-4750).

Dennis Masback—Recent paintings; through 6/28. Radix, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Karen Finley—Three installations and a selection of paintings and drawings by the artist known for her performance work; through 6/28. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Alberto Giacometti—Prints spanning the artist's career; through 6/28. Lust, 61 Sullivan St. (965-0348).

Gilbert & George—A two-gallery exhibition of the English artists' latest collaborative works, a series of photographs of blown-up microscopic images of bodily fluids titled "The Fundamental Pictures"; through 6/28. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753) and Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Joseph Greenberg—Heavily impastoed paintings of New York City views; through 6/28. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Don Hazlitt—Recent paintings that combine free-floating images of architecture, still life, and landscape; through 6/28. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

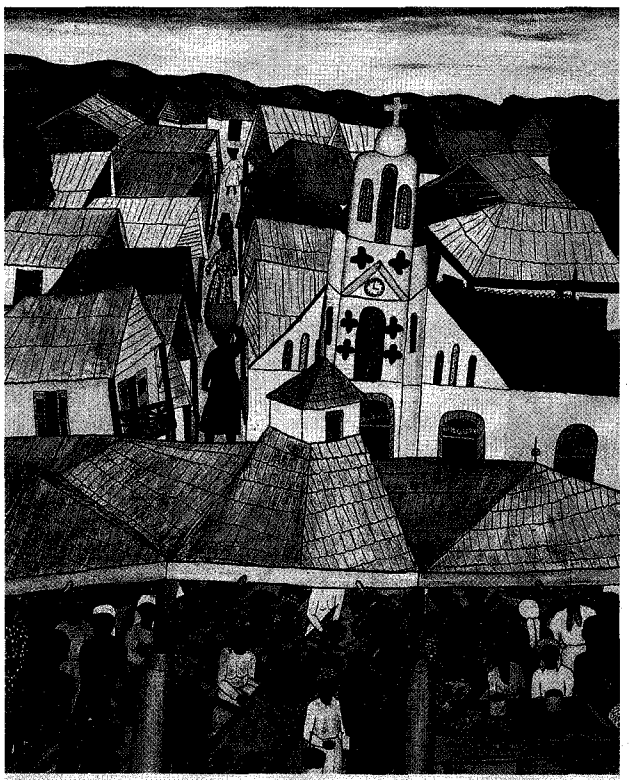
Herzog & De Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Margaret Ponce Israel—Works on paper from the fifties and sixties, including imaginary still lifes, studies of walking figures, and interiors; through 6/26. Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335).

Ed Kerns—Recent abstract paintings; through 6/28. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Stephen Lack—Recent works on paper in which images are pared down to their essential elements; through 6/28. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Alun Leach-Jones—Recent charcoal and pastel drawings shown with tribal art



On View **Somehow, it makes perfect sense that filmmaker Jonathan Demme is attracted to Haitian art (anyone who's made a film like *Something Wild* clearly has an appreciation for the mystical undercurrents of daily life). What's surprising is the range of works he's collected since 1986. Culled from the director's private cache, "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme" spans Haitian art from 1944 (when the American artist DeWitt Peters and his Haitian friends opened the Centre d'Art in the capital city, Port-au-Prince) to the present and includes works by all the masters—Toussaint Auguste, Hector Hyppolite, Philomé Obin—along with equally compelling lesser-knowns. At the Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Avenue; June 12 through August 16.**

Artwork courtesy of The Equitable Gallery.

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from New Guinea; through 7/25. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Ming-Wei Lee—Works that create or document encounters designed to heighten awareness of human interaction; through 7/3. Lombard Fried, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Peter Nagy—Five "altar" assemblages by this artist who has been living mainly in New Delhi since 1992; through 7/25. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Chuck Nanney—Paintings and photographs that draw on the artist's childhood memories; through 6/27. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

Paul Paiement/Sante Scardillo—Recent works on paper by both; through 6/28. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Peggy Preheim—Drawings that transform anonymous Victorian photographs of young children into meticulously rendered reliefs; through 7/3. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Julie Roberts—Paintings that depict medical instruments, period furniture, clothing, and isolated objects in thickly impastoed paint against flat or minimally textured grounds of dense color; through 7/3. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Alexis Rockman—Dioramas of objects, photographs, and painted and sculpted forms embedded in layers of resin; through 6/28. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Donna Rosenthal—Sculptures that take an ironic look at women's traditions, their identities, and the roles imposed upon women by society; through 7/12. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Michael Rouillard/Rainer Splitt—Conceptual paintings by both; through 7/3. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Annika Ström—A video installation by a Swedish artist; through 7/12. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Toshiko Takaezu—Recent ceramic works; through 7/18. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Denyse Thomasos—New large-scale abstract paintings; through 7/25. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Chelsea

Mac Adams/Michael Snow—Color and black-and-white photographs that continue the artist's investigations into the disjunctions between object, shadow, and reflection, and one sculpture that allows a viewer to explore three-dimensionally the ideas implicit in his photographs/A slide installation and holographic works. Through 7/13. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Fabian Burgos—Recernt abstract paintings by an Argentinian artist; through 7/3. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Pamela Harris/Chris Johnson—Paintings of iconic ranch and split-level houses/Paintings whose imagery suggests out-of-focus snapshots taken from movin ; cars. Through 7/18. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Other

Ellen Kozak—Recent abstract paintings by an Ar-Institute, President's Gallery, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3517), Mon.–Fri. 9–4

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). Depictions of roses, with works by Homer, Chase, Sargent, others; through 7/18.

Reinhold Brown—26 E. 78th St. (734-7999). An exhibition focusing on the influence of Russian Constructivism on international graphic design, with works by Anderson, El Lissitzky, Malevich, Matter, Scher, the Stenberg brothers, Weiner, others; through 7/26.

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; 6/12–8/16.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944–1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1341). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpe, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Life drawings by fourteen artists, among them Bartlett, Doyle, Hull, Massad, others; through 7/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

123 Watts —123 Watts St. (219-1428). Works by Bellmer, Fernandez, and Mapplethorpe; through 6/28.

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). Works by Bluhm, Burton, Jaffe, others; through 6/28.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Scratching the Surface," with works by Chong, Hatfield, Sugiura, through 6/28; "Borrowing," with works by Kwon, through 6/28; "Songs of the Island," with works by Katchadoruian, through 6/28.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (966-3970). "Tampering With the Reel," with film, video, and video installations by Bordwin, Lewis, Sogo, Toufic, Yeomans; through 7/19.

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). Works by Altenburger, Cape, Kinmont, others; through 6/28.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). A show that examines an aspect of painting in which certain artists deliberately sabotage the medium in order to revitalize it, with works by Bacon, de Benedetto, Dona, Marcaccio, Stella, others; through 7/19.

Condeso/Lawler—524 Broadway (219-1283). Small abstract paintings by Boothe, Buchwald, Crile, Haub, Pearson, Pinchbeck, Westfall, others; through 6/28.

Exit Art/The First World—Works in various media by ten contemporary Korean artists; through 7/5.

Kern—558 Broadway (965-1706). Paintings, photographs, and drawings by gallery and invited artists; through 6/30.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Closed Circuit," a site-specific project by Silvia Kolbowski that addresses the recent move of a number of SoHo galleries to Chelsea; object-works that allude to craft, design, and performance, by Mack, Rose, Wampler; through 7/12.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Works on paper by Kuitca, Laib, Lasker, Moore, Nauman, Smith, Tuttle, and Vital; 6/13–7/25.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "In Transit 3," with site-specific works by the Swiss artists Sabina Bauman, Karim Noureldin, and Felice Varini; a selection of works by the Swiss artist Dieter Roth; through 7/3.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Paintings by Amer, Byron, Dona, Hollingsworth, Howe, Macias, Schoen; through 7/28.

Chelsea

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Benglis, Fuss, Salle, Spitzer; through 7/31.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Works by Heilmann, Jonas, Koether, Prieto; through 7/31.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). New paintings by Abbott, Featherly, Gonzalez, Ruyter; through 7/13.

Other

Art in the Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251), Thurs.–Sun. 1–6. Digital and media installations by Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace Staten Island (718-448-2500). "After the Fall: Aspects of Abstract Painting Since 1970," with works by Benglis, Kim, McClelland, Purdum, Stella, others; through 6/29.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sat. 12–5. "Home Is Where the Heart Is: Our Family Values," with works by Elliott Bassman, Cathy Cade, Tress, Wertheim, others; through 7/12.

Photography

Mario Algaze—Photographs of Latin American cities; through 7/5. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Lillian Bassman—A retrospective of works by the 80-year-old fashion photographer who began her career at *Harper's Bazaar* as an assistant to the designer Alexey Brodovitch in 1941 and whose innovative graphic effects and mysteriously elegant style helped define the trajectory of fashion photography; 6/17–8/16. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Marilyn Bridges—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Jessica Craig-Martin and Lucas Michael—Two separate series of photographs—one by each artist—that are meant to viewed as a collaborative effort; through 7/25. Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Photographs by the painters Paul Cadmus, Jared French, and Margaret French that were taken during their summers together on the beaches of Fire Island, Provincetown, and Nantucket and during winters back in their New York and New Jersey studios; through 7/11.

Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of his friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Dave Heath—"A Dialogue with Solitude," photography from the sixties; through 6/28. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

Teun Hocks—Black and white photographs; through 6/28. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); $4, $2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7. . . . "Fast Forward: Growing Up in the Shadow of Hollywood, Photographs by Lauren Greenfield." Photographs exploring the youth culture of Los Angeles by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Young Photographer; through 7/13.

Gustav Klutsis—Photomontage by Stalin's favorite poster designer; through 6/28. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Herbert Matter/Mike Disfarmer—Still lifes, landscapes, nudes, and portraits by the Swiss designer (1907–1984)/Black-and-white portraits of local farm families and townspeople taken in the thirties in Heber Springs, Arkansas, where the photographer (1884–1959) had his studio. Through 7/3. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Eadweard Muybridge—Twenty-five collotypes from the photographer's landmark 1887 study, "Human and Animal Locomotion"; through 6/27. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

John Pfahl—New color photographs of Niagara Falls; through 6/30. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Lynn Saville/Andre Kertesz—Nocturnal photographs of deserted New York streets and country roads/Photographs of Paris and New York. Through 6/28. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

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Ozzie Sweet—Photographs of baseball stars; through 7/25. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Pierre Verger—Black-and-white photographs of Brazil in the forties; through 6/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Augustina von Nagel—Photographs of compositions of found images; through 7/3. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/15. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855–1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; 6/11–8/17. . . . "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/20. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part II"; through 6/22. . . . "Cathleen Lewis and Michael Richards: Recent Works." Installation and sculpture by both artists; through 6/22. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Process on Paper—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. . . . "From Pockets to Pouches: Three Centuries of Handbags at the Brooklyn Museum of Art." A selection of historical and period handbags from the museum's own collection; through 6/22. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4 , $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Project: Print." Works by high school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventh-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Rooms With a View: Environments for Video." Video viewing environments by contemporary artists Vito Acconci, Angela Bulloch, Dan Graham, Jorge Pardo, and Tobias Rehberger; through 6/15. . . . "Art/Fashion." 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 6/28. . . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897–1983); 6/17–9/7. . . . "Cartier: 1900–1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . . "The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843–1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . . "American Tonalism: Paintings,

Photography

Own Fashion

Look carefully at Lillian Bassman's fashion photographs and it's clear her thoughts have roamed far beyond the runway. Her models' impossibly long necks and backs evoke Modigliani figures; her diffused light and burned-in edges are the result of tireless darkroom artistry. Take away the Chanel and the Balenciaga and Bassman's images are groundbreaking formal experiments—a quality that did not go unnoticed by *Harper's Bazaar* editor Carmel Snow. "You are not here to make art," goes Snow's famous pronouncement to Bassman in 1949. "You are here to show buttons and bows!" Luckily, Bassman was no stranger to the magazine mentality; before taking up photography, she'd been an assistant to *Harper's Bazaar*'s legendary art director Alexey Brodovitch and the art director of the short-lived *Junior Bazaar*. So she simply did both—and became a favorite with designers who recognized that her moody, elegant visions embodied the enigmatic allure of haute couture. In the mid-seventies, Bassman decided to take a hiatus from magazine work; now, two decades later, the discovery and subsequent reprinting (by Bassman) of previously lost negatives has prompted a renaissance. At 79, she's juggling new assignments and is enjoying a retrospective at the Fashion Institute of Technology (Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; June 17 through August 16), a show of her vintage prints at Gallery 292 (120 Wooster Street; July 1 through August 1), and a new monograph, *Lillian Bassman* (Bulfinch; $50). "Astonish me!" the notoriously demanding Brodovitch used to instruct his photographers. Undoubtedly, Bassman did.

EDITH NEWHALL

Photograph by Lillian Bassman.

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Drawings, Prints, and Photographs"; through 6/29. . . . "The Print in the North: The Age of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden"; through 7/13. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th–19th Century"; through 7/6. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Passion for the Past: The Collection of Bertram K. and Nina Fletcher Little." A collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and furnishings gathered by the Little family over several decades for their eighteenth-century summer retreat, Cogswell's Grant, in Essex, Massachusetts; through 7/6. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . . "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . . "Toward the New Museum of Modern Art: Sketchbooks by Ten Architects." Highlights drawn from the portfolios, sketchbooks, and models of the ten architects asked to submit designs for the museum's expansion and renovation; through 7/8. . . . "Brought to Light: Black Cinema, 1921–1959." Postcards, lobby cards, pressbooks, and heralds that focus on African-American independent cinema, from the collection of James A. Wheeler; through 7/6. . . . "From the Grace M. Mayer Collection." Photographs and prints bequeathed to the museum by its former curator emeritus; through 7/15. . . . "American Photography 1890–1965: From the Collection"; through 7/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Gets Married: Dressing for a Special Day, 1765–1997"; through 6/21. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . . "A Museum for a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"172st Annual Exhibition"; through 6/22. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley;" through 9/13. . . . "Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century"; through 6/28. . . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Speigelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; through 7/6. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"1997 Biennial Exhibition"; through 6/15. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; 6/13–9/28. . . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; 6/11–9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Retrospective
Poster Boys

Teenagers during the Russian Revolution, by their early twenties Georgii and Vladimir Stenberg became the Soviet Union's first graphic-design team. Though it includes examples of their collaborative design work as well as their Constructivist paintings and sculptures, "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Soviet Design" focuses on the brilliant twosome's film and propaganda posters of the twenties and thirties. At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street; through September 2.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 6/12 at 10 and 2: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/7. 6/17 at 10: "American Furniture & Decorative Arts." On view from 6/12.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 6/11 at 10: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/7. 6/12 at 10: "Jewelry." On view from 6/7.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/11 and 6/12 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware & Coins." On view from 6/ 6.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/11 at 10: 15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 6/7. 6/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Modern & Contemporary Paintings." On view from 6/9. 6/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade American Art Deco." On view from 6/7. 6/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Comic Books." On view from 6/11. 6/17 at 10:15 and 6/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 6/14.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/12 at 10:30: "Maps & Atlases, Decorative Graphics, Ephemera." On view from 6/7.

Artwork courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

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restaurants

Brooklyn Book...Beach Eating...Sea Creature

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Object of Desire
East Coast Wrappers

At last, the perfect beach snack for messy Hamptons eaters: dosas, a South Indian import from the Hampton Chutney Co.—sourdough crêpes, made from ground rice and beans and stuffed with local veggies and cheese. Ninety-nine percent fat-free (and less apt to cause unsightly bikini bulges than their oily city cousins), they're already a must-have in this Zip Code. The line starts at the Chutney Co.'s new café, 74 Montauk Highway, Amagansett.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Cae-

Photograph by Erik Rank.

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sar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic processional of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. *417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower bud-

Opening
On a Roll

Jonathan Morr, who scored with his eponymous espresso bars and the noodle shops Republic, tries his charmed hand at the box-lunch market with Sandbox (285 Madison Avenue, near 40th Street). Gourmet sandwiches from the mundane (grilled-chicken Caesar) to the fussy (smoked salmon and egg salad with chives and cucumbers) are prepared by ex–Dean & DeLuca chef John Holm.

Photograph by Robert Wright.

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Happening

Brain Food

True to its name, Redeye Grill has extended its hours and instituted a rare (for midtown) late-night menu, offering smoked and grilled fish till 4 A.M. Fittingly, the after-hours venue also offers live jazz, performed by such downtown comers as trumpeter Warren Vaché, the Ron Affif Trio, and the Randy Johnston Trio (pictured). (890 Seventh Avenue, at 56th Street.)

gets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The *au courant* Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Pitchoune—A cute, tremendously popular neighborhood hangout that attracts fans from all over town for its affordable Provençal-inspired food. Entrées, such as crisp cod with black-olive mashed potatoes, crusted skate with artichokes and barigoule vinaigrette, and filet mignon with ratatouille and polenta in juniper sauce run $14–$17. *226 Third Ave., at 19th St. (614-8641). (M) MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and a new menu from chef Keith Korn offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with corn, pea greens, and hash browns. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian fare served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine.

In Print
Brooklyn's Diners

The borough of Brooklyn has 2.3 million residents, 81 square miles, over a thousand full-service restaurants, and—judging by the new *Brooklyn Eats* (Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce; $12)—a mammoth chip on its shoulder. "We believe," writes Herbert Berman, chair of the City Council's Brooklyn Delegation, "the borough's outstanding eating establishments have been ignored long enough." Clearly, the natives have been nursing an ancient grudge: A century ago, the city of Brooklyn was incorporated into the city of New York, which, in the eyes of the world (and to the consternation of Brooklynites), is now synonymous with Manhattan. Nostalgia for the old Brooklyn—its working-class roots, its baseball team, its hot dogs—has made a smashing success of the Brooklyn Diner USA, scandalously located on Manhattan's tourist-trodden 57th Street, with another soon to open in a Long Island mall. By publishing *Brooklyn Eats*, then, Brooklyn's Chamber of Commerce aims to reinforce the genuine article, hoping not only to lure Manhattanites beyond the familiar portals of Peter Luger and the River Café but also to attract the kind of intrepid out-of-towners who cram Harlem gospel tour buses. It's not such an outlandish idea. "They think theater. They think monuments," Chamber president Kenneth Adams says of the typical tourist. To encourage thinking dinner-in-Brooklyn, copies of the guide—which provides comprehensive, overwhelmingly positive descriptions of over 200 establishments in 26 neighborhoods—will be distributed through the Convention and Visitor Bureau. "It's not our job to give bad reviews of anything," says Adams, distinguishing *Eats* from that other alphabetized guide, the one weighted heavily to restaurants across the river. "We prefer to talk about strengths." Plus, the other guides won't tell you where you can park your car. So there.

ROBIN RAISFELD

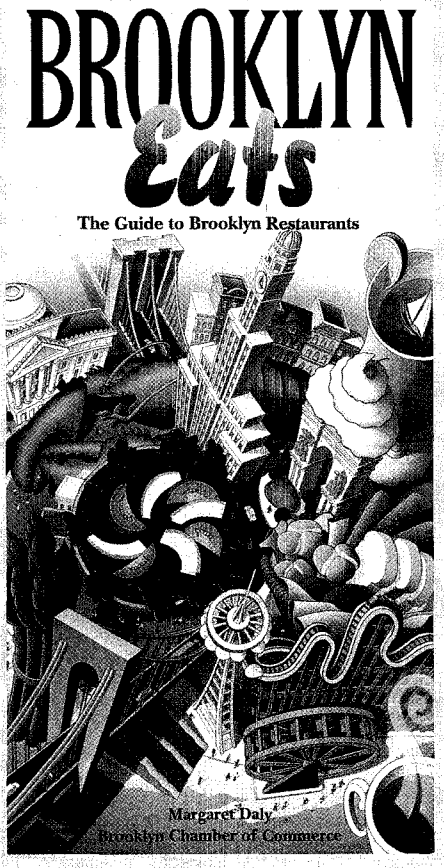

Illustration courtesy of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

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Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant-lounge-sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. *33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like grilled swordfish with basil mashed potatoes and pan-roasted Moroccan crusted salmon. For postprandial excitement, rent a rowboat or a gondola. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This

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place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed French fare—like the appetizer of Dungeness-crab risotto with glazed salmon—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

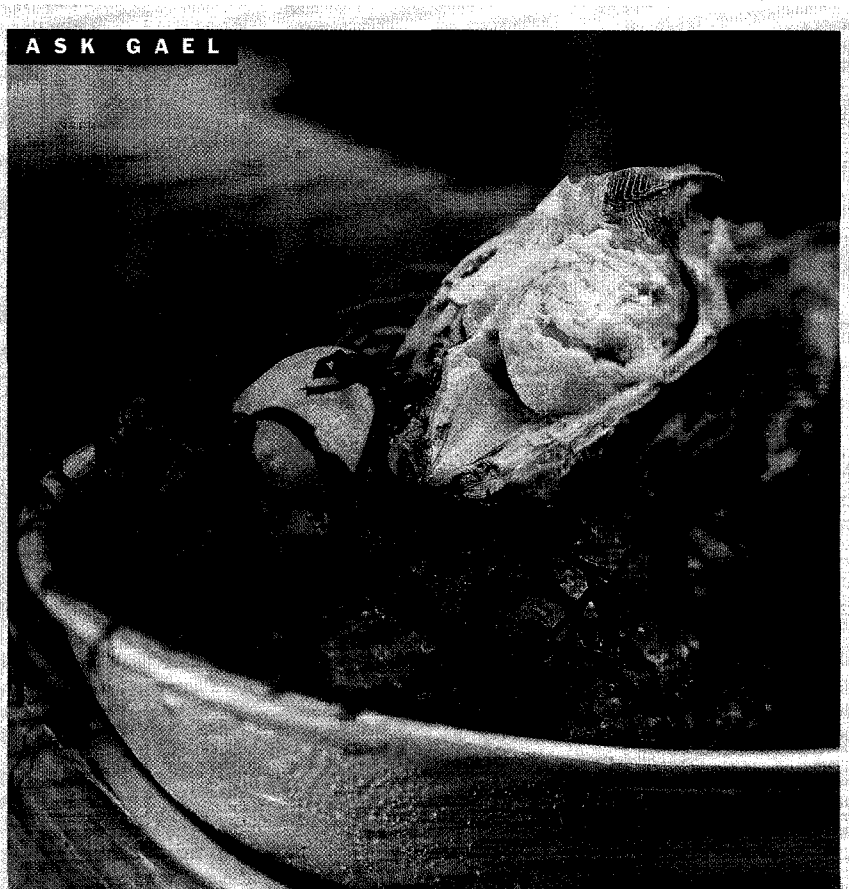
Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*



What's the newest taste thrill?

Wild Edibles imports the barnacle-like Pico Roco live by air twice a week from Chile. It looks like the tip of a stalagmite or an alien oyster, gray and craggy. The pure white meat has the lush voluptuousness of the best crab, with a lining that's squishy, like sea urchin, but sweetly mild. Astonishing as is, or with mayonnaise and a squirt of lemon. Sample it at Blue Ribbon or on Balthazar's shellfish platter. Or pick some up already cooked at Wild Edibles retail shop, $8.95 each. (255 Elizabeth Street.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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Sales *continued from page 29*

go away somewhere," Daniel says, "where she couldn't do all the things she was doing in the city." With all her friends in school, and on pins and needles waiting to hear where she was going next, "She had nothing to do, that's why she was out so late at night," says Dutchie. "That's why she was going crazy."

WHILE DAPHNE WAS GETTING INTO TROUBLE, Chris Vasquez was trying to duck it; but as always he was having a hard time. A week before the murder, he was apparently jumped on the No. 6 train by about six kids from the Wagner. They stole his money, ECV kids say, and "beat him down." "He asked us to help him go find them," says Shorty, another member of ECV, "but we didn't know who they were, we didn't know what they looked like." And anyway, as they had recently made it abundantly clear to Chris, he wasn't "down" with them.

It was not until after he was robbed on the train that Chris started carrying the hunting knife that allegedly killed Michael McMorrow. Chris had collected knives; the police found several in his bedroom. But he had never toted a weapon on a regular basis before. When ECV failed to "get his back"—fight for him—after the most recent attack, then perhaps it sunk in that he was, indeed, without a crew, and that if he didn't defend himself, no one would.

He seemed stressed out. "I know an easy place to get liquor," says Daniel, "and he was always like, Do you want to go there? He was starting to become an alcoholic pretty quickly."

When Daphne and Chris met, in Central Park, just a few weeks before the murder, they were drawn to each other, but the relationship was never romantic. They quickly became "chilling" companions, meeting up after school and heading out into the parks, Central or Carl Schurz, to drink forties and smoke blunts together. Their brief friendship seems to have been based, in part, on a mutual feeling of rejection. "I think he thought she was cool because she did whatever she wanted, she didn't give a fuck what anybody thought, not even her parents," says Dutchie. For Daphne, Chris may have been a new fan club of one. "Chris was ostracized," says Vader. "To chill with him, there must have been something about Daphne that felt ostracized too. And like, this guy that they killed was also a weirdo."

Kids do think it's weird that Michael McMorrow was drinking beer with Daphne and Chris late at night, or any time. "I've seen older people try and do that," says a Columbia Prep student, Jay, 16. "They buy beer for you or whatever and they have no friends, so they try and latch on to you, but you don't let them. If you're a kid you don't want to hang out with a 40-year-old."

But from a recent account in the New York *Times*, it appears that Daphne was the one who approached McMorrow first. "Hi, remember me? . . . Daphne from rehab?" McMorrow, who lived with his aged mother, was by all accounts a mild, sweet man with an abiding drinking problem. He often sat in Strawberry Fields at night reading the newspaper under the lamps. Eventually McMorrow would make his way over to the group of adults he hung out with on a small lawn to the north of the Meadow. McMorrow felt at home with this tipsy crowd of homeless people and assorted characters—but there were rarely, if ever, kids there.

"He would show up roaring drunk," says Mickey, a retired Vietnam vet who knew McMorrow well. "But he would never be violent. He would make you laugh and then he would make you laugh some more. Somebody would say something and he would point at them and shout, 'Madness! Has the whole world gone mad?' " Mickey pulls out a picture of a midnight popcorn party the group had several months ago. McMorrow sits slumped over on a bench in a baseball cap, beer in hand, smiling sadly.

Some reports have speculated that Daphne and Chris dropped acid the night of the murder. McMorrow had been arrested five times on drug charges. A source close to the case says the dead man sold acid. "So what?" his buddy Mickey snaps. "I sell a little weed on the side myself."

AROUND 3 P.M. ON THE DAY OF THE MURder, Daphne ran up to two older boys at Madison Avenue and 82nd Street. "Yo, Will, I'm Daphne, remember me? Can you get me a forty and Phillies? . . ."

Will and his friend Pino, 20, agreed to go into a nearby deli and buy Daphne Phillies, cigars for rolling blunts in; and forties, 40-ounce bottles of beer.

"I was like, 'Wow, you're really cool,' " Will says he told Daphne sarcastically, handing her the change. " 'I don't drink forties at three o'clock.' "

But Daphne had been drinking, her classmates say, since noon that day. "Word," she slurred, ignoring Will's tone. "I can't wait to get fucked up."

"I saw them on Thursday, around 4 P.M., in Carl Schurz Park," says Lcee. "They were drinking. They were over by the benches down by the basketball court. Daphne was trying to get with her ex-boyfriend, Nick. She was in love with him, this white kid with slicked-back hair. Daphne fell in love with him. Nick broke up with her—he kept breaking up with her. 'Nick, don't you like me, you have a problem with me?' she was saying. Chris was just over there drinking and eating Pringles. Chris didn't care."

CHRIS AND DAPHNE ARE THE ONLY ONES who know how the rest of the night unfolded. Daphne's lawyer, Benjamin Brafman, is already distancing her from the murder, calling for separate trials, even suggesting his client wasn't present when Michael McMorrow was killed. Chris's attorney, Arnold Kriss, has suggested that Chris acted in self-defense.

Among private-school kids, the case is now a constant source of conversation. Many say that if, as Daphne claimed in her initial meeting with police, McMorrow came on to her, then they would feel it entirely justified of Chris to kill him. "If I was in the park with a girlfriend and some weird fat man started touching her, I would do that," says a 15-year-old crew member, Tommy. "Anybody here would."

"I wouldn't kill him—I would fuck with him, I would hit him," says Will. "I'd kill him," says Sam. "It would be fun."

But many kids also say they don't believe anything sexual precipitated the murder. Looking at it through the lens of crew life, they see a robbery gone wrong as a more likely scenario. "They were trying to rob the guy, straight up," speculates Pete, "and he reacted and it got out of hand."

Daphne admitted to police that she did, in fact, rob McMorrow, taking his money out of his wallet. Friends of McMorrow's in the park say that, often when drunk, he would nod off. "Say he woke up and said, 'What are you doing, you little punks?' " says Seamus. "Whatever they tried to do, McMorrow was a big guy—he could have given them a good fight."

Another crew member, Sharif, 19, has a different take on the killing: "It's always those people who get harassed and picked on who flip the fuck out."

One day last week, Daphne called her friend Whitney from the Spofford Juvenile Center. "I said, 'What the hell happened?' " says Whitney. "And she said, 'Look, I'm not allowed to talk about it.' Then I told her I was going to write a letter to Chris to tell him he was in my prayers, and she told me those two are, like, competing against each other. She said it's her versus him now." ■

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nightlife

Art Ensemble of Chicago...Yeats, Rocker

Concerts

"Blues Music Festival"—Like one of those "Mad Libs" games recommended for players aged 8 to 88, blues is the least ageist American-music genre, welcoming 16-year-olds and septuagenarians alike. Representing the teen set in this lineup is sulkily handsome guitar prodigy Jonny Lang; B. B. King stands at the other extreme of the age spectrum; while Robert Cray and Tower of Power occupy the territory in the middle. 6/12 at 7 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $50–$60.*

"A Tribute to the Songs of Jacques Brel"—*Vive le fromage!* Singer Sheera Ben-David and pianist Adam Ben-David perform works by Brel, Sondheim, and Richard Rodgers. 6/15 at 7:30 P.M. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $15.*

Central Park Summerstage—The great New York institution, in its twelfth year, with a Brazilian-music festival (6/18–23), thrown in for good measure. All events free unless otherwise designated. 6/15 at 3 P.M.: Buckwheat Zydeco. 6/16 at 5:30 P.M.: Art Garfunkel; Buckwheat Zydeco; Tom Chapin. ($20). 6/18 at 7 P.M.: Caseabulho; Lenine e Suzano. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS).*

Guiness Fleadh—Irish (or kinda Irish) rock on four stages, twelve hours a day, for two days. That makes 96 rock-hours of Celtic craziness. Highlights include Sinéad O'Connor, Shane MacGowan, Soul Asylum, and Tommy Makem (6/14); Natalie Merchant, Suzanne Vega, Freedy Johnston, and Ben Lee (6/15); and Van Morrison (both days). 6/14–6/15 at 11 A.M. *Randalls Island (307-7171). $40 per day; $70 for a two-day pass.*

Dave Matthews Band—With Bela Fleck & the Flecktones. 6/10–6/11 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I. (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

The Moody Blues—First Grand Funk Railroad teamed up with the Sarajevo Symphony Orchestra, and now these fellow has-beens are hanging with the Long Island Philharmonic. That's *classic* rock, guys. Not *classical*. 6/13 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I. (212-307-7171). $39.*

"Ozzfest '97"—Hours and hours of Satan worshipin', leather wearin', and blood drinkin' (just kidding about the latter), courtesy of a reunited Ozzy Osbourne and Black Sabbath, Marilyn Manson, Pantera, and Fear Factory. 6/15 at 3 P.M. *Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $40.*

Donna Summer—Put on your roller skates and boogie in the dunes! 6/14 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I. (212-307-7171). $35.*

Performance
Devil May Care

From Ozzy to Alice to Marilyn Manson, you can always count on ol' Satan to cause a stir—and boost ticket sales. As recently as last month, the state of New Jersey was so dedicated to fighting the Great Deceiver that its Sports and Exposition Authority attempted to cancel OzzFest '97 (Giants Stadium, June 15) because of Manson's scheduled appearance. Now the concert will proceed apace, with Pantera, Type O Negative, Ozzy Osbourne's reunited black-metal outfit Black Sabbath, and—thanks to several First Amendment citations—Marilyn Manson.

Clubland

Acme Underground—The club formerly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 6/12: The Descendents were one of the great punk bands of the eighties. Do they need a tribute band? Coolidge answers the question. 6/18: Huffamoose. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Music in the Anchorage—In its summertime moonlighting gig as the city's coolest music venue, the stone and brick structure that anchors the Brooklyn Bridge's suspension cables puts the ambience in "ambient," with soaring, vaulted ceilings and multimedia art installations. 6/12: Texturally brilliant Indian-music-techno hybridist Talvin Singh opens for experimentally minded former Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid. 6/13: Bill Laswell's Praxis. 6/14: Ninja Tune records' "Stealth Tour." *The Anchorage, inside the Brooklyn Bridge, Front St., Brooklyn (212-206-6674, ext. 252). $10–$20.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hipish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 6/17: Sheryl Crow manquée Amanda Marshall. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 6/10: Graham Parker & the Figgs; Kim Richey. 6/11: "Honey, We Have to Talk: Love Songs for the Romantically Impaired." Christine Lavin; David Buskin; Emily Wheeler. 6/12: Tom T. Hall; Billy Joe Shaver. 6/13: Ed Palermo & His Big Band play music of Frank Zappa. 6/14: Toshi Reagon. 6/17: Andy Statman Quartet. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 6/10: Quirky, punky roots-country quartet the Haynes Boys. 6/15: Boston's complex, art-pop Karate. 6/17: The Nick Drake–meets–Sebadoh stylings of John Darnielle's mostly one-man "band," the Mountain Goats. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Coney Island High—The nitro-fueled, jet-powered Supersuckers recently recorded an album with country-guitar underdog Steve Earle. Though Earle isn't joining the 'Suckers for this tour, the band is adding a number of straight-country tunes to its cowpunk set, 6/21. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—Many a rock fan loves longtime local legends Antietam as stalwarts of a scene mostly gone from New York. Some consider their music tired blues-rock masquerading behind a pretentious façade of arty, downtown poses. Join the debate, 6/12. With Ida and Retsin. 6/13: Top-notch herky-jerky proto-punk revivalism, courtesy of Baltimore's Candy Machine. 6/14: The Toasters. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," fea-

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turing veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 6/10: Benefit for "Share Our Strength." Sun Ra guitarist Bruce Edwards; Dizzy Gillespie sideman Sayyd; Kurt Elling. 6/13: Mehuman Johnson. 6/15: Beat Positive; Dave's True Story. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—6/13, get in on a cheaper date than the OzzFest, with all the latter's bad-seventies nostalgia—thanks to Mötörhead—and its cheap-horror-show thrills, courtesy of eighties never-weres W.A.S.P. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 6/13: Woodstock-vet folkie Richie Havens. 6/14: Smog, a midwestern duo whose best song was the scratchy anti-hit single "A Hit." With Cat Power. 6/15: David Krakauer's Klezmer Madness. (For dates during the Texaco New York Jazz Festival, 6/16–6/30, see Jazz listings.) *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 6/11: Cake Like. 6/12: Papas Fritas, Boston trio that serves up some of the catchiest guitar-and-keyboard pop this side of Elton John; dig their "Hey Hey You Say" for proof that electronic dance music isn't the only thing out there worth boogieing to. With That Dog. 6/14: Apples In Stereo play elaborately orchestrated pop using everything from a singing saw to toy pianos to get the job done. With Poole. 6/17–6/18: Katell Keinig. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 6/12: Local broken-legged country-punker Tom Clark. 6/13: Richard X Heyman. 6/14: Ann Klein. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 6/10: Yellowman. 6/11: "Eargasms Live," spoken word with Last Poet Abiom Oyewole, Saul Williams, and Rha Goddess. 6/12: Belizbeha. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 6/12: Toots & the Maytals. 6/13: Buckwheat Zydeco. 6/16: Lost Boyz—hip-hoppers with a live band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," and jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 6/12: "The Virginia Slam #1," a concert protesting Phillip Morris's new record label, Woman Thing Music. 6/13: Fatty Lumpkin. 6/18: Mad Professor & the Robotiks Band; DJ Soundclash. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Texaco New York Jazz Festival—Given recent revelations about the oil giant's personnel policies, one can't help being struck by the opportune timing of this otherwise forward-thinking two-week series. (Of particular interest in this context is the motto of the festival's keynote band, the Art Ensemble of Chicago: "Great black music—ancient to the future.") The citywide marathon includes "Jazz Underground," a series of free concerts in subway stations, public parks, and bookstores. Participating subway stations include Times Square, Penn Station, Grand Central, and 125th St. & Eighth Ave. Ferry riders can hear music at Castle Clinton at the Battery. 6/16–6/30. Events designated with a dagger (†). *(Information: 219-3006). Nightly citywide passes available for $30.*

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Talent
Oil for Art

Avant-jazz granddaddies the Art Ensemble of Chicago kick off the two-week, 300-act Texaco New York Jazz Festival with a June 16 concert at the New York Academy of Art. With everyone from Bill Frisell to the World Saxophone Quartet popping up in concert halls, clubs, and subway stations, the festival looks to be nearly as broad geographically as it is musically.

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Painted-faced, free-jazz antics as weirdly moving as anything you've ever heard.† 6/16 at 7:30 P.M. *TriBeCa Hall at New York Academy of Art, 111 Franklin St., (966-0300). $20.*

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 6/10: Jackie & Roy. 6/12–6/15: Michel Petrucciani Trio. 6/17: Ed Neumeister Quintet. 6/18: Johnny Pacheco & His Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 6/10–6/15: Herbie Mann's Celebration; Arturo Sandoval Sextet. 6/16: Mordy Ferber. 6/17–6/22: Pat Martino Quartet; Larry Corell, Bireli Lagrene & Billy Corham. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 6/10–6/15: Gifted young pianist Jacky Terrason leads a trio. 6/17–6/22: Abbey Lincoln. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knitting Factory—6/16: Roscoe Mitchell's Note Factory; Amina Claudine Myers Trio; Ethnic Heritage Ensemble.† 6/17: Guitar hero Bill Frisell, solo and leading a quartet.† 6/18: T. S. Monk Sextet; Carla Bley & Steve Swallow; Danilo Perez Trio.† (See Clubland listings for non-jazz shows.) *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Orquestra Was—Don Was's new outfit.† 6/17 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25–$30.*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. 6/13–6/14: Danny Mixon. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th & 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 6/12: Greg Tardy Quintet. 6/13–6/14: Mark Elf Trio. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 6/10–6/15: Marc Cary Group. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 6/12: Herman Foster Quartet. 6/13–6/14: Joe Rocissano Quartet. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 6/10–6/15: Harold Ashby Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Toyota Comedy Festival—A ten-day (and night), 200-performer, citywide yuck-fest, lasting through 6/15. In addition to numerous high-watt club and concert-hall performances, highlights include various free lunchtime performances at Bryant Park and Rockefeller Center; "Literary Laughter at Elaine's" with George Plimpton, Christopher Cerf, Norman Stiles, and Roy Blount Jr. (6/9–6/12); and a street-performers' parade from City Hall to

Photograph by D. Bowie.

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the World Trade Center (6/10). *All other festival-sponsored events designated with an asterisk (*). For complete festival information, call 1-800-79-TOYOTA.*

Amateur Night at the Apollo—Hosted by *SNL*'s Tracy Morgan and the uproariously blue Robert Schimmel.* 6/11 at 7:30 P.M. *The Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 53rd St. (749-5838). $9–$17.50.*

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." 6/13–6/14: Dave Chapelle.* Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 6/11: "Julie Halston's New York," starring Harvey Fierstein.* 6/12–6/15: Richard Jeni; Paul Mooney.* 6/17: Susan King. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—A week of mostly sketch comedy. 6/10: The Bert Fershners*. 6/11: Upright Citizens Brigade*. 6/12: Jonathan Katz stars in "*Dr. Katz, Professional Therapist* and Some of His Most Troubled Patients." 6/13: Live on Tape.* 6/14: The Sklar Brothers, slacker-comic-genius twins who work a room as one entity.* Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 6/9–6/15: Greg Giraldo; Dave Attell; Billy Jaye; Greer Barnes; Sarge; Maceo.* Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 6/11: Craig Kilborn; Lizz Winstead; J. R. Haviland; Tom Johnson; Ray James.* *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 6/9–6/15: Brian McFadden; Lenny Varnedoe; Nancy Redman. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 6/12: Four comics who write for Conan O'Brien's show: Mike Sweeney; Jon Groff; Janine DiTullio; Brian Kiley. 6/13–6/14: Rock Ruben; Jim Menrinos; Rod Reyes; Rich Francese. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Janeane Garofalo—Watching Janeane Garofalo is an undeniably hilarious experience—but not for the usual reasons stand-up comedy is. Rather than delivering a polished monologue, Garofalo comports herself like a particularly amusing friend with whom you could easily imagine yourself conversing. Unusual, but effective. As a bonus, the Breeders play a set. 6/14 at 8 P.M. *Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Place, at 15th St. (307-7171). $25.*

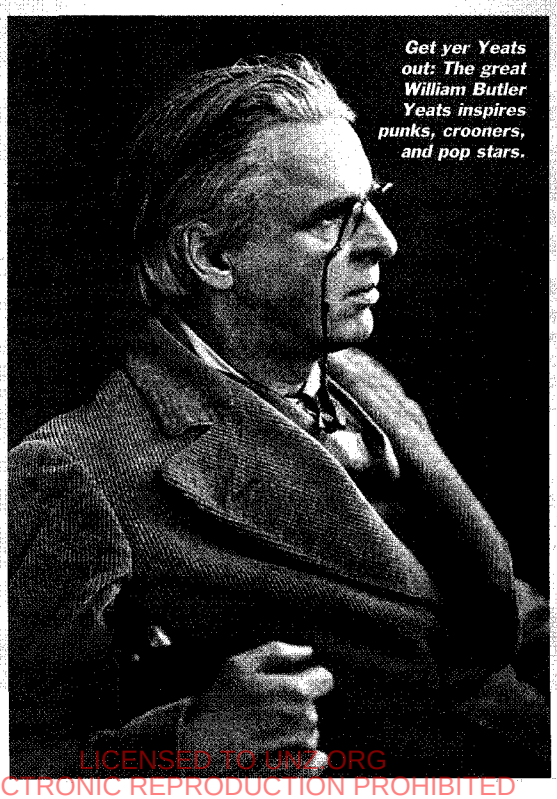
New York Comedy Club—6/10: Rhonda Shear; Cynthia Kouory; Joanne Rafferty; Cynthia Becth.* Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 6/10: Billy Jaye, Greg Carey, and four others stage the immodestly titled "Comics Who Should Have Their Own Sitcoms . . . "* 6/11: Joy Behar.* 6/12: Joey Kola; Janette Barber; Laura Banks.* 6/13–6/14: Sunda Croonquist; Adrianne Tolsch; Elon Gold; William Stephenson; Billy Jaye. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Phenomenon
Crazy Shane and the Poet

I will arise and go now, and go to . . . Randalls Island? Yes, it appears a minor tide of Yeats-mania is sweeping the rock world. A new CD, *Now and In Time to Be,* features Irish pop stars from Van Morrison to Shane MacGowan to the Cranberries, setting the poet's words to music. And right after Yeats's birthday (June 13), the huge, stout-sponsored concert Guinness Fleadh (Randalls Island, June 14–15) will present readings of the Irish poet, along with sets by the likes of Morrison, MacGowan, Christy Moore, and Sinéad O'Connor. Together, the disc and the Fleadh (pronounced "flah") revive the longstanding debate "Are rock lyrics poetry?" and its corollary, "Would the great poets be rock stars today?" They're both questions that Frank Dunne, a London journalist who co-produced *Now and In Time to Be,* answers affirmatively. "This futile argument about Bob Dylan versus Keats notwithstanding, I think the best pop lyrics are poetry," he says, adding that Yeats, at least, would have undoubtedly been a "singer-songwriter," had such a designation existed in his day. "He very self-consciously used the popular ballad to reach a large number of people. And the modern equivalent of that is pop music." As to exactly what kind of pop Yeats might have been suited to, there's no telling from Dunne's disc. Van Morrison's interpretation of "Before the World Was Made" is jazzy and meditative; Tamalin's "Gort na Saileán (Down by the Salley Gardens)" is trad-Irish; and Shane MacGowan's "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death" is positively punk-rock—a belligerent, unapologetic acceptance of violent fate. But don't look for the snaggle-toothed, famously debauched former Pogues leader to leave the Fleadh's bandstand for a guest reading. "I was with Shane in the studio," says Dunne. "He loves that poem, but other than that, he doesn't even like Yeats."

Ethan Smith



Get yer Yeats out: The great William Butler Yeats inspires punks, crooners, and pop stars.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 6/21: The gifted and intelligent Susannah McCorkle continues her exploration of Irving B. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, extension 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—An unassuming hole in the wall with an unassumingly box-like theater upstairs. Wednesdays, Charles Cermele. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 6/14: Soul singer Freda Payne. 6/17–6/28: Broadway vet Debbie Gravitte. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Full Moon Saloon—Hell's Kitchen's skankiest dive bar, with signs advertising hot dogs plastered all over the façade and inebriated patrons plastered all over the floor inside. Watch naïve, out-of-towner businessmen hit on the transsexual bartender and witness terrifying scenes of acerbic sexual harassment while you down cheap pints of Bud—the only draft available. Who says Disney's killed the neighborhood? *725 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. (no phone).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest (in a good way). 6/18: Jaymz Bee & His Royal Jelly Orchestra. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Photograph courtesy of Mary Evans Picture Library.

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in concert

Manhattan Tap...New York Baroque Dance

Classical Music

Tuesday, June 10

Elizabeth Parker—Performs Bach, Chopin, Liebermann, Rachmaninoff, and Prokofiev. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th Street (247-7800), at 2; $16–$55.*

Wednesday, June 11

Albermarle Ensemble—Performs Mozart, Ligeti, Jacob, Poulenc, and Roussel's *Divertissement. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th Street (247-7800), at 2; $16–$55.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs a string quartet by Eric Ewazen, St. Luke's composer-in-residence. *Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (840-7470), at 6:30; $15.*

Little Orchestra Society—Performs Vivaldi; Dino Anagnost, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5050); $20–$30.*

Thursday, June 12

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Dvorak, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Friday, June 13

Long Island Philharmonic—Performs with the pop group the Moody Blues. *Jones Beach Theater, at 8; $100.*

Church of the Resurrection Gospel Choir—With the Reverend Leroy Ricksy. *Ames Auditorium, The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. (821-9660), at 8; $25–$35.*

Sunday, June 15

Children's Piano Ensemble—Performs Burgmuller, Kuhlau, Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $15.*

Jacques Brel Tribute—Performs Brel, Sondheim, and Rodgers, with Sheera Ben-David, vocalist, and Adam Ben-David, pianist. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 7:30; $15.*

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Schubert and Mozart, with Leah Ann Myers, soprano; Simon Carrington and Craig Arnold, conductors. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th Street (247-7800), at 2; $16–$55.*

Bargemusic—See 6/12, at 4.

Monday, June 16

Metropolitan Soloists—Open-air performances by this wind ensemble, with works by Bizet, Mozart, Strauss, and Krommer. *Bennet Park, 183rd St. and Fort Washington Ave. (569-7137); free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Lehar's *The Merry Widow,* 6/13 and 6/14 at 7:30, and 6/15 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentinian form interpreted by Luis Bravo, 6/16 at 8. *The Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Buglisi/Foreman Dance—Performs a series of female solos, Buglisi's *Threshold,* and two Brahms duets 6/10 at 7:30, and 6/11–6/14 at 8. *The Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center (462-3001); $20.*

Manhattan Tap—Performs *Gumbo Hump,* and a new twenty-minute suite, with the Ray Brown Trio, 6/13 and 6/14 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5050); $20–$30.*

Philippine Dance Company—Performs courtship and wedding dances of the Philippines, 6/14 at 3. *New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (221-7676); free.*

Parsons Dance—A retrospective, in commemoration of the group's tenth anniversary, 6/10–6/15 at 8, 6/14 and 6/15 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Keiko Fujii Dance Company—Performs *Monophobia. The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. and Park Ave. (772-4448), at 8; $22.*

New York Baroque Dance Company—Performs *Dances of the Court, Danses Nobles,* and *Pygmalion,* with the chamber orchestra Concert Royal. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $25–$35.*

New York City Ballet—Performs their "Balanchine" program, 6/10–6/14 at 8, 6/14 at 3, and 6/15 at 2. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

American Ballet Theater—Performs *Swan Lake,* 6/10 at 8, "The 20th Century Masterworks Program," including *Apollo, Other Dances, Cruel World.* 6/11 at 8, *The Merry Widow,* 6/12–16/15 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-2000); $15–$65.*

Preview

Sensual Sensation

More carnal than the Macarena (you know: it takes two to . . .) and just as ubiquitous, the tango gets the historical treatment in Luis Bravo's 'Forever Tango'—an overview leading from the barrios of Buenos Aires to the salons of Paris. Starring seven Argentine couples and Carlos Morel, the reputed Frank Sinatra of Argentina. Walter Kerr Theater, June 16.

Photograph by Marty Sohl.

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Bloomsday . . . Arundhati Roy

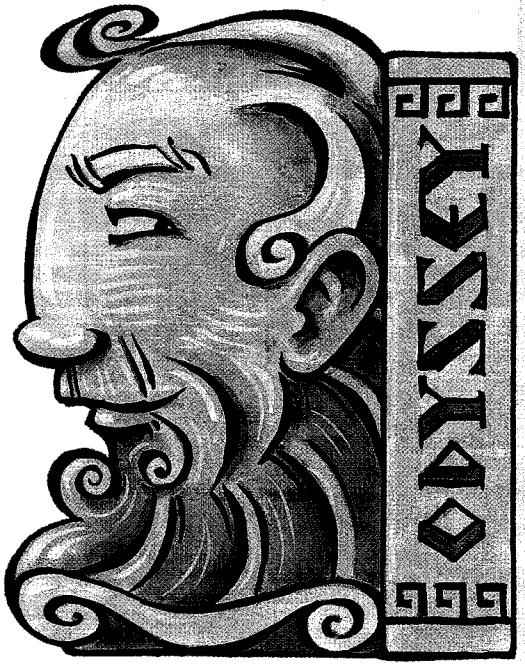
Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—6/14 at 10 P.M.: Linda Bird Francke on her book *Ground Zero: The Gender Wars in the Military;* Bruce Weber, reporter for the New York *Times,* on the man-vs.-machine chess war and the future of chess; Tania Metaksa, executive director of the NRA, on *Safe Not Sorry,* and Barbara Hohlt, president of New Yorkers Against Gun Violence; personal-ad queen Nancy Fedder talks with Harold Rand, author of *Dates for Greats.* WOR, 710 AM.

A Sense of Place—6/9: "Hollister." A motorcycle invasion of a California town and its aftermath. 6/10: "Little Odessa in Brooklyn." Russian Jews bring humor, music, and dark memories to Brighton Beach. 6/11: "House of the Lord." An endangered black plantation church, from slavery to the present. 6/12: "Circus Life" (Part 1): "The Last Sideshow." So-called freaks tell what it's like on the other side of the peephole. 6/13: "Circus Life" (Part 2). Death, daring, and grim realities under the glamour of the big top. 6/16: "Nightfall in Chester County." A strike by Mexican mushroom pickers polarizes a Quaker community in Pennsylvania. 6/18: "Broadway Memories." How a New York thoroughfare became the universal symbol of live theater. 7:30–8; WNYC, 820 AM.

Symphony Hall—6/10: Holst's *The Planets: Jupiter, The Bringer of Jollity,* Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony.* Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Lyric Opera of Chicago—6/14 at 1: *Salome* by R. Strauss. Catherine Malfitano, Bryn Terfel, Kenneth Riegel, Anja Silija, John Keyes; Antonio Pappano conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.



Happening
Other Voices, Other Blooms

'Are you from the Joyce industry?" the distinguished biographer Frank Budgen demanded of a student requesting an audience. Even then, in 1963, James Joyce was not only the most profoundly influential writer of the century but already something of an industry—one founded in part by Budgen himself, who had known the artist as a young man. But amid the steady proliferation of kitsch (what would Joyce have made of his dour likeness on a coffee mug?), one tribute is particularly welcome: the annual Bloomsday celebration at Symphony Space. For its sixteenth year, the marathon reading features an expanded repertoire and cast. Eighty-three professional actors (Claire Bloom, Jason Robards, and Blair Brown among them) will be joined by Robert Fagles, a Princeton professor whose new translation of *The Odyssey* has made him the toast of the recent classics revival. Fagles was that young academic whom Budgen greeted with his arch question about the "industry," and long before he began translating ancient classical texts, he was a Joyce scholar. In fact, it was from Budgen that Fagles learned about the genesis of Joyce's most celebrated work: Joyce and Budgen were debating which character was the greatest in all of literature as they walked the streets of 1919 Zurich. Joyce eliminated each candidate—Hamlet, Faust, Beatrice—until only one remained: the hero of Homer's *Odyssey.* Because he alone was "complete," Joyce decided. "And that's why I am basing my novel on him." Thus was born *Ulysses,* Joyce's account of the twists and turns in a single day in the life of Leopold Bloom as he wandered around Dublin. For Fagles, who will read passages from *The Odyssey* that highlight parallels between Homer's wandering hero and Joyce's, neither work can be viewed in isolation. "Each one has reshaped the other for me," he says. "I can't imagine fully appreciating either *Ulysses* or *The Odyssey* except through the prism of the other." (June 16; see listings.) MATTHEW MCCANN FENTON

New York at Night With Nimet—6/14 at midnight: Joachim's *Overture to Hamlet,* Tchaikovsky's *Hamlet,* Thomas's *Hamlet: A vos jeux, mes amis,* Berlioz's *Lelio, or The Return to Life.* WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Hermione Lee—6/11 at 7:30: Reading from *Virginia Woolf.* Three Lives & Company Booksellers, 154 W. 10th St. (741-2069); free.

Joshua Miller—6/12 at 6:30: Reading from *The Mao Game.* Rizzoli, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Eileen Myles, Mark Bibbins, David Levinson, John Del Peschio, and others—6/12 at 7: Beyond Words Bookstore, 186 Fifth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn.

David Sedaris—6/13 at 7:30: Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Stephanie Cowell—6/16 at 7: Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Blanche McCrary Boyd—6/16 at 7: Reading from *Terminal Velocity.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Thomas Glave, William Mann, G. Winston James—6/18 at 7: Reading from *HIS 2: Brilliant New Fiction by Gay Writers.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Arundhati Roy—6/17 at 7:30: Reading from *The God of Small Things.* Barnes & Noble, Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Nancy Kelton—6/17 at 7: Reading from *Writing From Personal Experience.* Posman Books, 1 University Place (533-2665); free.

Robert Pinsky and Louise Glück—6/11 at 6:30:

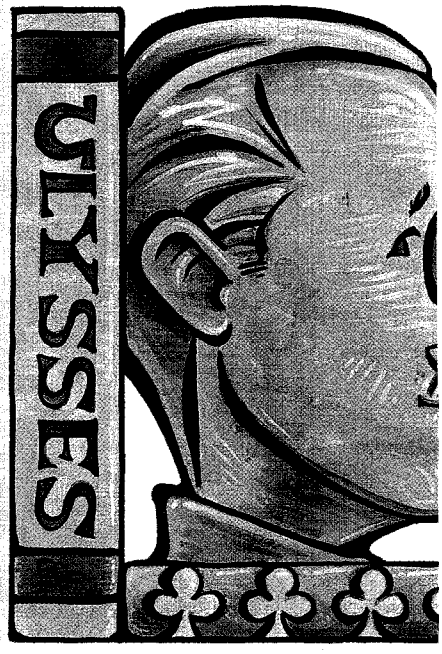


Illustration by Robert Piersanti.

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Pinsky, America's poet laureate (and the acclaimed translator of Dante's *Inferno*) reads from his work alongside the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *The Wild Iris,* who in turn will read from her work. Robert F. Wagner Jr. Park, at the southern tip of Battery Park City (overlooking New York Harbor, facing the Statue of Liberty); free.

Richard Isay—6/12 at 7: The psychiatrist reads from his popular book *Becoming Gay: The Journey to Self-Acceptance.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Lectures and Panels

The End of an Era: Looking at Hong Kong Culture—6/11 at 6:30: King-Fai Tam, Trinity College, examines recent and impending cultural developments in Hong Kong. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400); $10.

Suspended Time, Negotiated Space—6/18 at 6:30: Michael Tsang-Woon Tsin of Columbia University considers issues of personal and political identity in Hong Kong, as well as the new power structure and popular misconceptions about Hong Kong's economy and the handover to China. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400); $10.

Food and Mood: How to Avoid Dieting's Emotional Pitfalls—6/18 at 6:30: In this seminar, participants will be taught powerful behavior-modification techniques for overcoming the obstacles dieting presents. You'll also learn how to recognize the emotional triggers that sabotage an eating plan. 92nd St.Y, Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

An Evening With U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Bill Richardson—6/16 at 7: Asia Society President Nicholas Platt will interview Ambassador Richardson about life on the forefront of international diplomacy. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400); $18.

Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work—6/10 at 6:30: A lecture with Russell Flinchum, guest curator. National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6321); free with advance registration.

"New York Gets Married: Dressing for a Special Day"—6/11 at 7:30: MCNY's costume curator Phyllis Magidson and Harriet Cole, author of *Jumping the Broom,* share their insights on New York City's weddings. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. (534-1672); free with admission, suggested contribution $5.

"In the Life: A Celebration of Five Years of Lesbian and Gay Programming"—6/19 at 6: Join the producers of *In the Life,* the only television series presenting lesbian and gay issues to a national audience. New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12 St. (229-5353); $8.

"Snowballs Have Flown Their Arcs . . . A Discussion of Thomas Pynchon's *Mason & Dixon*"—6/19 at 8: Edward Mendelsohn, Rick Moody, Robert Polito, Francine Prose, Luc Sante, and Stephen Wright discuss Thomas Pynchon's long-awaited new novel. New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12 St. (229-5353); $5.

Tours

Imperial New York: Foley Square and Chambers Street—6/9 at 12:30: The northern rim of City Hall Park is as close as New York ever got to realizing the dreams of the City Beautiful. Learn about the city's efforts to become the Rome of the New World. Meet outside the Surrogate's Court/Hall of Records, 31 Chambers St., at the northwest corner of Chambers and Center Sts. (935-3960); $10.

Annual Father's Day Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—6/15 at 1: A tour of the gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts.; (439-1090); $12.

The Old Jewish Lower East Side—6/15 at 1: Discover New York's best-known ethnic neighborhood. Meet at Straus Square at East Broadway, Essex St., and Canal St. (242-5762); $12.

The Long Wharf Theater and Yale University—6/15 at 9 A.M.: Tour the campus of Yale before attending a performance of *Voir Dire,* Joe Sutton's explosive drama of a trial as seen through the eyes of six jurors. Call the 92nd St.Y (996-1100) for further information and to register; $75.

Delaware and Raritan Canal Walk—6/15 at 9:15 A.M.: Board a New Jersey Transit train at Penn Station bound for Bound Brook, located on the Delaware and Raritan Canal. Opened in 1834, the 44-mile waterway once formed the principal link between New York and Philadelphia. Call the 92nd St.Y (996-1100) for further information and to register; $28 (includes train fare only).

Events

Paris in New York: Café Sketching—Through 7/16, Wednesdays at 7: Painter Suzanne Chamlin offers Francophile New Yorkers the chance to study drawing in the European alfresco tradition. Venues range from Battery Park to Greenwich Village. Register at Cooper Union, Cooper Square (353-4195); $185 for nine classes.

16th Annual Bloomsday on Broadway Celebration—6/16 at 7: A cast of more than 80 Broadway and Hollywood actors, including Claire Bloom, Jason Robards, and Blair Brown, read from James Joyce's *Ulysses* and Robert Fagles's new translation of *The Odyssey.* Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-1414); $14.

Exhibitions

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—6/17–8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 black-and-white images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

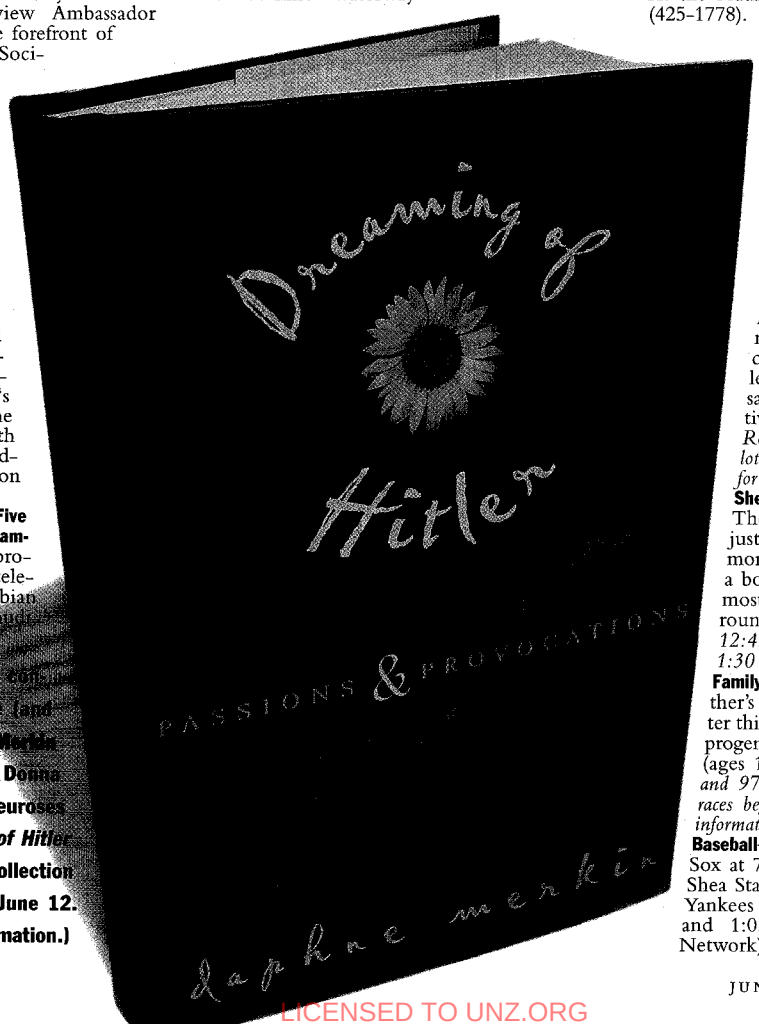
Sports

Hutchinson Historical Hike—6/14; 11 A.M.: A hike to Split Rock, where more than 350 years ago the excommunicated Puritan religious leader Anne Hutchinson sought safety—unsuccessfully—from a Native American raid. *Meet at Split Rock/Pelham Golf Clubhouse parking lot, off Shore Road. Call 800-201-7275 for information.*

Sheepshead Bay Bicycle Ride—6/14: The 25-mile fun ride is timed to end just as the fishing boats come in—a moment celebrated by sitting down to a bowl of clam chowder. The route is mostly flat and runs about 25 miles round-trip. *Meet at City Hall Steps at 12:45 or at Prospect Park Picnic House at 1:30 P.M. For information, call 932-2300.*

Family Fitness Run—6/15; 9 A.M.: A Father's Day event for the active family: After this four-mile race ends, parents cheer progeny as they run in the East Meadow (ages 14 and under). *Start at East Drive and 97th Street in Central Park. Children's races begin at 10 A.M. Call 860-4455 for information.*

Baseball—6/13–6/15: Mets vs. Boston Red Sox at 7:40 P.M., 1:15 P.M., and 8:05 P.M., Shea Stadium (Sportschannel); 6/16–6/18: Yankees vs. Mets at 7:35 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 1:05 P.M., Yankee Stadium (MSG Network).



In Print **One of the few contemporary essayists who have (and deserve) a following, Daphne Merkin considers Judaism, divorce, Donna Karan, and assorted nineties neuroses in her iconoclastic *Dreaming of Hitler* (Crown). She reads from the collection at the Salon at Benetton on June 12. (Call 593-0290 for more information.)**

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

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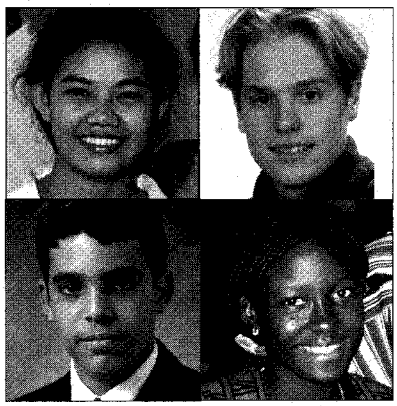

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Online

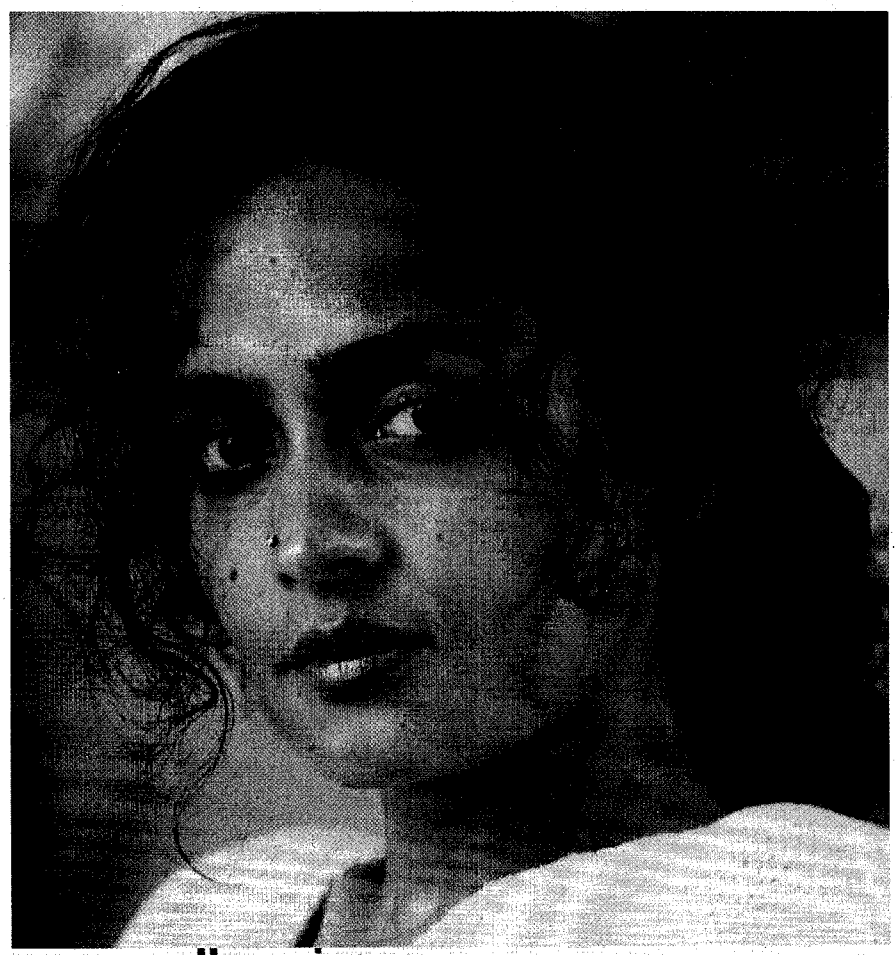
A Good Old Fashioned Necktie Party—The otherwise-not-exactly-riveting Fashion Mall site contains a very useful series of pages on how to tie a tie. In addition to the plain-vanilla Half Windsor that most of us use, this guide will initiate you into the mysteries of the Full Windsor, the Four-In-Hand, and the Bow tie. *www.fashionmall.com/media/mr/doc/howtotie.htm*

The Only Difference Is That You Can't Break This One Open and Eat the Silver Powder—Eric Idle's voice, booming "And now for something completely different," greets you at the front page of this site, which offers (among other diversions) a Java version of the old Etch-A-Sketch drawing toy for children. Your screen is painted into the familiar blank slate of silver gray, framed in red, with white knobs at the bottom corners. By manipulating the knobs with your keyboard or mouse, you can create exactly the same kind of images you did when you were 5 years old. And you will suffer exactly the same frustration at being locked into a format that allows for only straight lines that are perfectly horizontal or perfectly vertical. *www.wacky.com*

Digital Dish—In addition to providing a clearinghouse of sorts for news reports from dozens of large media outlets, reporter Matthew Drudge digs up and posts some first-rate gossip on his site, The Drudge Report. He seems to have especially good sources for dirt from the worlds of politics and media. *www.drudgereport.com*

Ruby Rocks—Browse this site for a very strange (but eerily authentic looking) view of one of those moments that have become engraved on our collective consciousness by the media. Extra credit for anyone who recognizes the logo painted on the wall in the background. *www.aimnet.com/~carroll/oswald.jpg*

Fuzzy Ducky—This site, for beer aficionados, contains a wealth of information ranging from how to brew your own to contact lists for vendors of equipment and supplies, as well as links to beer histories (more interesting than you might think) and calendars of brewing events. There's also a search engine to help you find local microbreweries and (because no beer site would be complete without a conspicuous low-brow component) the complete rules to more drinking games than you ever knew existed. *www.realbeer.com*



Happening
Passage in India

By the time she began writing her first book, Arundhati Roy had been everything from a dissatisfied screenwriter ("You can write a perfect line, but an actor can fuck it up") to a New Delhi aerobics instructor. But on the evidence of 'The God of Small Things' (Random House), her unsentimental portrait of caste and prejudice in a forlorn Indian town, the 37-year-old Roy was a novelist all along. She reads at Barnes & Noble Union Square on June 17. (See listings.)

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kids

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● = free

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Children's Events

Families First—For the first time, this year's **CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE** starts up the way it ought to, with an all-out "Family Jam." The extraordinarily rich assortment of talent and spunk will entertain kids royally—and the grown-ups lucky enough to have come along, too. Storyteller David Gonzalez and the Latin Legends Band; singer-songwriter Tom Chapin; Ballet Tech Kids Dance, a group of Eliot Feld dancers; and Soh Daiko, a Japanese drumming and martial-arts group, perform 6/14 at 3. The Father's Day Sunday (6/15) show features Buckwheat Zydeco, a Cajun accordionist; Beakman's World's Paul Zaloom; and the Harlem-based Batoto Yetu dancers at 3. Monday's after-school event—a benefit for New York City's parks and playgrounds with proceeds earmarked for programs for kids—begins with a buffet dinner at 5:30. A concert follows at 6:30 with Art Garfunkel—who has just recorded *Songs From a Parent to a Child*—and appearances by Buckwheat Zydeco and Tom Chapin. Rumsey Playfield in Central Park, 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. Events take place rain or shine (only an electrical storm will cancel). Admission is free for weekend shows. Benefit tickets are $75 for the dinner and concert. Concert tickets only are $25. For ticket information, call 360-1399.●

Taking to the Streets—Billed as the biggest festival of street entertainment in the United States, the **LOWER MANHATTAN CULTURAL COUNCIL**'s Buskers Fare (see essay) is an ebullient, family-friendly event in its fifth year. Among the eclectic international groups of performers involved are a trainer of puppet rodents (eek), a group of children who have studied circus skills with a former Moscow Circus performer, a "tightrope parodist," and a bunch of traditional Haitian carnivale characters. Opening ceremonies are at City Hall, with a parade to the World Trade Center, 6/10 from 11:30 to 2. Call 321-2875 for specific information on shows in the Wall Street and Seaport Areas from 6/10 to 6/14. All the performers will be on the plaza of the World Trade Center for "The Buskers Bash" 6/12 from 6 P.M. to 10 P.M.●●

Dance Contest—A sight for sore eyes: Elementary and middle-school kids (from seven New York City Schools, dressed in the colors of their team) compete at the merengue, the rumba, the tango, and swing—dances they've been taught by the American Ballroom Theater Company. The contest, named "The Colors of the Rainbow Team Match," is free to watch. Seating is on a first-come, first-served basis. 6/11 from 5 to 6:30 at the De Soto School, 143 Baxter St., bet. Canal and Grand Sts. (627-8337). ●●

***The Lost World* Deconstructed**—"*The Lost World:* The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates dinosaurs from the movie and new (real) fossil finds, is on view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** through 9/30. Admission is $12, $8.50 for students and seniors, $6.50 for children ages 2 to 12, including the regular museum admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

Hop on Pop—Kids can design wild and wacky ties and tall Seussian hats for Dad all weekend long at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN.** They are also invited to come up with some fun—and messy—uses for shaving cream that Papa might not have thought of. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Starting 6/17, CMOM is open Tues. through Sun. 10 to 5. Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.●

County Fair—Miss AmeriCow, a Holstein/Angus cross that was born with a map of these United States on her right side, will be there. So will goats, chickens, oxen, mules, sheep, and a Texas Longhorn, some of them willing to be petted. Kiddie Land, Long Island's largest children's amusement park, will be there, too, along with an ejection seat that purports to catapult riders 160 feet straight up at speeds approaching 70 miles an hour. Did we also mention that you can buy a car and milk a cow? The Nassau County Fair is in the south parking lot of the **NASSAU COLISEUM** from 6/12 through 6/22, Mon. through Thurs. from 5 to midnight, Fri. from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M., Sat. from noon to 1 A.M., and Sun. from noon to midnight. 1255 Hempstead Tnpk., Uniondale, N.Y. (516-794-9300); $6 admission; there are additional fees for rides, games, and food.

cue

Maureen Callahan *Movies*
Barbara Ensor *Kids*
Patricia Falvo *Sports*
Matthew Fenton *Online*
Vanessa Grigoriadis *In Concert*
Linda Hall *Books Events Radio*
John Leonard *Television*
Edith Newhall *Art*
Robin Raisfeld *Restaurants*
Jennifer Senior *Theater*
Ethan Smith *Nightlife*

Happening
World-Class Clowning

Even if he does go by the name Mister Yoowho, don't call Moshe Cohen a clown. "In this country people tend to get an image of Ronald McDonald," explains the San Francisco-based street performer, who suggests the less freighted title "physical comedian." Whatever you call him, Cohen's droll non-verbal routines—among the 200 acts that will liven up downtown's sidewalks for the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council's Buskers Fare '97—certainly seem to draw crowds. Egged on by friends, Cohen made the switch from amateur juggler to professional comic sixteen years ago in the French Alps, where, he says dryly, "I discovered I was funny." Since then, the 41-year-old has continued a career of exotic gigs, most recently entertaining Central American villagers in warring regions as a member of the international humanitarian organization Clowns Without Borders. The streets of theater-savvy New York might actually offer tougher crowds. Though some of them were fearsomely attired—their identities concealed by hats and bandannas—most people in Cohen's Mexican and Guatemalan audiences had never seen a live performance. The residents of one Zapatista stronghold laughed out loud at his multiplying spongeball routine. They even giggled helplessly at his puppet rabbit's insistence that they shout "yoohoo" at the top of their lungs. Closure was the only problem. "They knew enough to clap politely" when he took a bow, he recalls. But they *didn't* understand that a bow is also a signal that the show is over. "So nobody left." (June 10 to 14, see listings for further details.)

BARBARA ENSOR

Bottom photograph by Kate Venezia.

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Fit, Striking, Spiritual—CT-based writer, grad student, 38, 5'9", into dancing, introspection, outdoors, unstructured time, lower Manhattan, kindness...seeks gentle, self-aware, intelligent man with heart. Note/photo, please. 6923 ✉ ☎

Gay Man—38, handsome, fit, 5'8", seeks kind, intelligent, partner (30-45) who can smile with his eyes. Let's share our passions (classical music and yoga are mine; yours are whatever you care most about), and create a lasting space for affection. Note/photo/phone. 7049 ✉ ☎

A Classic—Pretty, slender, definitely fun, fit, interested and interesting brunette. Expressive eyes, irreverent humor, lots of depth. Accomplished professional, also involved in food and wine world. Passionate about art, nature, bookstores, Mozart, France, Italy. Likes dogs, x-country skiing, galleries. Seeks bright, nonsmoking, fit, 41-59 man with humor and an interest in people, books, cultural pursuits. 6994 ✉ ☎

Attorney, 45—Jewish, in private practice, seeks Jewish woman, 35 or so, who would dine with an offbeat optimist. No judges, please. Photo and note appreciated. 7026 ✉

Very Pretty NY Woman—49 (looks 39), fit, long hair, successful, healthy, witty, kind. Seeks 6'-plus man (46-58), unconventional great looks, athletic build, awake, extremely successful, humorous, generous and secure. Recent photo! 7043 ✉

Handsome, Irish, Harvard-Educated—Financially independent, fit, 5'10" gentleman, early 50s, seeks beautiful, blue-eyed, wholesome, petite, smart, athletic, financially independent, 35-plus lady for friendship and more. Photo a must. 6921 ✉

Manhattan, Handsome, Humorous—Retired lawyer, 6', 175 lbs, brown hair. Senior citizen. Plays racquetball, tennis. Part-time professional actor. Divorced, imaginative, affectionate, gentle, sensitive, literate, nonreligious, Jewish. Likes fun, theater, movies, reading, singing, good nutrition, city and country. Seeks slim, humorous, educated woman, around 5'6" or 5'7". Photo/note. 6991 ✉

Good-Looking Attorney—32, single Jewish male, nice guy with traditional values, seeks caring, attractive, single Jewish female for happy ever after. Note/phone/photo. 6951 ✉ ☎

Wanted: First-Class Wasp Guy—50-60s, by warm, lovely, pretty, petite, blond, blue-eyed lady. Photo. 6928 ✉ ☎

Successful Businessman—Early 40s, seeking woman under 30 - intelligent, fun-loving, pretty female interested in travel, theater, good restaurants and other fun times. Note/photo a must. 6720 ✉

Regular-Looking Lawyer—Reasonably tall, moderately successful, relatively well-adjusted, sort of athletic, with an indomitable sense of humor - seeking a forever relationship with a slim, well-educated Jewish woman, vintage 1935-1945. Graduate degree a plus. Westchester resident preferred. 6997 ✉ ☎

Horse Lovers Only—Very pretty, slim white female, 42, enjoys horseback riding (English), yoga and travel. Looking for physically fit gentleman with similar interests, 45-55, who prefers cleaning the stable to a romantic walk on the beach. Note/photo appreciated (of horse, if available!)... 7015 ✉ ☎

Sensitive, Adventurous Female MD—34, 5'7", slender, attractive, Dutch-American - passionate about traveling to exotic locations, likes outdoor activities, kids, unpretentious but loves literature and philosophy. Seeks like-minded man, 30-45, who is successful, loves his work and the outdoors, is adventurous, steady and good-hearted. 6920 ✉ ☎

Sinners And Serial Killers—Need not apply... Unless you're slim, athletic, size 7ish, looks are to die for. Single, stable dad, professional, 6', 39, trim, gym-fit, seeks Jewish female, late 20s-30s, with depth between ears, lean elsewhere. I have and seek sharp wit but soft heart, charm without pretense. Interests must include skydiving, trapeze, bungee-jumping, watching paint dry, water boil (a movie and Chinese may be substituted.) If you catch the wavelength, must send special letter/recent photo. 7051 ✉

Down-To-Earth—Successful, attractive Jewish girl with dark hair (mid 30s), seeks successful Jewish guy with dark hair (35-45), outdoorsy, beachy and open-minded, with strong family values, who's looking for someone to share the next phase of their life. Note/photo/phone. 7044 ✉ ☎

Clinical/Sports Psychologist—41, accomplished, handsome, Jewish, fit, with style, substance, varied interests, wisdom, seeks slender, pretty lady with compassion/passion, 30-42, for best friend/lover for life. Note/photo. 6922 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Slim Redhead—Divorced white female, 47, physician from CT, looking for very bright, very cultured, educated, nonsmoking male who loves good food, wine, interesting conversation, and maybe me someday. 6969 ✉ ☎

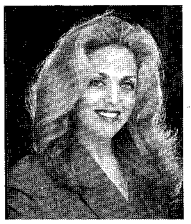
Attractive, Accomplished Artist—With brains, heart, humor, seeks successful, loving man, late 40s-50s, to share culture, nature, each other. 5985 ✉

Nice Guy—40, looks younger, 5'10", 160, MBA, smart, attractive, sincere, secure, open, fair, even-tempered, unpretentious, seeks compatible, slender, pretty white/Asian female, 30-35, for best friend, marriage and family. 6960 ✉ ☎

Let's Tango—Argentine man, 43, 6', looking for sweet Latin girl, 25-35, ready to start family. Note/picture. 6990 ✉

Beautiful Girl—33, desires handsome guy for utopian life. Photo and note to POB 7980, NY, NY 10116.

Very Female, Intellectual Beauty—30s, slender, shapely, elegant, athletic, loyal, successful, seeks male equivalent, 35-60. Note/photo/phone. 7023 ✉ ☎



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My 7-Year-Old Daughter Says—That I need to get a social life! I guess that means I need to date more. So...single white Jewish male, mid 30s (works out, works hard, lives and plays in Manhattan), seeks cute, in-shape female for fun and whatever comes next. Picture, please. 6937 ✉

Successful, Handsome, Humorous—58, big warm heart, Hamptons, travel, NYC nightlife. Looking for you: slim, very attractive, intelligent, over 40. If you love romance and laughing, share it with me. Note/phone/photo, please. 7028 ✉

Male Total Package—Seeks female total package, 38-48. You'll never want for anything the rest of your life. Photo. 6947 ✉ ☎

Romantic, Funny, Handsome—Jewish, athletic, professional male, 36, 5'10", seeks attractive, fun-loving, fit female, to 35. Photo. 7012 ✉ ☎

All-American Traditional Man—White Christian male - never married, 5'11", mid 30s, attractive; loyal, caring, kind; successful, secure, exec with top corporation, MBA; nonsmoker/drinker; athletic build, exerciser, perfect health; conservative morals/values. Seeking white Christian female, never married, 25-34, with high moral standards; sincere, honest, feminine, intelligent, family oriented; attractive, good figure/fit. Looking for one rare, wonderful, pretty woman who shares my belief in old-fashioned decency and dreams of someday building a warm and loving home. (Photo preferred). 7016 ✉

Bodacious, Vivacious—Single female, 32, professional. Loves new music, old movies and martinis. Seeks 29-39-year-old, modern-day Cary Grant who's funny, witty and warmhearted (no ascot required). Photo/note a plus. 6973 ✉

Angel Sought—18-25, who, as fair Zenobia, realizes her spiritual and physical beauty can only be preserved by adhering to Plato's Laws, book 8, verses 839-841. See Lev. 21:13. 6972 ✉

Woman Filled With Lightness Of Being—Highly intelligent, beautiful female looking for male, 55 plus, who is introspective, spiritual, loves Chopin, Kundera and Fats Waller. 6987 ✉

Professional Black Male—Sincere, 40s, seeks lady under 35, physically fit, educated. Photo/phone. 6975 ✉

35, Mature, Slender, Attractive—Looking for stable, marriage-minded and, mostly, honest man (35-45). 6981 ✉

Brains And Beauty Seeks Best Friend—You're 25-33, warm Jewish professional, handsome, romantic and fit, who can live, love and laugh. Photo/note. 7017 ✉

Widow Of Surgeon—Jewish (nonreligious), wishes to meet sophisticated widower, 65-75, attorney or physician, for friendship. 6927 ✉

Newly Divorced Female—Seeking special male companion, 36-40, intelligent and humorous. Note/photo. 6954 ✉ ☎

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Elegant Blond—Tall, well-educated woman who is down-to-earth, seeks Christian man, 35-50, who's well-traveled, bright, athletic, ambitious, and has a sense of humor. Photo/phone. 6940 ✉

Dentist - Successful, Warm—Sensitive, good-looking and thin, in 50s, looking for that special lady with a zest for life, athletic, thin and pretty...golf a plus. Photo/note. 6925 ✉ ☎

Blond Bachelor, Ready To Commit—36, Jewish, good-looking, witty, in-shape, successful. Likes sports, biking, beach, rock-n-roll. Seeks pretty, thin bachelorette for a great life together. 6926 ✉ ☎

Intelligent, Attractive Lady—Seeks single white male who is in his early 40s, mature, emotionally secure, entrepreneur, athletic (golf a plus), for a sincere relationship. 7038 ✉

Slender, Outgoing, Pretty, Warm—Professional woman, Jewish, varied interests, seeks funny, smart, warm, successful guy, 40-55, to go out with and maybe eventually come home to. 7033 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Jewish Female—27, writer, seeks strong, soft-spoken Jewish male in his 30s. Please have a sharp ear, slow hand and serious spine. Thoughtful letter/photo appreciated. 6988 ✉ ☎

Retired Widower—Financially secure, healthy, seeks trim, attractive woman for permanent committed relationship. Love travel, theater. Nonsmoker. Photo. 7053 ✉

Captivating, Leggy, Sultry, Pretty—Fun Jewish lady, 5'6", slim, with disarming smile, heartwarming laugh and a passion for tennis, movies and mega-walking in Manhattan. Seeking fun, scintillating, fit, single/divorced Jewish man, 38-50, who has joie de vivre and a healthy sense of the absurd. Photo/note/phone. 6995 ✉ ☎

Ebony Eye Catcher—Attractive, fit, black professional female, mid 40s - loves laughter, the arts and great company. Seeks professional male, 37 plus, who's caring, humorous and secure with himself, to share all life has to give. Note/photo/phone. 6916 ✉ ☎

Attractive LI Female—Green-eyed, slim, 51. Seeks fit, intelligent male, 49-59, to enjoy dining, walks, movies, puzzles, NY Times, laughs - together! 6930 ✉

Herpes - Be Underwhelmed!—Tall, handsome, athletic, established professional, 45, seeks perceptive, attractive woman whose needs include relationship, family, laughs and other outrageous extravagances. 6982 ✉

The Dream—Of a home with laughter, loving, hugging; of a family, maybe even a new baby; of a home in the country with rain on the roof. Me: single Jewish male, 5'7", kind, sensitive, intelligent, successful, sexy, grounded, skier/sailor, great shape. You: single Jewish woman, 35-42, warm, caring, giving, fun, sexy, cuddly, nonsmoker. 6977 ✉

Attractive Jewish DDS—29, 5'6", athletic, muscular, seeking similar female for friendship and possibly more. Please include recent picture. 6958 ✉

Older Woman Preferred, 45-60—For dining out, traveling, theater...with this single white male, 35. Note/photo. 6931 ✉

Are We Soul Mates?—We are if you are a 45-55 man, optimistic, free-spirited and looking for a lady...physically and emotionally fit, slim, pretty, upbeat. 6943 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Petite, Caring—Well-educated Jewish female, late 30s, loves children and family, travel, theater and music. Seeking Jewish "nice guy", professional, for committed relationship. Note/photo appreciated/phone. 6996 ✉ ☎

Former Male Model—Now businessman, 36, nice chauvinist with traditional values. Desires intelligent, warm, spiritual, passionate woman for relaxed dinner and boating dates, possible marriage and children. Prefer long-haired, attractive-figured Italian/Spanish type (but not that important). Note/photo/phone. 6661 ✉

Caribbean Queen—Westchester, 5'2", 110 lbs, 38 (looks younger), seeks accomplished black man, 37-50, who is handsome, honest and humorous. Note/photo. 7011 ✉

Attractive, Petite, Fair Complexion—Female, 41, white Christian professional, with personality and sense of humor - enjoys golf, dining out and conversation. Interested in meeting single white male, 38-44, with similar interests and qualities. No children. Nonsmoker, please. Recent photo/note. 6953 ✉

Pretty PhD—35, frank, fun and feisty, seeks friendship/family. Post-graduate degree, please. 7022 ✉ ☎

Let's Play A Round...Of Golf—Great-looking, classy, leggy blond - knows how to spoil right man, desires class-A Jewish man, 55-65. Suburbs okay. 6935 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive, Foxy—South Shore brunette, long hair, petite, curvy and gym-fit, 40s, divorced mom and teacher. Loves jazz, working out, sci-fi and massage. Seeking a good-looking, successful, sensual, centered man who likes to smile. Photo/note/phone. 6941 ✉

Attractive, Gay White Male—30, 5'10", educated, physically fit, seeks guy, 25-40, for lasting relationship. Photo. 6945 ✉

Handsome, Athletic And Successful—Jewish male, 40, who enjoys living well, seeks attractive, adventurous, nonsmoking, witty female, 32-40 (need not be Jewish), to enjoy romantic evenings and possibly much more. Photo, phone and note. Will exchange. 6957 ✉

Rare, Atypical Japanese Lady Sought—For the long term. Me: psychologist, into menus, museums, mambo. You: 35 plus, not a slave to job, money, culture. 7019 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Successful Male—Down-to-earth, honest, sincere, great sense of humor, looking for Jewish female, 27-34. Note/photo. 6932 ✉

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Ultra-successful 32-year-old investment banker seeks a slim, sexy, model-type woman, age 20-32, who wants to enjoy the finer things in life. Photo a must for reply. 6933 ✉

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Where Are Your Eyes?—Behind them must stand a man (40 plus) - a man capable of holding a woman in his arms, in his mind, in his heart, a man capable of supporting her passions, her dreams, her intellect, and a fine quality of life. I am a Meg Ryanish (plus a few years), soft-spoken, successful writer, highly educated, an accomplished sailor, pilot, adventuress, looking for eyes I can curl up in for the first time, at last, for the rest of my life. Note/photo/phone. 7037 ✉ ☎

European Professional—Divorced, 41, handsome, tall, athletic, financially and emotionally secure, seeks attractive, slim woman for travel and romance. Photo and note. 6949 ✉

Lovely To Look At—Even lovelier to be with... This beautiful, vivacious, slim, sultry, sensuous Jewish professional with exquisite style, seeks a wonderful man who is relationship-minded, solvent, passionate and ready for a new beginning, 45-58. Note/photo. 6962 ✉

I Could Be Christie Brinkley's—Younger sister. Jewish, 33, blond, blue-eyed, slim Wall Street analyst seeks smart, good-looking Jewish professional, 35-40. Note/photo. 6976 ✉

Exotic, Sensual, Cultured—World-traveled, unencumbered Caribbean woman seeks tall, successful, well-balanced man over 50, for all the right reasons. Photo appreciated. 7021 ✉ ☎

Here's A Real Ad—Single white female, 33, pretty, fit, diverse interests, with heart/brain, honest, with lots to offer - seeks bright, good-looking, fit man, 30-40, who's responsible, kind, available, for healthy, real deal. Note/photo, please. 6944 ✉ ☎

Pretty Westport Woman—Tall, slender, bright writer - seeks attractive, well-educated, healthy, energetic, financially secure, nonsmoking gentleman, late 50s-mid 60s. Enjoy the arts, tennis, boating, travel. Many interests. Sense of humor. Recent photo, please. 7027 ✉

I Can't Believe I'm Single—This 31-year-old Jewish female is a pretty, petite, successful, talented, ambitious, genuine, energetic, vibrant go-getter and is seeking similar male, 28-38, who can't believe he's single either. Note/photo/phone. 6965 ✉

"Happy And Peppy—And bursting with love". Attractive, green-eyed strawberry blond who is warm, cuddly and has a great sense of humor, seeks mensch, 45-55ish, with youthful joie de vivre, who loves golf, dogs and an active life style - for mutual discovery on the nineteenth hole. 6968 ✉ ☎

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Vivacious, Attractive, Natural Woman—Quick to laugh, slow to judge and insatiably curious about life's big questions, seeking a seeker (male, 35 plus) who finds spirit in mountains, great novels, good work, music, motorcycles, music, NYC, friends, family, art and food. 6956 ✉

Maturity!—That's what this 28-year-old black female, 5'6", 120 lbs, is looking for. If you're a single male, 25-35, and have it together, drop me a note/photo. 6989 ✉

CT Woman—Considered beautiful, tall, slim brunette, 43, great partner and best friend, wants to love and marry a successful man of class, humor and intellect, 43-59. CT/NY. 6964 ✉ ☎

Established Fine Arts Advisor—Irreverent, attractive, earthy, athletic, high-spirited, financially secure, divorced mother seeks funny, warm, intellectually curious, rugged man with his own children (45-60 years), passionate about his work, who enjoys long weekends in the country, movies, theater and travel. Please send note and photo. 6942 ✉

Sensitive, Warm, Down-To-Earth—Jewish female MD, petite, thin, attractive, 38 years old. I have two wonderful children and a variety of interests. I seek a stable, honest, health-conscious professional who's happy with himself, caring and open. Must love kids, of course. 6950 ✉

Genuine, Gentle, Gallant—Managing partner with a quick wit, athletically tapered physique and a loving heart, young 44, 5'8", filled with dance energy, good-looking, leading a socially aware, healthy and purposeful life while enjoying tennis, working out, music, running and cleaning out my sock drawer and hairbrush. Wish to romance a happy, trim, pretty, nonsmoking, huggable sweetheart of integrity, 30-37, for joy in building a terrific future. Children welcome. 6886 ✉ ☎

Kindergarten Cop—30-year-old Jewish male, blue eyes, blond, muscular, open, passionate, seeking petite, attractive, educated, open, honest lady looking for friendship first, 25-32. Race unimportant. Photo/note. 6983 ✉

Deep In A Dream - Of You—Good guy, 43, Jewish professional - loves NYC, writing, singing, romance, travel, Sinatra. Seeks nonsmoking soul mate, best friend, with mutual interests, passion and warmth, humor and honesty, to share my life and so much more. 6910 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Smart And Sassy—Jewish female, nonreligious, with beautiful blue eyes and great legs, 44, seeks Jewish gentleman, 45-60, who values courage, consideration and consistency in a loving relationship. Note/phone appreciated. 7024 ✉

Sexy, Successful And Focused—No shame in knowing what you want. Me: 45, female, blond, fit, intelligent, fun. You: tall NYC guy, 40s, successful, mature, in good shape. Life's too short for mediocrity. Let's prove it! Photo/phone. 6980 ✉

Divorced White Male—Truly handsome, 58, former pro-athlete, good physique, successful, seeks 35-50, slim model/dancer type - a wonderful friend and relationship. Photo and phone. 6967 ✉

Four Keys To A Great Relationship—Honesty, communication, respect and... Hi, I'm 38, 6', super-personable, very successful, outgoing, athletic Jewish guy, who enjoys life. If you're 25-38, fun, bright, slender, personable, then let's find that elusive fourth key. Photo. 6986 ✉ ☎

Warning: May Be Habit-Forming—36-year-old, tall, good-looking, well-built, successful professional - possesses humor, intelligence, sensitivity and wit. What's missing is you. You're a 26-36-year-old female - intelligent, sensitive, funny, cute and sexy, all at the same time. You're also smart enough to answer this ad. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 7035 ✉

Vivacious, Auburn-Haired Beauty—With a heart of a gold. Smart, athletic, loves travel, humor and the outdoors. A blend of city culture and suburban unpretentiousness. Seeks a best friend and soul mate, mid 30s-mid 50s, who is intelligent, sincere, attractive, successful, possesses a zest for living and is looking for love that lasts forever. 6979 ✉ ☎

Assortments

August In Europe—Woman, 50s, seeks travel companion, M or F, shr $. 7071 ✉ ☎

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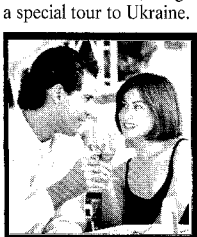

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Above, outgoing messages. Competitors are invited to provide a single sample of same.

Results of Competition 881, in which you were asked for meaningless proverbs.

Report: Far from meaningless, many of these. Yet flavorful, dopey, or all three. Word had reached us about the wet bird flying at night, thank you anyway. And that it is better to be rich and healthy. But this is picking nits. We doan need no steenkeen neets. You never, ever disappoint us. Thank you for that, and for being such stalwart pals and fine ballroom dancers. We'll always have plaster of Paris. And not a moment too soon.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

The coward dies a thousand deaths, yet receives but a single funeral.
Dan Greenburg, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Cricket in the hall, batteries for the smoke alarm.
A. Baker, Falls Church, Va.

Soft words often go unheard.
Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.

Runner-up prizes of one year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Neither figs nor money grow on trees; anyway, not money.
Max Segal, N.Y.C.

Even the thankless child sometimes says please.
Herb Martinson, Crofton, Md.

The child is father to the man; the man is father to the grandfather; and so on.
Sophie Katz, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

The water lily floats on the pond but drinks not thereof. *(Japanese.)*
Adina Lubetkin, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Feed the dog, starve a fever.
Lynda La Rocca, Leadville, Col.

A wise man wastes no words unless something really important comes up—and maybe not even then.
Selena H., Washington, D.C.

The lobster is the wise guy after all.
P. Fitzgerald, N.Y.C.

The father-in-law of a lobster is still a crustacean.
Cindy Sherman, Nutley, N.J.

All shadows are tall in the dark.
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

Better to kiss the head of a turtle than to embrace old age.
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Beware of sheep in sheeps' clothing.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Bavarian women woo men with kreplach; if men say no, they must dance the hocla.
Lucy Neshamkin, N.Y.C.

If there were no mad cows, there would be no chocolate milk.
Helen Rosenbaum, N.Y.C.

Feeding peaches to a pig does not mean you own the pasture.
Gene Duffy, Lakeland, Fla.

The cat amuses, yet it cannot laugh.
D. Kotteb, Sleepy Hollow, N.Y.

You cannot compare a wooden ladder to a cabbage.
Tauby Warriner, Brookline, Mass.

A dirty dog barks no louder than a clean one.
Mike Novak, Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

A penny for your thoughts, $35 for your body.
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

Neither a mime nor a telemarketer be.
Gladys Ann Greenburg, N.Y.C.

Let sleeping bags lie.
Naomi Engler, N.Y.C.

Nosh by day, mosh by night.
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

The desires of the camel matter not to the sphinx. *(Arabic.)*
Chris Lewnes, Brooklyn

Tooth falls out, turn about; tooth stays in, you win.
Steven B. Black, D.D.S., Cambridge, Mass.

A real polar bear doesn't glow in the dark.
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

Weasel while you work.
Terry Zheutlin-Kehohe, Wilmette, Ill.

Lunatics make strange bedfellows.
B. Wilde, Mineola, N.Y.

Praise the saint and curse the sinner,
It won't make you any thinner.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

Loose button at morning,
Tailors take warning.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

Little strokes fell great folks.
Rachel Shea, Cromwell, Conn.

He who is running, running knows.
The Rev. H. A. Arsenault, Stamford, Conn.

As a wife can be uxorious, an aunt can he avuncular.
Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

Smile, tho' your harp is breaking.
Jim Zosel, Minneapolis, Minn.

Man is the only animal with middle initials.
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Though the field be dense, the potato has eyes.
Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

One man's potato is another man's spud. *(Irish.)*
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

You can search for the fountain of youth or you can make borscht. *(Russian.)*
Nancy Stark, N.Y.C.

The kamikaze pilot does not dance at his daughter's wedding.
David G. McAneny, Paoli, Penn.

Never lend shoes to a corpse.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Lye in your soil, lutefisk won't spoil. *(Swedish.)*
Karin Tallis, Springfeld, Va.

Edge before beauty.
Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W.V.

Lose a pfennig, find a cat. *(Old High German.)*
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

The deeper the hole, the meaner the mole.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

The harder the labor, the softer the baby.
Lucy Oblonsky, Middle Island, N.Y.

He does not cry who has no tears.
Paul Rheingold, Rye, N.Y.

The pomegranate has a hundred seeds, the peach has only one.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Penn.

Ignorance is a big fat idiot.
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

Spend a knot, save a string.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

The bubbe eats sour borscht; the grandchildren require an orthodontist. *(Yiddish.)*
Yvonne M. Klein, Westmount, Que.

Be careful from whom you accept a rattlesnake.
Bobby Ward, Raleigh, N.C.

If you act like a mouse, you will be chased by a cat.
Sarah Schulman, Berkeley, Calif.

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The best defense is an offer you can't refuse.
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

In summer, blind men take heed.
Dion M. Murphy, Auckland, New Zealand

Soft-boiled eggs in morning,
Neckties take warning.
Carol Weiss Rosenberg, South Bend, Ind.

A road sign only points in one direction.
Helen V. Hepler, Cassopolis, Mich.

Someone has to travel on the other side of the highway.
Maureen Bergin, N.Y.C.

Despair is the handmaiden of soup.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

The tsar can spell "Tchaikovsky," but the czar cannot.
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

You can't sell whiskey to a brick.
Andy Gordon, West Hollywood, Calif.

The ocean deep shelters the missing pearl.
Melanie Reffes, Montreal, Que.

Grains of sand are small compared to grains of boulders.
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

Always buy sheep and sell deer.
Tim Whitaker, Preston, Conn.

A man who has slain a tiger can surely match his socks.
Helene Haduch, Washington, D.C.

A man may walk to town by day
And yet come home a different way.
Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.

Happy is the man whose pig has no avatar.
Sue Llewellyn, N.Y.C.

One should never confuse a gnat with the Hindu Kush.
Bill Wilson, Huntsville, Ala.

Those who forget the past are doomed to eat fish.
David Montgomery, Bakersfield, Calif.

Even the loneliest shepherd sleeps with a pillow.
C. R. Roberts, Tacoma, Wash.

In life, drink what you can, not what you are.
Rick Cutler, N.Y.C.

A lasso can be thrown from only one end.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

If a fortune you would make,
Cross your T's and eat your cake.
Hank Volker, Boca Raton, Fla.

Better to serve in hell than reign in Spain.
Leo Grant, Glastonbury, Conn.

There's a peeping Tom in ev'ry snowflake.
Kenneth J. Levine, Bloomington, Ill.

The reddest sunset appears black at midnight.
R. B. Mackenzie, Westlake Village, Calif.

The measure of the world is taken by the inchworm.
Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

Clothes make the man, unless you happen to look like you just fell through an awning.
F. Coyne, Narbeth, Penn.

'Tis better to have a camel spit in your face than to ride the 8:42 to Ankara. *(Turkish.)*
Richard Leiman, Mineola, N.Y.

Climb ev'ry mountain,
Ford ev'ry stream,
Follow ev'ry rainbow,
Till you find ice cream.
Kevin McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.

Snowfall in May, dingoes will stray. *(Australian.)*
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

A voyage of one thousand miles begins with but a single boarding pass.
Rachael Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

The devil does not go to the blacksmith.
Cara A. Garofalo, Brooklyn

The circle is always shortest at the center.
Steve Routman, N.Y.C.

All paths through the forest take you past trees.
Kevin B. Robinson, N.Y.C.

Better a good kind of cow than a cow of good kine.
Vida Russell, Silver Spring, Md.

A quartz watch will not ring under water.
The 400 Group, Beachwood, Ohio

Tho' the ship has sailed, the anchor is still heavy.
Dorothy Berman, Irvington, N.Y.

Geese in flight,
Smorgasbord tonight.
Inter Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Midnight sun,
Gnomes on the run.
Hans Tallis, McLean, Va.
sp. ment.: Ken Sampsell, Mendon, Mich.

A horse without a nose will not win close races. *(Kentucky.)*
Jacob Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

Never pass an empty glass.
V. W. Pawker, Washington, D.C.

Always count to ten when you pass a pet store.
O. M. Neshamkin, M.D., N.Y.C.

A wheel spinning is not necessarily a spinning wheel.
Tom Miller, Sawyerville, Ala.

When the comet passes in the east,
Time to hide the brewer's yeast.
John Mainieri, N.Y.C.

There's more than one way to build the Pyramids.
Robin J. Phillips, Westwood, N.J.

Competitons make good companions for the angry of heart. *(Swiss.)*
similarly: Tom Haver, Lexington, Ky.
Marion R. Hays, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 884, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by June 20. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the August 4 issue.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

C	H	I	L	L	I	C	O	N	C	A	R	N	E	
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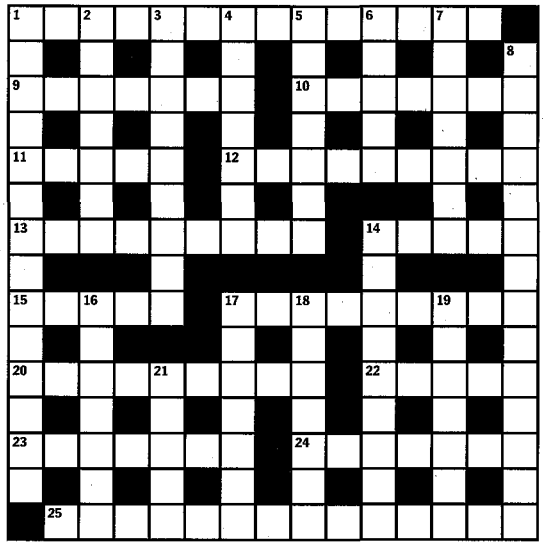
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 See policeman Frost about painting Northern Ireland gang member. (7,2,5)
9 Guide to party of rose and lily. (7)
10 Win for chestnut, say. (7)
11 Way out—in again. (5)
12 Genuine gold, so you get a lot of credit. (9)
13 It helps with having babies if wed; otherwise, without, it's filthy. (9)
14 Increase not great for organist. (5)
15 A profit on the other hand. (5)
17 Contemporary sound of circus 0 kilometres off. (4,5)
20 Fit to live in robe with competence. (9)
22 In robe I rather like African port. (5)
23 Fox dealing with pole in garden? (7)
24 Struggle with flier in front of box? (7)
25 Enter, with ball and chain, crook associated with young sh-sheep. (8,6)



DOWN

1 On edge, I abandon faith in investigative journalist's colonists. (7,7)
2 Change of love, going to be up in the circle. (7)
3 Wood for the Beatles struck Ringo anew. (9)
4 Aggressive behaviour of a politician in fury. (7)
5 Ironic congratulation for precision about king. (4,3)
6 Hills as far as one can go. (5)
7 Little time to set free copper with horse. (7)
8 Fool the French horse to revive the battery. (7,7)
14 Note not detached when English verb turns up. (9)
16 Wood for a man upset about a little one. (7)
17 Half capital, half buried, raised by drum beat. (3-1-3)
18 Herb, dear to the French, almost worthless. (7)
19 Ascent followed by descent—parody about most of life. (3-4)
21 Practise the following to get on line. (5)

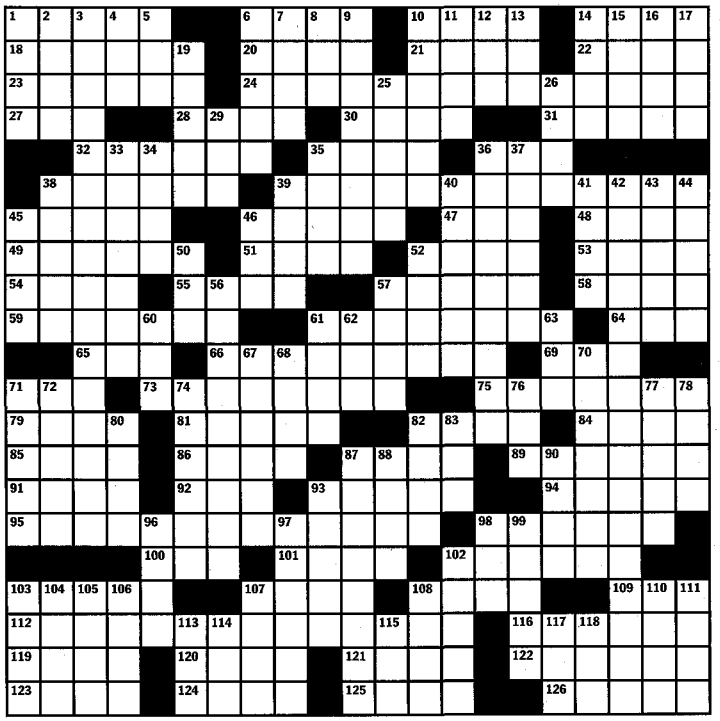
'If ? Wed ? . . .': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Amble along
6 Pepper grinder
10 Rub——
14 Forum robe
18 Speaks from the soapbox
20 Kind of rug
21 Mezzanine section
22 "So be it"
23 Leaseholder
24 If Collins wed Kiefer . . . ?
27 Like Methuselah
28 Black: poetic
30 Arrived
31 "Green ——," '60s sitcom
32 Hold a second trial
35 Laura of "Jurassic Park"
36 See 52-Down
38 Ailment
39 If Roberts wed Montgomery, then Gordie . . . ?
45 Equestrian
46 Filled tortillas
47 Reply: abbr.
48 Airline to Tel Aviv
49 Bayer rival
51 "—— Rhythm"
52 Patiently anticipate
53 Capital of Latvia
54 Hall-of-Famer Wilhelm
55 Pro votes
57 Boca ——, Florida
58 Stratford's stream
59 Warehouse's function
61 Made to order
64 Unaffiliated politically: abbr.
65 Hansom
66 If Lowell wed Washington . . . ?
69 Edwardian, e.g.
71 Start of Madame Butterfly's name
73 Desert convoys
75 Senator D'Amato
79 Extend credit
81 Some theater awards
82 "A ——'clock scholar"
84 From soup to nuts
85 Last Stuart ruler
86 Decays
87 Opposite of eve
89 Worse than scuffles
91 Barge —— (intrude)
92 Rocky hill
93 Lost that fresh look
94 Go —— tailspin
95 If Martin wed Russell, then Nelson . . . ?
98 United states
100 Initials for the Intrepid
101 "We try harder" company
102 Abase
103 Leopards' markings
107 Two of these make an African fly
108 Commedia dell'——
109 Uppercut's target
112 If Rigby wed Spike, then Norm . . . ?
116 Largest city of southern Italia
119 Utah ski resort
120 Site of a great tomb
121 Vincent Lopez theme
122 Tizzy
123 Cat call
124 Innerspring feature
125 Burned up the road
126 Step to the music

DOWN

1 Marquand sleuth
2 City north of Kiev
3 If Dee wed Clarence, then Donald . . . ?
4 Before theta
5 Hankering
6 Rank above captain
7 Steel component
8 Actress Salonga
9 Round Table knight
10 Former coed
11 Be overfond
12 Cry of revulsion
13 Nectar collector
14 After-bath sprinkle
15 Julie's "Zhivago" co-star
16 Heredity element
17 Commonest conjunctions
19 Cavalry horse
25 Indira's wardrobe
26 Fridge foray
29 Biscayne, for one
33 O'Neill title character
34 Notorious Mata
35 Bonding-cement brand
36 Hurdy-gurdy
37 Lupin of whodunits
38 North Dakota city
39 Certain sports cars, informally
40 Serve, as a store clerk
41 Top Greek goddess
42 If Hussey wed Isaac, then Elton . . . ?
43 Haulage vehicle
44 Veldt elk
45 Stadium shouts
46 Popular Father's Day gift
50 Scrawny horse
52 "South Pacific" song, with 36-Across
56 Annals
57 Waterways: abbr.
60 Channel 7, in New York
61 Aunts: Sp.
62 Prince Valiant's son
63 #3 on the phone dial
67 —— d'hôtel
68 Memorable Montand
70 Where Transylvania is
71 Prospector's stakeout
72 Would-be redhead's buy
74 Coronary channels
76 High tennis shot
77 Hairdresser's milieu
78 Mrs. Laughton
80 Refuse to grant
82 Three-spot
83 Football position
87 White House couple, 1809–17
88 Bookie's quote
90 Sacrament
93 Infection symptom
96 Being used
97 Scamp
98 After deductions
99 Revise
102 Wood nymph
103 Con game
104 Untanned
105 First Hapsburg
106 Defrost
107 Hatcher or Garr
108 Equal to the task
110 Evelyn Waugh's brother
111 Telegram
113 Resinous substance
114 Self-image
115 Absorb, with "up"
117 Partner of abet
118 Harper Valley gp.



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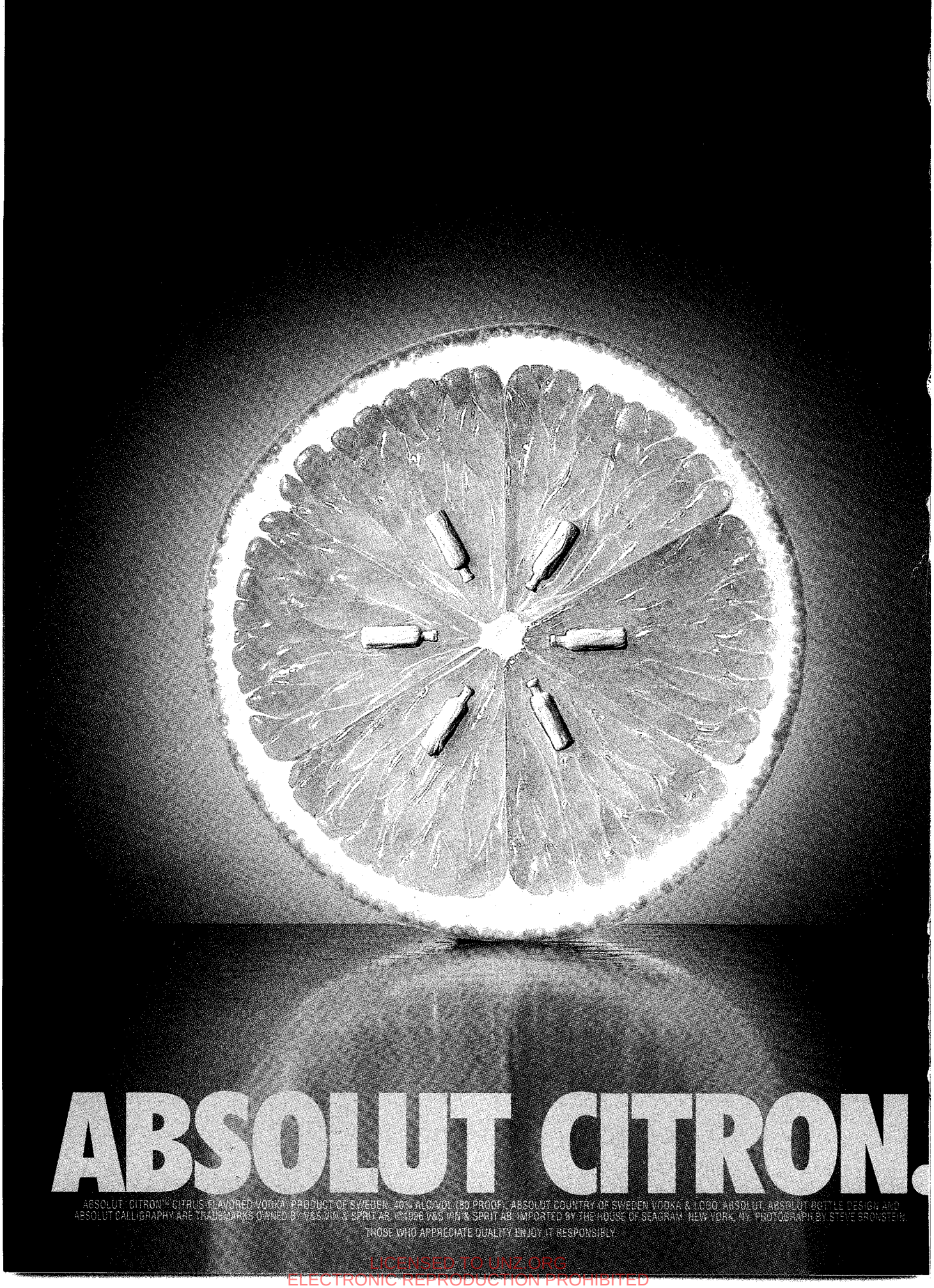

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